

HUNDREDS OF PICTURES IN THIS ISSUE!

Modern Screen

MAY
10
CENTS

MAY - 6 1936
THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE
PERIODICAL DIVISION



ROLE
BARD

WHAT HAS BOB TAYLOR DONE TO STANWYCK?

A woman with blonde, wavy hair and red lipstick is looking upwards. Her face is framed by a large, vibrant red rose. The background is a soft yellow.

Irresistible

Romantic as your first rose...thrilling as your first bouquet . . . IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, patterned from a blend of flowers, is romance woven into fragrance. Buy Irresistible Perfume if you want to be Irresistible. Be fragrant if you want to be pursued. Men adore fragrant hair, fragrant lips, and soft fragrant skin.

Use Irresistible Perfume tonight. To be completely fascinating, use all of the Irresistible Cosmetics...each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Laboratory tested and approved.

10c Each at 5 and 10c Stores

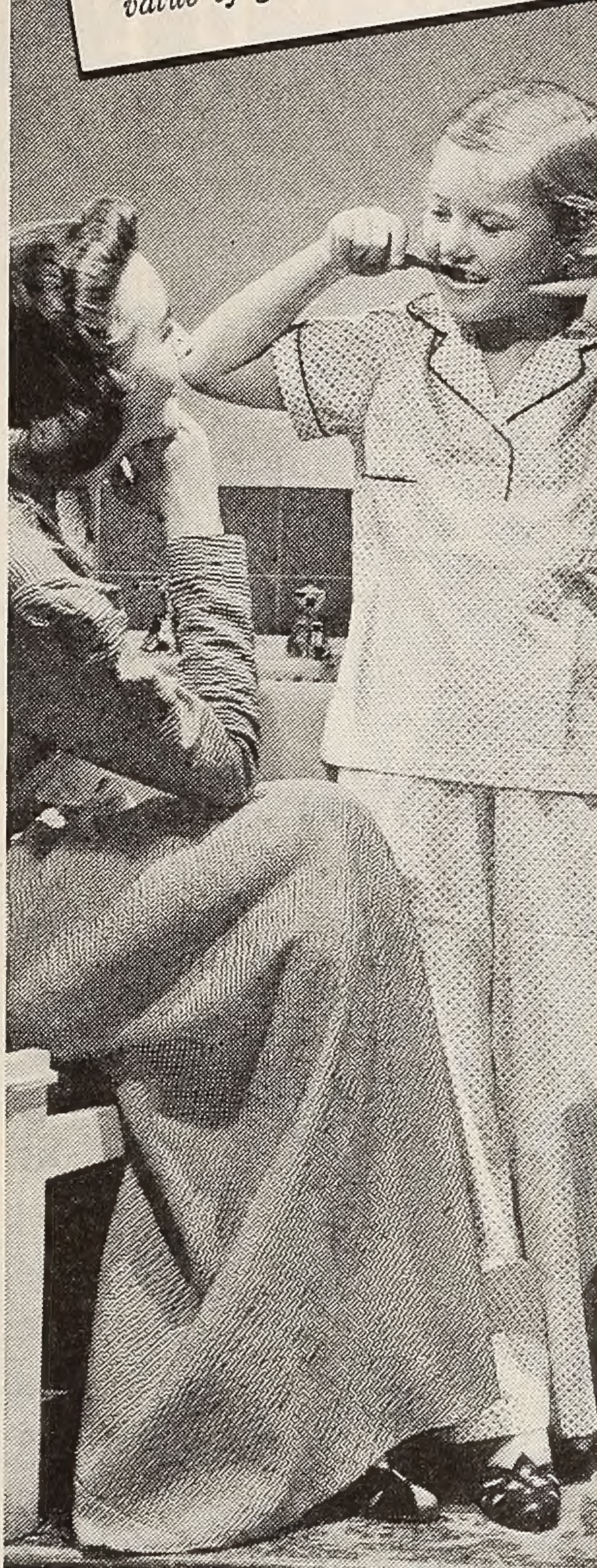


BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

Unhappy Sally! She is good-looking, good company—yet many an evening she spends alone, reading magazines! (Men won't call the girl who has a dull, unattractive smile!)

Only seven—but Janet could tell Aunt Sally how easy it is to have a lovelier smile! (Janet knows more than lots of grown-ups—she's learned in school the value of gum massage.)

Sally's life could be so happy! She'd have plenty of dates, she'd win romance—if she'd learn how irresistible men find a radiant smile! (Sally should try Ipana with massage, for dental science teaches that gums as well as teeth need special care.)



Does your mirror tell you—

"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"

A GAY, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so *appealing*. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their own good looks!

If you've seen a tinge of "pink," see your dentist. It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however,

he'll tell you that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

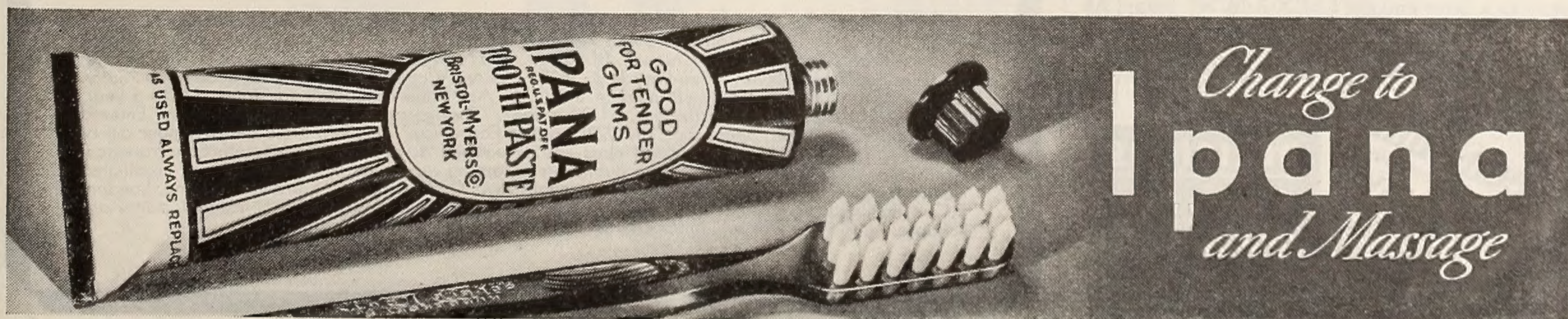
For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases,

gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.



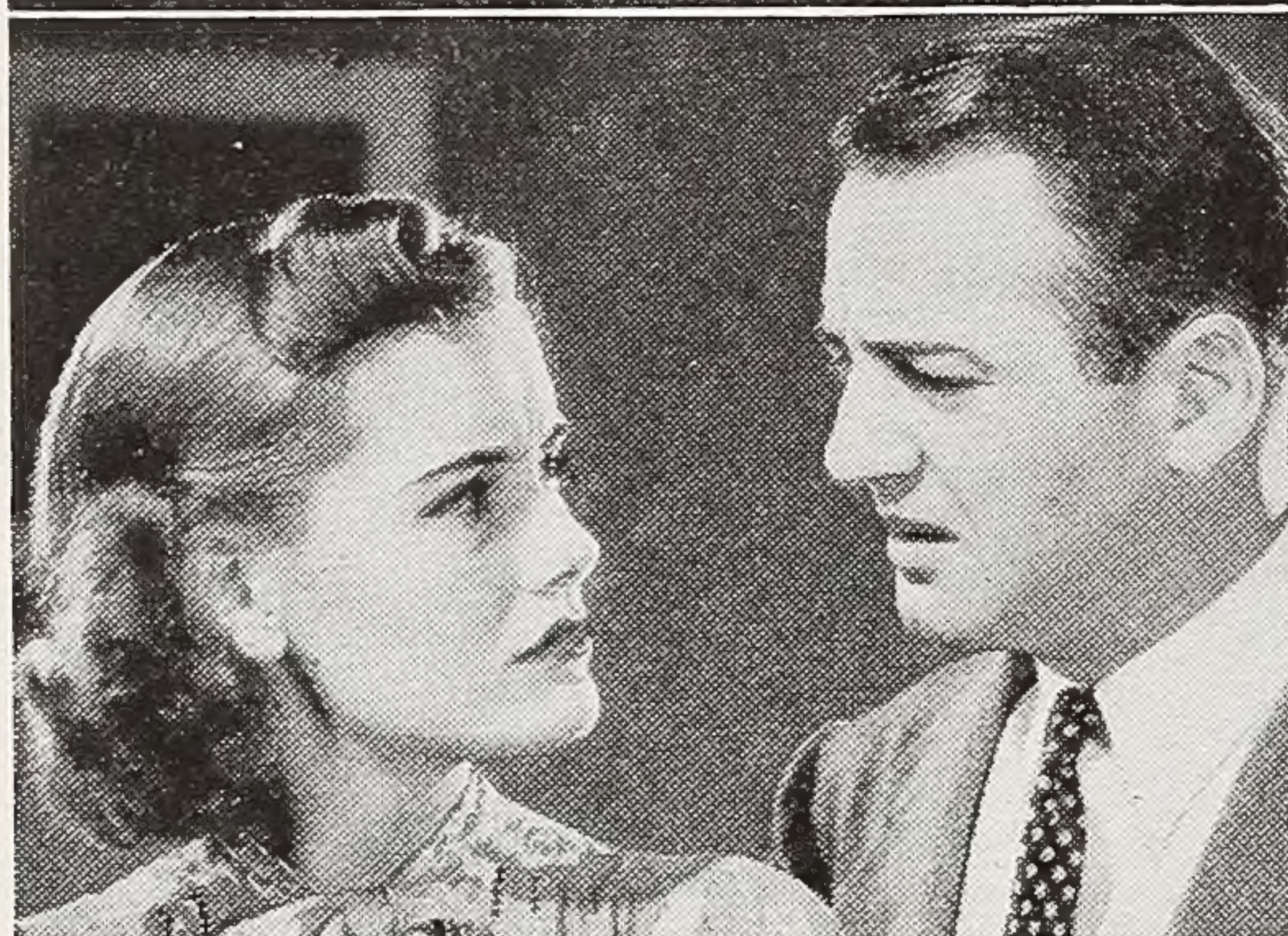
Change to
Ipana
and Massage

APR -2 1938

MODERN SCREEN

Cruel Words

...but she knew
she deserved them



She knew that frequent headaches and lack of pep had begun to get on her nerves. But she didn't quite realize how irritable she had become, how hard to get along with—until one night her fiancé lost his temper and threatened to break their engagement. She was frightened, but she still could hardly believe that her constipated condition was back of it all. Then—

**A friend advised —
and the world looked
brighter**



What a wonderful thing for this girl that on a friend's advice she got FEEN-A-MINT promptly! This famous laxative in delicious chewing gum relieved her constipation and the troubles it caused—gently, effectively, and easily. She found, as you will too, that no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. FEEN-A-MINT is so thorough, so dependable—so different.

**You get ALL THREE of these
important benefits in FEEN-A-MINT**

- ★ **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already overburdened digestion.
- ★ **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
- ★ **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine and does its work where it *should*—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe or nauseate you—won't disturb sleep. Your whole family will appreciate this modern laxative—children especially. 16 million people have already changed to FEEN-A-MINT—do *your* folks a favor and get FEEN-A-MINT today! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package, Dept. 67, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



DELICIOUS
Tastes like
your favorite
chewing gum

MODERN SCREEN

Regina Cannon.....Editor
Leo Townsend.....Hollywood Editor
Abril Lamarque.....Art Editor

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They're yours..in a heart-walloping love story !

The King and Queen of the Screen, with the star of 'Captains Courageous', bring you love and adventure that will set your nerves a-tingling!

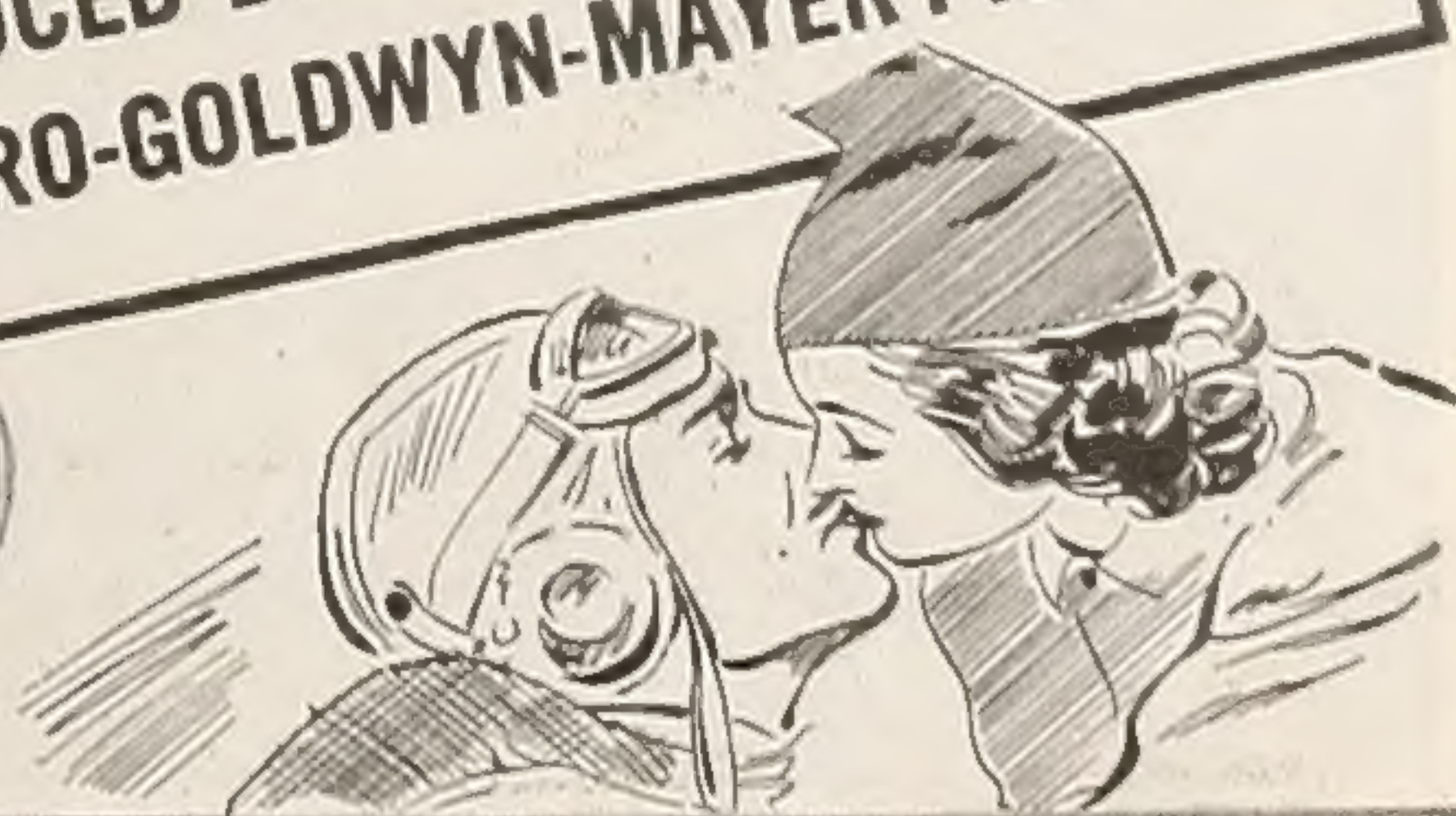
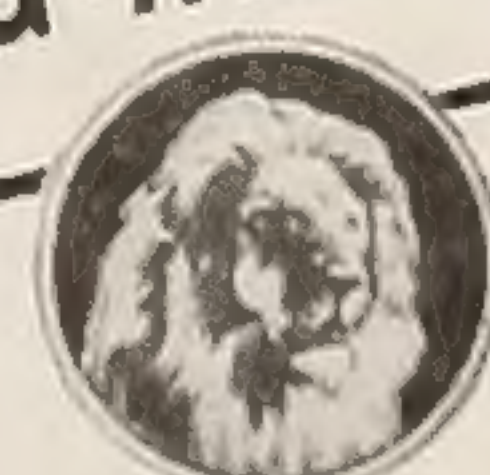


Laughter too... as Clark makes Spencer act as Myrna's stand-in! Spencer's willing but not able...if you get what we mean.

CLARK GABLE · MYRNA LOY
SPENCER TRACY
In VICTOR FLEMING'S *Production*

TEST PILOT

WITH **LIONEL BARRYMORE**
 SCREEN PLAY BY VINCENT LAWRENCE AND WALDEMAR YOUNG
 ORIGINAL STORY BY FRANK WEAD · PRODUCED BY LOUIS D. LIGHTON
 DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



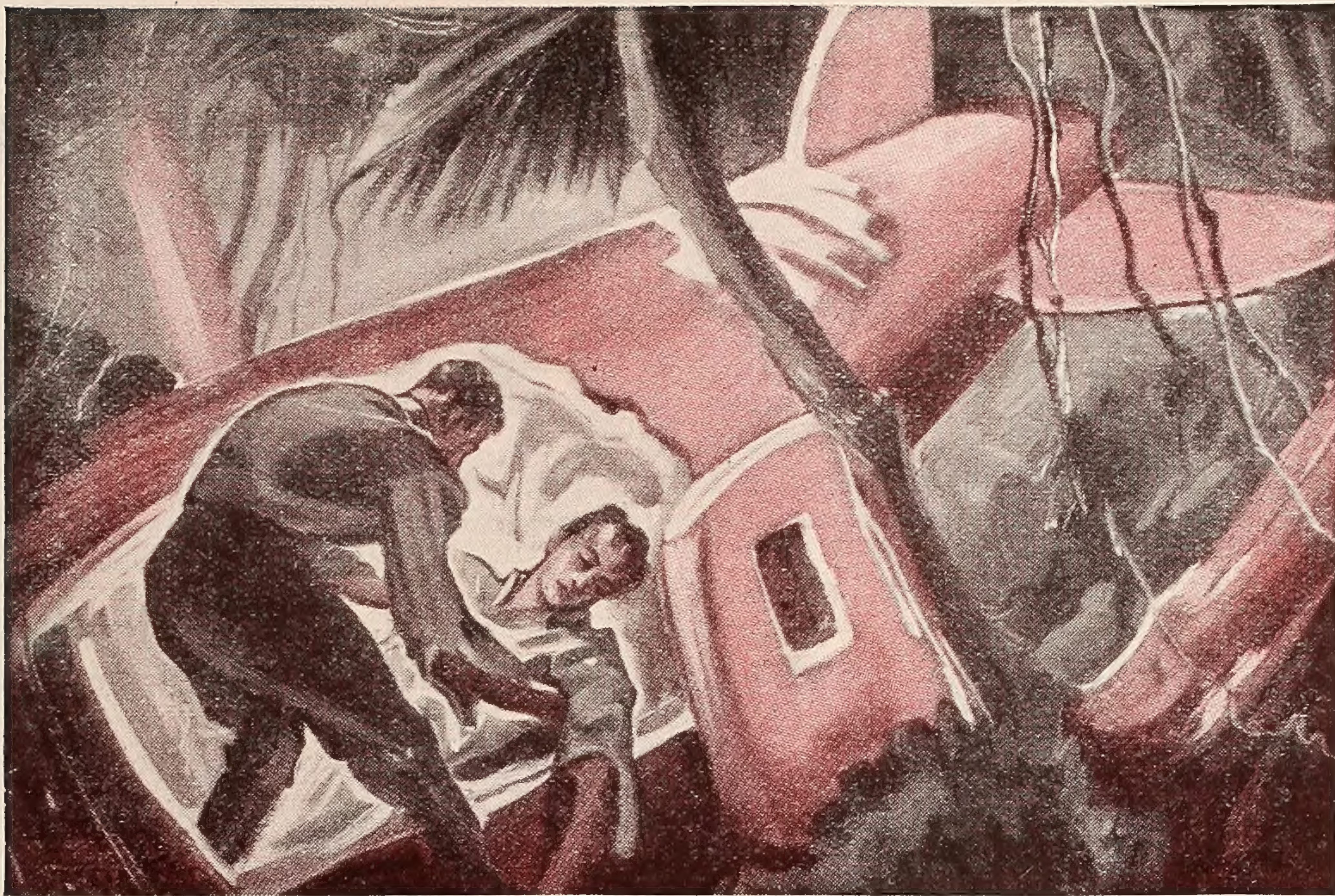
...MYSTERIOUS WHITE GODDESS OF THE JUNGLE BARES HER HEART!



AT the altar of the Crocodile God, while the drums of voodoo sound the terrible tocsin of jungle hate, she stands, thrilling, beautiful Tura, high priestess of a cult so strange, so weird, no white man has ever lived to describe its awesome rites. At her feet, shackled, helpless

in the iron grasp of voodoo-maddened tribesmen, is the young aviator who has taught her the meaning of a white man's love. Behind her, sinister, threatening, the all-powerful ruler of the Malayan wilds, Kuasa, gives the dread com-

**Paramount presents the
first jungle picture ever
filmed in Technicolor.**



THE PLANE CRASH IN THE JUNGLE
...The most thrilling action-picture ever filmed in Technicolor.

mand Will she obey—will she send this man who loves her to a hideous death in the crocodile pit—or is her love great enough to withstand the fury of jungle hate?

And what a story this is, the drama of the mysterious girl of the Malayan wilds and the young English aviator who invades her jungle realm, falling like a meteor from the tropic skies. You will thrill to the first words of their love, spoken to the whispering melodies of

the wind through tropic palms beneath the jungle moon. You will thrill to the dangers into which this love hurls them . . . dangers which defy the telling, dangers which must be seen in all the radiant excitement of this great natural color film to appreciate their amazing, thundering, emotional power. The mighty jungle typhoon . . . the amazing charge of the crocodile legion . . . the great earthquake . . . scenes like these mark the dawn of a new epoch in the history of moving picture adventure-drama, adventure-romance.

HEAR DOROTHY LAMOUR, *golden voice of the networks, sing "Lovelight In the Starlight" and "Coffee and Kisses".*

ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS

Dorothy Lamour • Ray Milland "HER JUNGLE LOVE"

LYNNE OVERMAN • DOROTHY HOWE • J. CARROL NAISH

DIRECTED BY GEORGE ARCHAINBAUD • IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by Joseph Moncure March, Lillie Hayward & Eddie Welch

Based on a Story by Gerald Geraghty and Kurt Siodmak

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



THE PUNCH THAT'S JUDY

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

IF YOU can't be terrific, then don't try at all," advises Judy's sister.

There are three Garland girls, but it took the very youngest member of the trio to deliver the punch that rang the gong of fame.

Judy has only been around fourteen years, but she's made each and every one of 'em count. Born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, Miss Garland had only seen two summers when she embarked upon the road to success. It seems that during a Christmas performance, little Judy was allowed to speak her piece—or sing it.

"I wanted to sing, so they let me go on for one verse of 'Jingle Bells.' Finally, I was coaxed off after about ten stanzas and I guess I'd still be

there if they hadn't used a little force with their persuasion. One reason I got away with it all might be because Dad owned the theatre," explained Judy.

Even at this tender age, Judy had plenty of punch and was the type that, given an inch, invariably took a mile. Perhaps this is one of the reasons she is a star today.

Recently the Garlands visited New York and Judy made personal appearances. We saw her backstage in her dressing-room. The happy youngster was surrounded by flowers, make-up and costumes equal to any prima donna's, but featured none of the formalities of a lady warbler. Curled up in a comfortable chair, Judy was busily engaged doing her

lessons for next day. It seems that during her brief sojourn in the East she was accompanied by a tutor. He had gone to the country, but left a little reminder behind. It read: "Since we did not cover the French verbs today, will see you tomorrow (Saturday). Please be prepared."

Even though Judy's mother and sister are usually present, little Miss G. does her own talking. She is smart and poised without being precocious, and her vivacious personality is a factor of her extreme popularity.

Between her studies and the five-a-day at a Broadway theatre, she had managed to see her boss's doctor—just in case. (Continued on page 14)



Miss Garland's favorite gentleman friend is Mr. Mickey Rooney.

The youngest of the Garlands is the peppiest. She's into everything.



SHE'S ONLY BEEN AROUND FOURTEEN YEARS, BUT, OH, HOW SHE'S MADE 'EM COUNT

Sh-Sh-h-h-h! DON'T TELL A SOUL! . . .

CAROLE FERNAND
LOMBARD *and* **GRAVET**



ARE SIMPLY
**"FOOLS
FOR
SCANDAL"**

AND SO ARE
RALPH BELLAMY

ALLEN JENKINS • ISABEL JEANS
MARIE WILSON • MARCIA RALSTON
A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields
Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher
From the Play, "Return Engagement," by Nancy
Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Casey
Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers
and Lorenz Hart

Their romance is
scandalicious,
scandalously,
scandalirious!

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE
presented by

Warner Bros.



FRENCH FOR DELICIOUS



BY MARJORIE DEEN

Oo! la! la! you'll adore Simone's pet strawberry pie!

In the words of the popular song, "Spring Is in the Air!" Yes, in the florists' windows as well as in the gardens, on the fashion pages as well as in the shops, everything helps to back up the calendar's contention that once again, definitely, officially (and happily) it's spring. In our culinary department, too, the season has us, it seems. For here—as timely as the robins, as cheery as the daffodils—are Simone Simon's suggestions for the sort of dainty fare that will serve as a spring tonic for your menus, lifting them out of the winter doldrums into the realm of the unusual.

But wait a bit! Did that word "unusual" throw you for a minute? Well, it needn't. For though the foods Simone recommended have a French "accent" as intriguing as her own, the recipes specify no strange ingredients that you never heard of. Nor do they call for rare viands difficult for anyone except a linguist or a world traveler to procure. Indeed not, for as with most French cooking, it is the combination of foods, the delicacy of flavoring and above all the excellence of the sauces that give distinction to the dish and serve to prove, to even the most skeptical, that France is richly entitled to the culinary laurels she wears so proudly.

So says Simone, at any rate. Furthermore, she went on to prove her point by

providing us with two or three well chosen recipes. Who, then, are we to argue? We can far better profit by following her directions for preparing *Petits Pois Nouveaux à la Française*, *Poulet à la Façon de Simone* and *Omelette aux Fraises*. Which, my pets, in plain English is simply new peas fixed delectably in the French fashion, chicken cooked according to Simone's favorite recipe and a strawberry omelet that will delight all who try it, whether it is served as a main course luncheon dish or as a dessert.

Nor must we overlook another dessert treat for which Simone expressed real enthusiasm, even though it bears no fancy French title. It's Strawberry Chiffon Pie! And it's as spring-like a sweet as one could imagine, according to our piquante little star who was first introduced to this light, frothy concoction at the *Café de Paris* (20th Century-Fox's own restaurant) during the making of "Josette." From now on, Simone assures me, she will order the season's most popular fruit in this form whenever it appears on their menu.

So, with this assurance, I lost no time in getting the recipe to add to the others she had provided. I was also fortunate in being able to procure a picture that would give you some idea of what this pie looks like when made according to the directions that I'm passing along here for all of you to try. Unfortunately, no picture in black and white could do justice to the delicate color that adds so much to the appeal of the dessert in question.

Piquant and French, Simone Simon loves unusual delicacies.

Here, then, you'll find this and other recipes for Simone Simon's favorite foods, carefully tested and simple enough for all to follow. So get busy with the scissors or the pencil (you see, I take it for granted you will want to keep copies!) and try these French dishes. In so doing you'll discover for yourself just what the French word for delicious—which is *delicieux*, by the way—really means!

NEW PEAS, FRENCH STYLE

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 6 small white "pickling" onions
- 2 cups shelled, tender young peas
- 1 head hearts of lettuce
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 2 tablespoon water (or, preferably, chicken broth)

Melt butter in a heavy saucepan or Dutch oven. Add onions and brown them slightly. Add peas and the head of lettuce cut into eighths. Season with salt and sugar. Sprinkle with the water or broth and cover tightly. Cook gently until peas are tender. Some chefs also recommend the addition of a little parsley and chervil during the cooking.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

- 1 pint of strawberries
- 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 package strawberry flavored gelatin
- ½ cup hot water
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Wash and hull berries. Crush enough berries to make ¾ cup pulp and juice, reserving remaining berries to use as a garnish. To beaten egg yolks add one half of the sugar and the lemon juice. Cook in double boiler until it will coat spoon, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir in the strawberry gelatin which has been dissolved in the hot water. Add the ¾ cup of fresh strawberry pulp. Chill in bowl in refrigerator until slightly thickened. Beat salt and remaining sugar into the stiffly beaten whites. Fold lightly into gelatin mixture. Pour into cold baked pie shell or one of the popular graham cracker or cornflakes shells. Chill until firm. Before serving, garnish with whole berries.

STRAWBERRY OMELET

- 1 pint strawberries
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon orange juice
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 4 eggs, slightly beaten
- 3 tablespoons cream
- 1 tablespoon powdered sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons butter (preferably sweet)

Select 1 dozen of the firmest berries in the box. Sprinkle these with ¼ cup of the granulated sugar. Add orange juice and rind and allow to stand for ½ hour before starting omelet. Mash remaining berries, add remaining ¼ cup sugar. Stew gently for 5 minutes. Beat eggs only until mixed, add cream, powdered sugar and salt. Melt butter in omelet pan, pour in the egg mixture. Cook omelet gently, lifting edges with a fork as the omelet becomes firm on the bottom so that the uncooked portion can run underneath and cook. When omelet is fairly firm, but not quite done, spread the uncooked berry mixture over the top of it. Cook a minute or two longer. Shake pan gently to loosen omelet, cut two slits in the omelet at right angles to the handle and fold over carefully with a spatula. Transfer to a heated platter and pour over it the hot cooked syrup and serve.

CHICKEN FAVORITE

- 1 broiler (2½-3 pounds)
- ¼ cup butter
- 1 small bud of garlic
- ½ teaspoon salt
- a few grains pepper
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup water (or stock made by boiling neck, wing tips and giblets)
- ½ cup red wine (Bordeaux)
- a tiny pinch of thyme
- ½ bay leaf
- 1 teaspoon minced parsley
- ¼ pound fresh mushrooms, cooked

Have broiler cut into small pieces as for fricassee. Dust lightly with salt and pepper. Melt butter in a skillet. Cook garlic bud in the butter for 5 minutes. Remove garlic, add chicken and fry to a golden brown. Remove browned chicken to a baking dish or earthenware casserole. To the fat remaining in the pan, add salt and flour. Stir until blended. Add water or stock, cook until smooth and thickened. Add red wine, thyme, bay leaf, parsley and mushrooms. Stir until thoroughly blended, then pour over chicken. Cover tightly. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) until chicken is tender (about 1 hour). Add cooked mushrooms last 10 minutes of cooking. Serve in casserole surrounded by cooked vegetables.



MATILDA: There! That's why the bride's having plenty of grief, Susan—look what's in her box of groceries!

SUSAN: Never mind, Matilda, pick up your skirts and run! I don't think that dog likes old ladies.



MATILDA: But, Susan, you know it's that weak-kneed soap the bride buys that leaves dirt sticking in her clothes. She'll never get rid of tattle-tale gray—if we don't show her the right kind of soap to use.



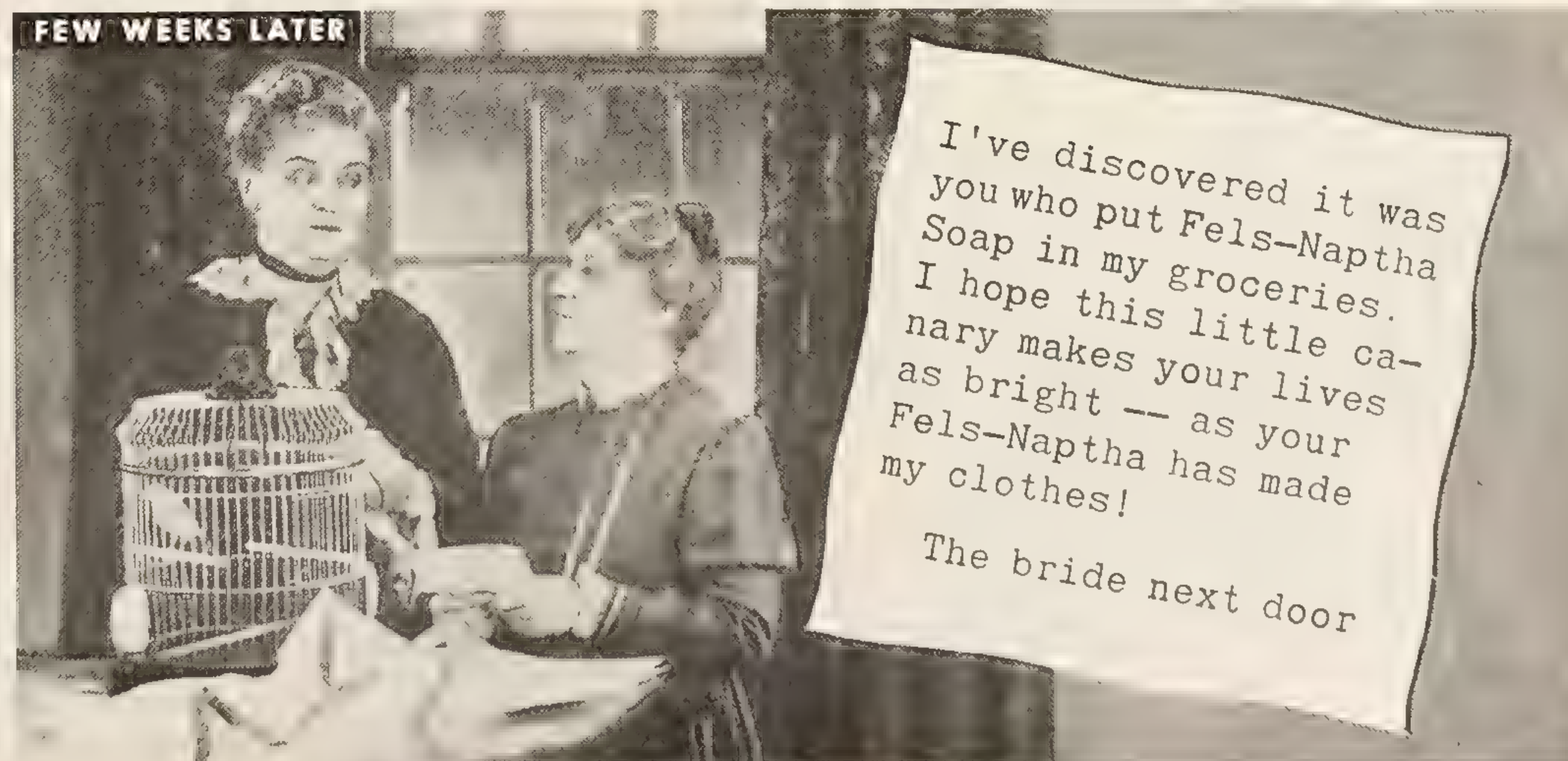
SUSAN: But the dog! . . .

MATILDA: Don't be a 'fraidy-cat—I'll take care of the dog. You take that lazy soap out of the bride's groceries and put in our bar of Fels-Naptha Soap.



SUSAN: Nice doggie! We're only trying to be helpful. We're only trying to show the bride how to get whiter washes.

MATILDA: Yes, doggie. Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naphtha get clothes so clean, tattle-tale gray simply has to scamper.



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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELLS-NAPHTHA SOAP
They do wonders! Try the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

"YOUR LIPS THRILL ME"



Men are Tempted

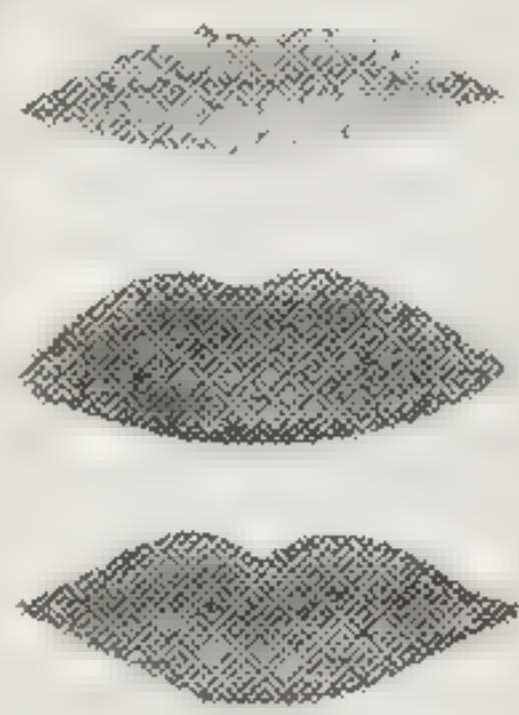
—by the lure of Tangee lips with their appealing rosy softness. They detest a "painted look"! Tangee contains no paint—never coats the lips with ugly red grease. It gives a lovely glow that best suits your natural color—whether blonde, brunette or red head.

Tangee looks orange in the stick...but changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose shade, blending perfectly with your complexion. Its special cream base keeps lips soft and smooth. Try Tangee. 39¢ and \$1.10. For a natural matched appearance, use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

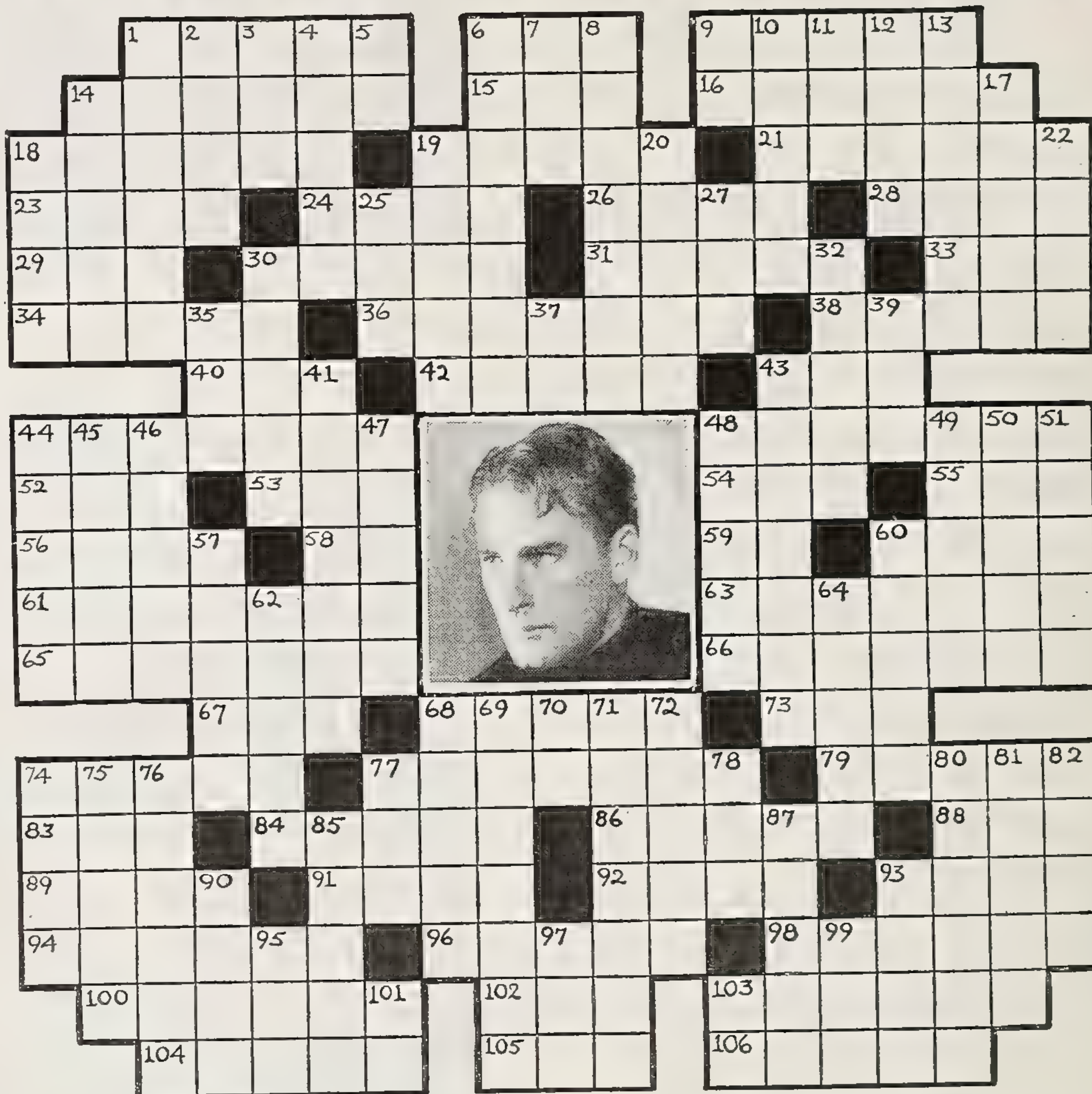
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test. Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel Powder Desired

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ MM58

OUR PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. First name of star pictured
6. Laboratory: coll.
9. Last name of 1 across
14. Col. Ferris in "Gold Is Where You Find It"
15. Small fresh water fish
16. Group of illustrious persons
18. Lounged
19. An insertion
21. Aquatic fish-eating mammals
23. Leave out
24. Pauline ----
26. Hero of "Bringing Up Baby"
28. ---- Hugo Borg
29. Bandleader in "Love and Hisses"
30. Ginger Rogers' ex-husband
31. Chiefs
33. Employ
34. Build
36. Varnishes
38. Antiquated
40. "In --- Chicago"
42. Oglers
43. Kind of discharge
44. Our hero first starred in "----- Blood"
48. Storm
52. Alcoholic beverage
53. French coin
54. Anger
55. Tony --- tin
56. Applaud

Answer to Puzzle on Page 107

58. North central state: abbr.
59. Sally in "Sally, Irene and Mary": init.
60. Popular term for microphone
61. Principal feminine player
63. Retails
65. Stores in a silo
66. Our star married one
67. Distress signal
68. Boiling
73. A kind of loving cup
74. Mrs. Mason in "First Lady"
77. "The Buccaneer"
79. Parlor game
83. "--- Dancing Daughters"
84. First Jewish high priest
86. The Barrymores' sister
88. Old Dutch measure
89. Spoken
91. Cut of meat
92. Hawaiian wreaths
93. Phillip Reeves in "Change of Heart"
94. Last name of our star's wife
96. Exclude
98. Suit-maker
100. Famous Biblical dancer
102. "--- Dollar Raise"
103. Where our star was educated
104. Yvette in "Love and Hisses"
105. Comedian who died recently
106. Lance

PAGE

• DOWN

1. Mrs. John Barrymore
2. Cooper's pal in "Souls at Sea"
3. Jack La ---
4. Queerly
5. Frances Farmer's husband: init.
6. Amy in "Jezebel"
7. Public notices
8. Morgan's wife in "Beg, Borrow or Steal"
9. Fortepiano: abbr.
10. Bob Anders in "Highway Racketeers"
11. Still
12. Young insects
13. Birthmark
14. One newly arrived
17. "Ladies Must ----"
18. Part of the ear
19. Star of "The Awful Truth"
20. Chinese weights
22. Dirk
25. Native metal
27. A short-napped fabric
30. Volume of maps
32. Froth
35. Portable bed
37. "You and --"
39. Viper
41. The Quints
43. Our star was in "The ----- Specimen"
44. Hiding place
45. Male star of "Sally, Irene and Mary"
46. Kinds of fruit
47. Undraped figures
48. Coronet
49. "The Life of ----- Zola"
50. Motives
51. Lock of hair
57. Hover
60. Mrs. Francis Lederer
62. ----- Massey
64. Photograph from a movie
68. Plant of the arum family
69. Star of "Merrily We Live"
70. Helen Br -- erick
71. Birthplace of star pictured
72. Metric measure of capacity
74. Our star's latest, "The Adventures of Robin ----"
75. Subtle emanations
76. Plays
77. Jane --- man
78. "Sweetheart of Sigma ---"
80. Star of "A Yank at Oxford"
81. Claw of an animal
82. A sheaf
85. The poplar
87. Impede: law.
90. First name of our star's wife
93. Girl's name
95. "The Adventures of --- Sawyer"
97. Guy Kib ---
99. Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola L ---
101. G --- e Raymond
103. Al Jo --- on

ONLY NICE GIRLS WANTED NO OTHERS NEED APPLY



Just one hint of underarm odor, and a girl misses out with men

Eleanor's got everything—at least that's what men think. And yet she's not the prettiest girl in the world...nor the very best dancer. Why then is she so popular? Why is it always Eleanor who dances every dance?

Any man could tell you one reason why! Eleanor is always *sweet*, nice to be near... Eleanor never risks underarm odor!

And Eleanor would tell you: "I take a daily bath, of course, but I never think it's enough! A bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—it can't prevent odor

to come. Underarms must have special care. So after every bath, and before every date, I always use Mum!"

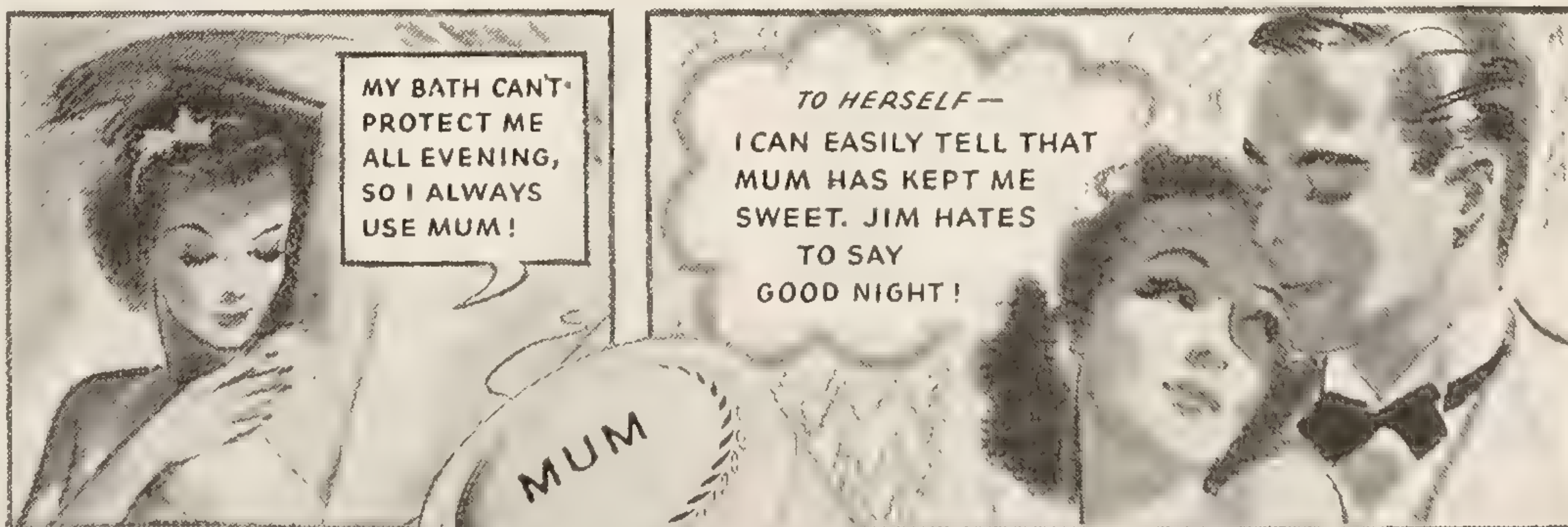
Simply and surely, Mum makes perspiration odor impossible. Protect *your* charm, *your* popularity—with Mum.

MUM IS SURE! No matter how long or how late you dance, trust Mum to keep you fresh. Just a dab under each arm—and you're *safe*.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute to use. Apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. It will not harm fabrics.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop every trace of odor. Even after underarm shaving, it actually soothes the skin!

NO WORRIES FOR THE GIRL WHO USES MUM



For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's *SAFE* and *SURE*.


MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

THE PUNCH THAT'S JUDY

(Continued from page 8)

Dr. Scholl's for EVERY FOOT TROUBLE



**Hollywood's
secret of Foot
Care. No more pain-
ful feet and
ugly foot
blemishes.**

Famous Hollywood Stars take no chances with their feet, for faulty posture and ugly foot blemishes can easily ruin their careers.

At the first warning twinges of foot pain, many of them use DR. SCHOLL'S for they know that

When Your Feet Hurt You Hurt All Over

Follow the Stars! If you have corns, callouses, bunions, tired, aching feet, fallen arches, burning or itching feet, ingrown nails—or any other foot trouble—go at once to your Drug, Shoe, Department or 10c Store and get Dr. Scholl's Relief for it.

CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain and remove corns. Thin, soothing, healing. End cause—shoe friction and pressure—prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and tender spots.



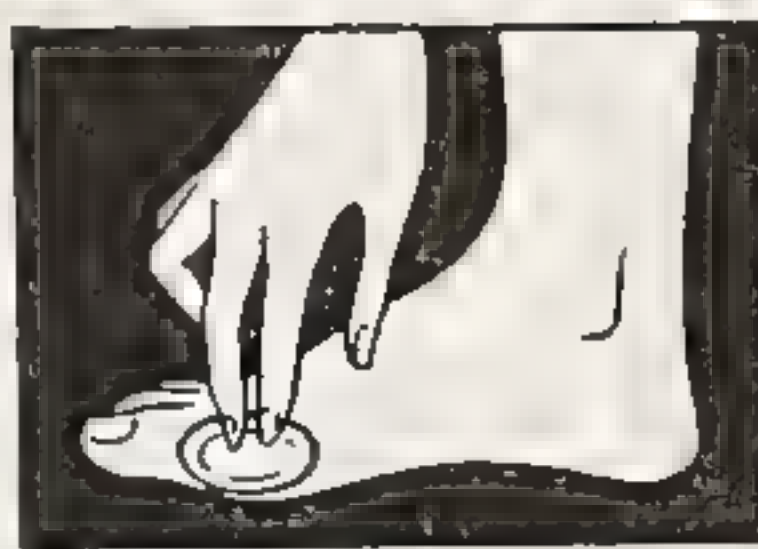
CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain quickly, safely loosen and remove the hard, dead skin. Stop pressure on the sore spot; soothe and heal.



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, give instant relief to tender or enlarged joints; remove shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing.



SOFT CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for corns between toes, relieve pain in one minute; take pressure off the sore spot; quickly, safely remove soft corns.



ACHING, TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is a soothing application for tired, aching feet, muscular soreness, tenderness and burning sensation caused by exertion and fatigue. Analgesic and counter-irritant.



EASES FEET

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, a velvety-soft, cushioning plaster; relieves corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots; prevents blisters. Flesh color. Easily cut to any size or shape.



TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves sore, tender, hot, tired, chafed or perspiring feet. Soothing, healing, comforting to skin irritations. Eases new or tight shoes.



Dr. Scholl's

FOR ALL FOOT TROUBLES

REMEDIES—PADS—PLASTERS—ARCH SUPPORTS

Mail in Envelope or Paste Coupon on Penny Postcard
FREE Foot Book, also sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns. Address Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Name
Address
(11)

"Mr. Mayer wanted me to have cold shots so I wouldn't be sick," Judy explained. "They aren't so bad, but they do hurt my arm. Each time the nurse says, 'Turn your back and this won't hurt one bit.' When it's all over she says, 'Now, didn't I tell you it wouldn't hurt?' I feel like saying, 'Oh, no! Only when you stick it in my arm and pull it out. The rest I don't even feel!'"

When Judy was on the stage you could hear a pin drop. Dressed simply in a white dress, which might have been for the graduation of any fourteen-year-old, she held her audience spellbound. Each number she sang brought deafening response.

Complimenting Judy on her good taste, she quickly gave the credit where it was due.

"Thank you, but my accompanist should get the credit because he picks out all my clothes and the flowers I wear, too."

Then came the surprise for the day. Judy's mother brings her a present each day and this time it was a stuffed dog that delighted its new owner no end.

"Oh, Mummy, he's adorable and looks almost real," Judy exclaimed with glee. "You know, I have two real live ones at home. One is a German Shepherd and the other's just dog—y'know, the fifty-seven variety kind!"

"Honestly, everyone is so wonderful to me I most feel like crying sometimes. I don't even get tired doing the shows because when I come out there are lots of people waiting for me. I think it's so nice of them to want me to sign their books, don't you? But, there is a cop downstairs who thinks I'm pretty bad," Judy confided. "Yesterday I walked to the window to look out and everyone began to throw up their books for me to autograph. Everything was fine till one hit me on the nose when suddenly I heard an awful commotion. I looked out and the traffic was blocked by people just standing around looking up. The cop was awful mad."

WE were coming down to the theatre in a taxi today and the driver said, 'You folks are actors, ain't you?' I told

him we were acrobats! Then he said, 'I thought so. Who is this Judy Garland kid?' I almost said, I know her and she's an awful brat! But, then I remembered that you have to be careful because he might have relatives on the newspaper."

Of all the shows in New York, Judy picked George M. Cohan in "I'd Rather Be Right" and Ed Wynn in "Hooray for What" to see. She was quite frank as to her reasons, saying that she could learn so much in the acting line from them. After the final curtain it was Miss Garland's idea to go backstage and have a talk with Mr. Cohan and receive a few pointers, which she explained helped her immensely in her very first appearance at the State. Proving that this sagacious Miss, chock full of punch, has plenty on the ball. Mention of her pictures and those lovely brown eyes fairly danced.

"I liked the latest best of all," Judy began. "Maybe because it's my first real honest-to-goodness part."

"In 'Everybody Sing', I worked with Miss Fanny Brice and we had some grand numbers, especially one I do in black face with a real southern drawl! Gosh, I guess I'll be pretty glad to get back home."

"Judy, how about Mickey Rooney? You did a marvelous job with him in 'Thoroughbreds Don't Cry.'"

"Oh, Mickey is my best friend and my favorite actor. You know, I think he'll be another Spencer Tracy some day. He's awfully funny though about trying to be grown up. You know, we go to the same school and the other day we were supposed to play some games, but Mickey flatly refused. He said they were too silly and it wasn't playing with us that he objected to, but to the childish games. He smokes a pipe and the minute class is out he runs around the corner, lights it up then comes back puffing and smoking like a steam engine. And the pipe is almost as big as he is, so it makes him look very young."

"Mickey's awfully generous with his praise and likes to tell people when they are good because he thinks it encourages them. He congratulated Spencer Tracy on his performance in 'Captains Coura-

Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant "Bringing Up Baby"—and not much more baffled than most parents.





Judy Garland, with admirer, looks happy because she is to play "Dorothy" in "The Wizard of Oz."

geous'. Mr. Tracy must have been very appreciative for he said, 'Thanks, Mickey. Coming from you, it's a real compliment.' "Once someone wrote that I said Freddie Bartholomew would be another Ronnie Sinclair. Why I wasn't even interviewed! Can you imagine that!"

THOUGH her experiences have been extremely interesting, each shows that it's the punch in Judy that puts her across. In fact, her entrance to movieland proves an excellent illustration.

"All this isn't very new to me because I've been on the stage for ten years. Never headlining before, but we always worked steadily.

"My two sisters and I formed a singing trio. Once we almost played New York, but I got homesick so we turned around and went home. I guess we'd still be singing if Suzanne hadn't gotten married.

"Since we lived in Los Angeles, I decided that I should work in the movies. I thought Mr. Mayer's company was the best so I told them I had come to work. They laughed and wanted to know if I'd had experience. When I said eight years on the stage they said, 'All right, let's see what you can do.' I auditioned and they gave me a job in 'Every Sunday.' After that, it was easy.

"The only hard thing at first was to get on to the way you have to act for the camera. On the stage everything is timed fast, but if you do that in a picture you'll overact something awful."

Judy Garland's punch is probably responsible for her aptitude in learning quickly, for not long ago Beulah Bondi, one of the finest actresses, said it took her three years to acclimate herself to movie technique. But not Judy Garland!



*Promise yourself the breath-taking
Beauty of a "Camera Skin"
Like HEATHER ANGEL'S*

Give your complexion this germ-free care which helps safeguard lovely "Camera Skins" from needless faults

WHEN a blemish appears, do you just add a shade more make-up to hide the flaw? But you can't be indifferent to the germs that may be the cause!

Young Hollywood stars are faithful to a two-way beauty plan. Simple foods, lots of rest; and daily use of Woodbury's Germ-

free Cold Cream, to keep the skin clear.

"How sensible", you'll say, when you admire a "Camera Skin" like Heather Angel's. Then include Woodbury's Cold Cream in *your* plot to be a lovelier woman! This cream helps protect your skin from blemishes. No blemish-germs defile its purity! Woodbury's invigorates skin, too. It's rich in skin-stimulating Vitamin D.

For "Camera Skin", follow the stars! This beauty cream, \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

**Woodbury's
Germ-Free Cold Cream**

**{ Helps guard from blemishes
Cleanses the pores thoroughly
Stimulates—Contains Vitamin D
Overcomes dry skin }**



Heather Angel and Allan Lane in the Republic picture "The Duke Comes Back". She says: "Naturally I want clear camera skin. Woodbury's Cold Cream has given me a flawless complexion."

Send for Trial Tubes of Woodbury's Creams

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6789 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder. I enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



IN a hurry? Thought you'd risk it "just this once"? Too bad!...Now your new dress is SPOILED and Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved it!...Why risk your dress even once when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields—for as little as 25¢—will save you not only embarrassment but the cost of your dress. Better buy a pair NOW—at any good Notion Counter.



25¢
and up

Prices slightly higher on the Pacific Coast and in Canada.

Kleinert's

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DRESS SHIELDS

TORONTO • NEW YORK • LONDON



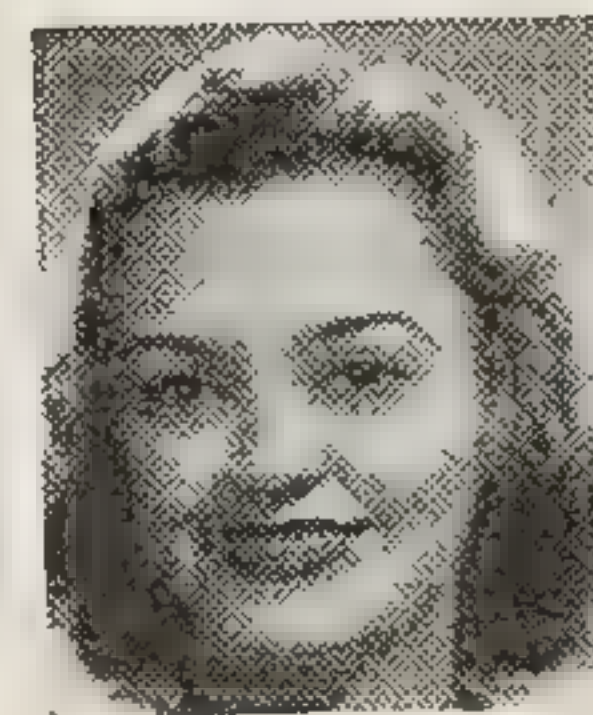
THE BAROMETER TELLS A SIX MONTHS' POPULARITY STORY. ARE YOU BOOSTING YOUR FAVORITES?



JOEL MCCREA (Second printing) Joel McCrea is one of the few dyed-in-the-wool Californians to be found in Hollywood. Not only is he a native son, but his two grandfathers were bound up in the early history of the state. One arrived

via covered wagon with the '49-ers and established the first hotel in San Francisco. The other came West with the Army to fight Indians in the '70's. By the time Joel arrived on the scene in South Pasadena on a certain November 5th, the pioneering was over and the McCreas were socially established and well-to-do. When Joel was a young child they moved to Hollywood, where he attended the Hollywood School For Girls—a shame he shares with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. There was no other private kindergarten in the town, so especially nice little boys were sent there in spite of their protests. Hollywood High School was the next step, and then Pomona College—that cradle of movie heroes—where he distinguished himself as an athlete. Dramatics were also his specialty, and his movie ambitions were born when Director Sam Wood came to see a college play in which his daughter Jean and Joel played the leads. Encouraged by Wood, he decided on a picture career as soon as he finished college, but progress was slow for a year or two. His fame was confined to the beach, where at a Santa Monica swimming club he played volley ball every Sunday to a gallery of sighing ladies who felt instinctively that that lean brown physique and those forthright blue eyes should have a larger audience. Even after important roles in "The Jazz Age" and "The Poor Little Rich Girl" gave him a firm foothold on the screen, he went through a long, hard apprenticeship playing stiff and dull leading men—partly because the scripts called for dullness, and partly because Joel's talents had not expanded to the point of being able to furnish anything else, except his beautiful torso. When the breaks finally came, he had the experience and maturity to handle them capably, and the rest was easy. Samuel Goldwyn signed him to a contract and his future is assured. "Come and Get It," "Banjo On My Knee," "Woman Chases Man" and "Dead End" are some of the pictures which attest to Joel's coming of age. In "Wells Fargo" he played for the first time with his lovely wife, Frances Dee. Very happily married, they have two sons and a large ranch in the hills back of the Pacific, where on his vacations Joel rides the range with the other cowboys, master of all he surveys.

His address is: in care of United Artists Studio, 1041 N Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.



ANDREA LEEDS (First printing) Long before she had ever seen or heard of a motion picture camera, Andrea Leeds, had lived through grim drama. Though born in Butte, Montana, she was taken at a very early age to the Mexican state of

Durango, where her father was a mining engineer. Here the Yaqui Indians were warring against the rebel soldiers who ravaged the countryside in periodic raids. Once on returning to Mexico for a vacation from her high school education in Long Beach, California, she stepped from her railroad coach into a chaos of smouldering ruins, wounded soldiers, and fear and hunger-crazed civilians. Rebels had raided Jimenez! That same summer, when trouble developed in the mine of which her father was superintendent, there was an enforced shutdown. More than one hundred drink-crazed laborers surrounded the house where the Leeds family was dining. After they had broken all the windows with rocks, Mr. Leeds reasoned with them and

WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking! So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, listing the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing address. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

got them to agree to a conference. When her father was borne away by the motley crew, Andrea never expected to see him again. Her fear was proved unnecessary, but she will never forget this greatest scare of her life. After she had received her Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of California at Los Angeles, she returned to Mexico where she intended to pursue her chosen work, writing. She had been there seven months when unrest again prevailed and her father received several threats that she was to be kidnapped. She was hustled aboard an airplane and flown to Los Angeles. At the University she had appeared in several college productions including a motion picture photographed with a sixteen-millimeter camera. It was now that this film changed her life. For some weeks she had made the rounds of newspaper offices and motion picture studios trying, without success, to get some sort of writing work. Just then the college film bobbed up and Howard Hawks, the director, saw it and believed that Andrea had possibilities. He showed it to Samuel Goldwyn who put her under a long-term contract. Her first role was that of Edward Arnold's daughter in "Come and Get It," but it was from "Stage Door" that she emerged with laurels equal to those bestowed upon the stars. Now she is the outstanding personality in the new technicolor musical, "The Goldwyn Follies." Andrea is five feet, four inches tall, weighs one hundred and twelve pounds, and has brown eyes and brown hair which has been given a golden blonde tint for her present role. She lives with her parents, who left Mexico a year ago to be with her in the film capital.



JOHN HOWARD (Third printing) A young man who might have been an English professor, a pianist, or a painter, is already in his fourth year as a movie actor, at the age of 25. John Howard was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 14, 1913.

His father, a graduate of the dramatic school of Carnegie Institute of Technology, had been thwarted in his ambition to become an actor. But this is not a case of the parent's disappointed ambitions being thrust upon the child. John's father consoled himself by selling theatrical equipment, and let his son choose for himself. John chose the academic life. Always a good student, in high school he won a scholarship to Western Reserve University in Cleveland, where he became the ideal college man, and distinguished himself in more ways than we can chronicle here. Member of Phi Beta Kappa, president of the Student Council, president of the University Players, senior manager of the basketball team, member of the National Collegiate Players, the University Choir, the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet and the Thalian Club, are a few of the honors he won, in addition to being chosen most outstanding man in the Senior Class. That's not all, but enough to show the direction in which John was headed. He aspired to be a professor of English, and to that end won a scholarship to the graduate school, where he would get his M.A. degree. At that point the moving picture industry entered his life. In the spring of his senior year a Paramount talent scout saw him in a campus show, learned that he was also broadcasting, singing and playing over a local radio station, and sized him up as good picture material.

(Continued on page 19)

**INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.**

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

Name

Street

City..... State.....

If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

FRESHNESS!

..that's what the world wants
in Movie Stars..and Cigarettes



Her Freshness Wins

A favorite of the London stage, Ida Lupino's freshness caught the eye of a Paramount talent scout. She was whisked to Hollywood and stardom in "The Gay Desperado," "Anything Goes," "Artists and Models," "One Rainy Afternoon," "Fight for Your Lady." And the freshness of this young star wins fresh applause!

THE fear of going stale keeps half of Hollywood awake nights. For the brightest star becomes a falling star...once freshness fades.

That's equally true of cigarettes. Staleness often makes a "has been" of a cigarette that ought to be in the prime of stardom. Staleness can transform the mildest cigarette into a harsh irritant and rob it of all flavor.

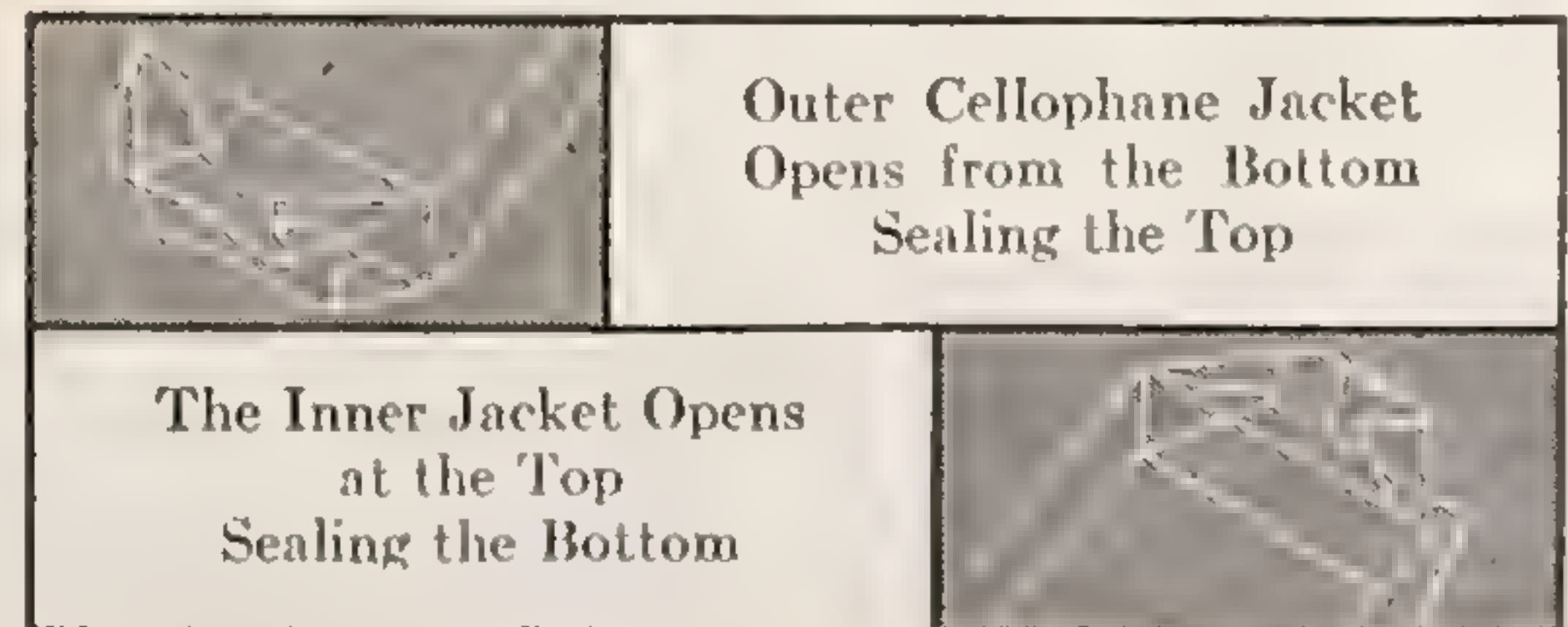
That's why we run no risks with our delightful young star . . . Old Gold. Every pack of Old Golds carries its own freshness right with it . . . doubly sealed-in by 2 jackets of stale-proof Cellophane.

At the peak of freshness, wherever and whenever you smoke it, every Old Gold gives a perfect performance in the role of America's most appealing cigarette. The price of one pack admits you to this year's biggest smoking hit . . . "Old Gold Freshies of '38".

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast



Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh



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"DANDRUFF ITCH?"



Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (*This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.*)
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (*This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*)
3. Rinse very thoroughly. (*Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.*)
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (*This relieves dryness.*)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 510 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Next time be sure to USE ZONITE FOR

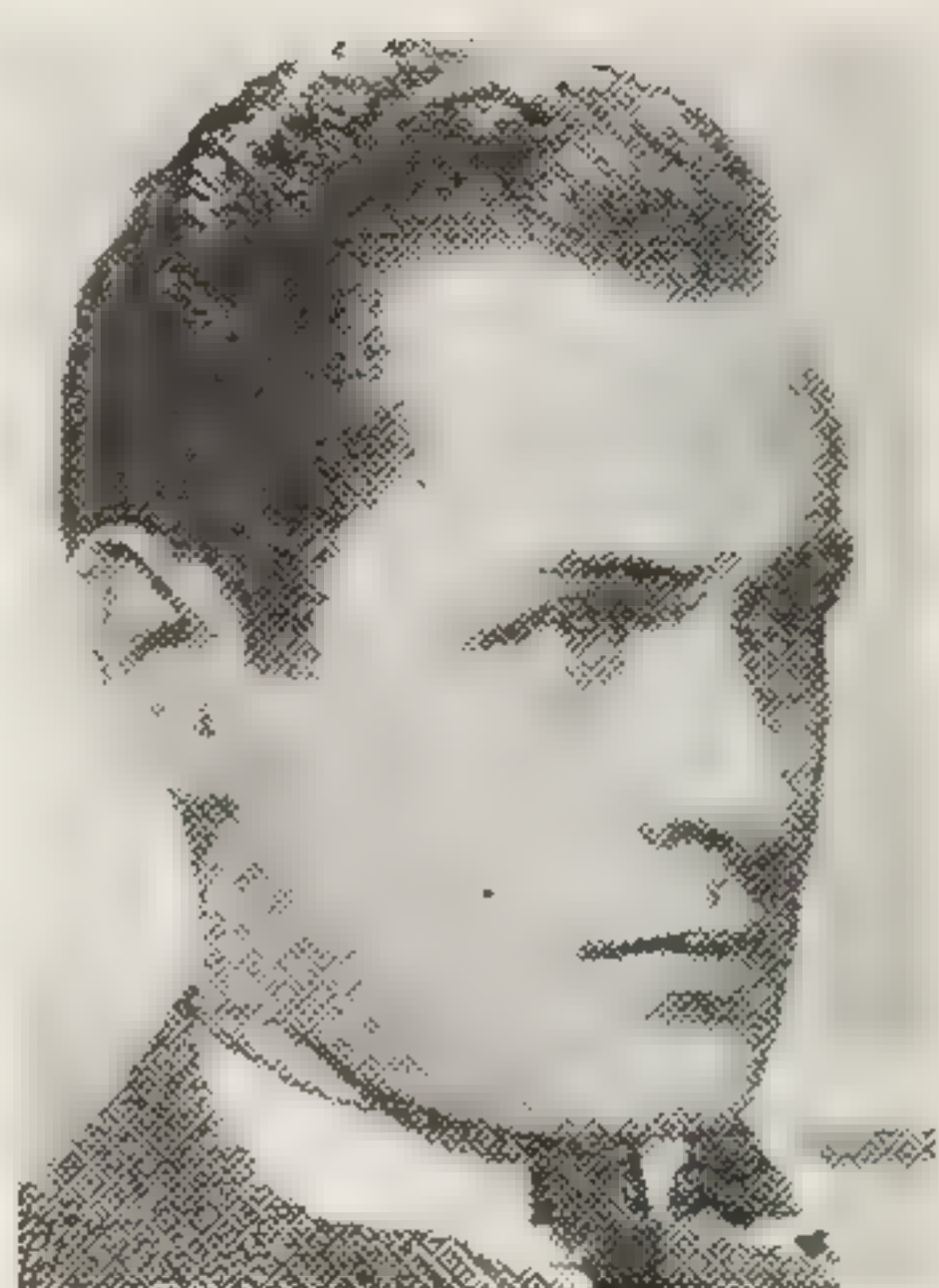
- ✓ DANDRUFF
- ✓ BAD BREATH
- ✓ SORE THROAT
- ✓ CUTS & WOUNDS
- ✓ FEMININE CLEANSING
- ✓ ATHLETE'S FOOT

SPECIAL OFFER
Get this measuring glass at no extra charge with 14 ounce Zonite. Read package folder for details

ZONITE Is 9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF 1937

We feel these players scored individual hits in the more important pictures of the year. Do you agree with Modern Screen's selection?



Robert Montgomery
(*Night Must Fall*)



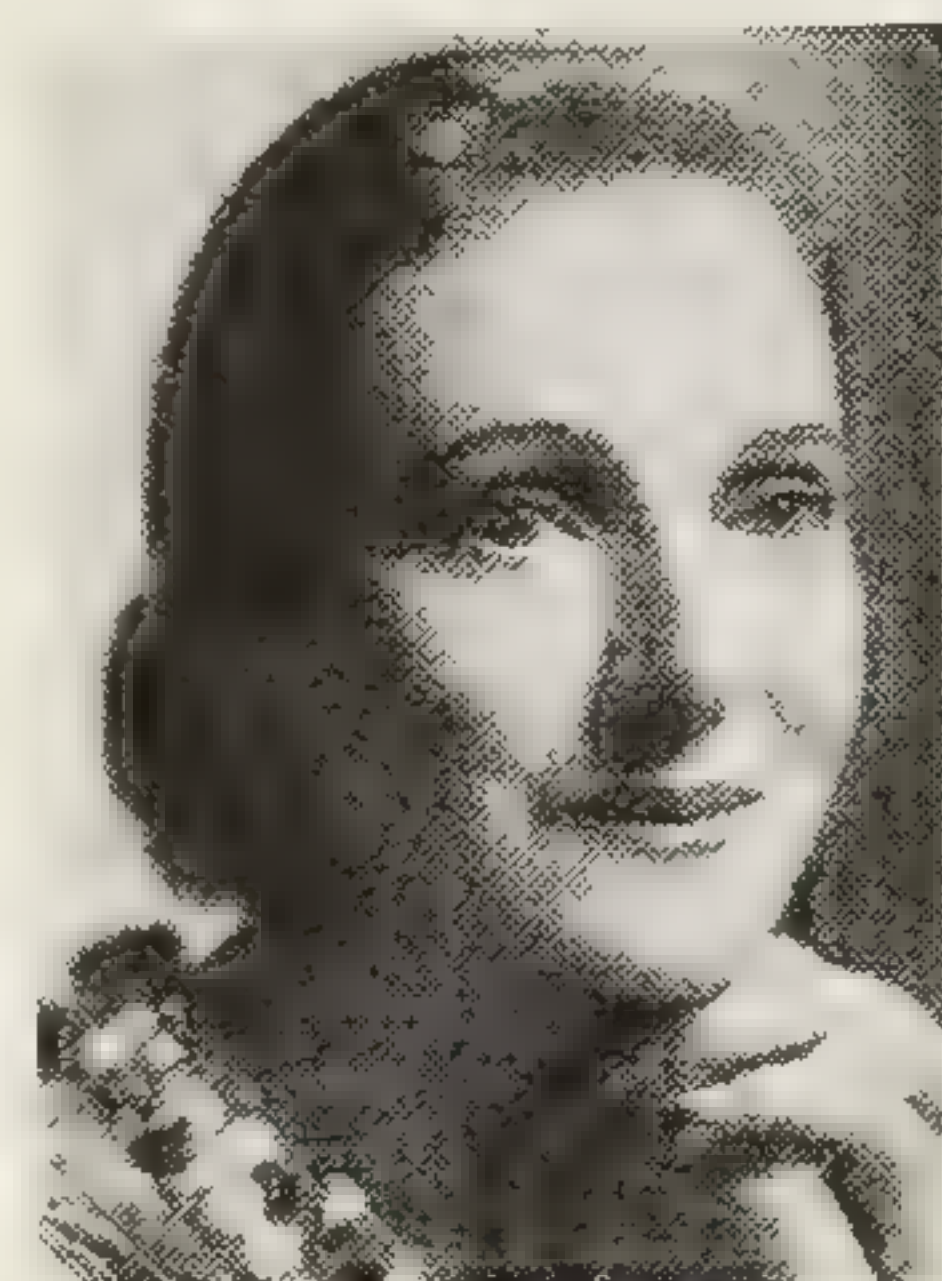
Greta Garbo
(*Conquest*)



Paul Muni
(*Émile Zola*)



Luise Rainer
(*The Good Earth*)



Beulah Bondi
(*Maid of Salem*)



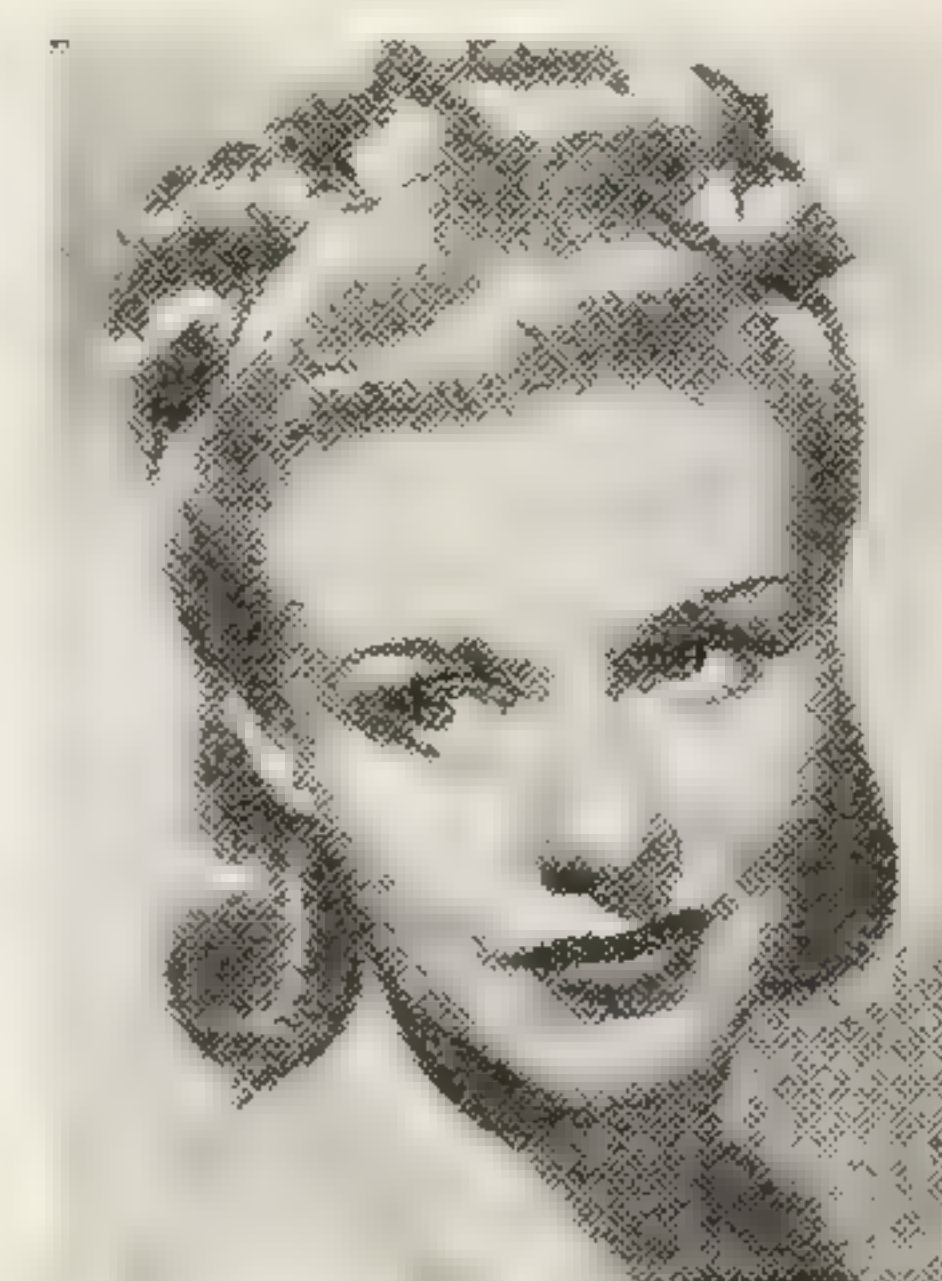
Spencer Tracy
(*Caps. Courageous*)



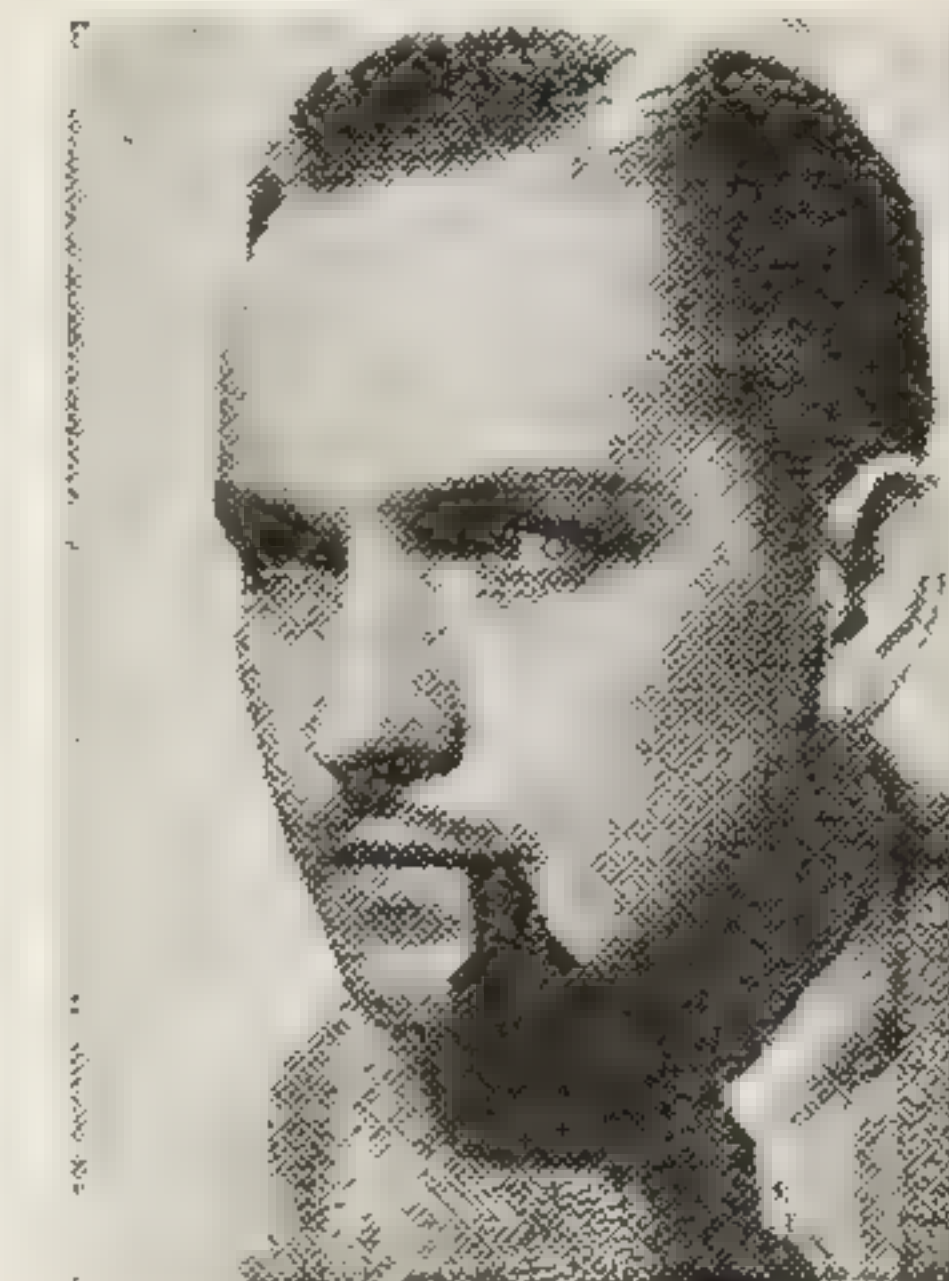
Katharine Hepburn
(*Stage Door*)



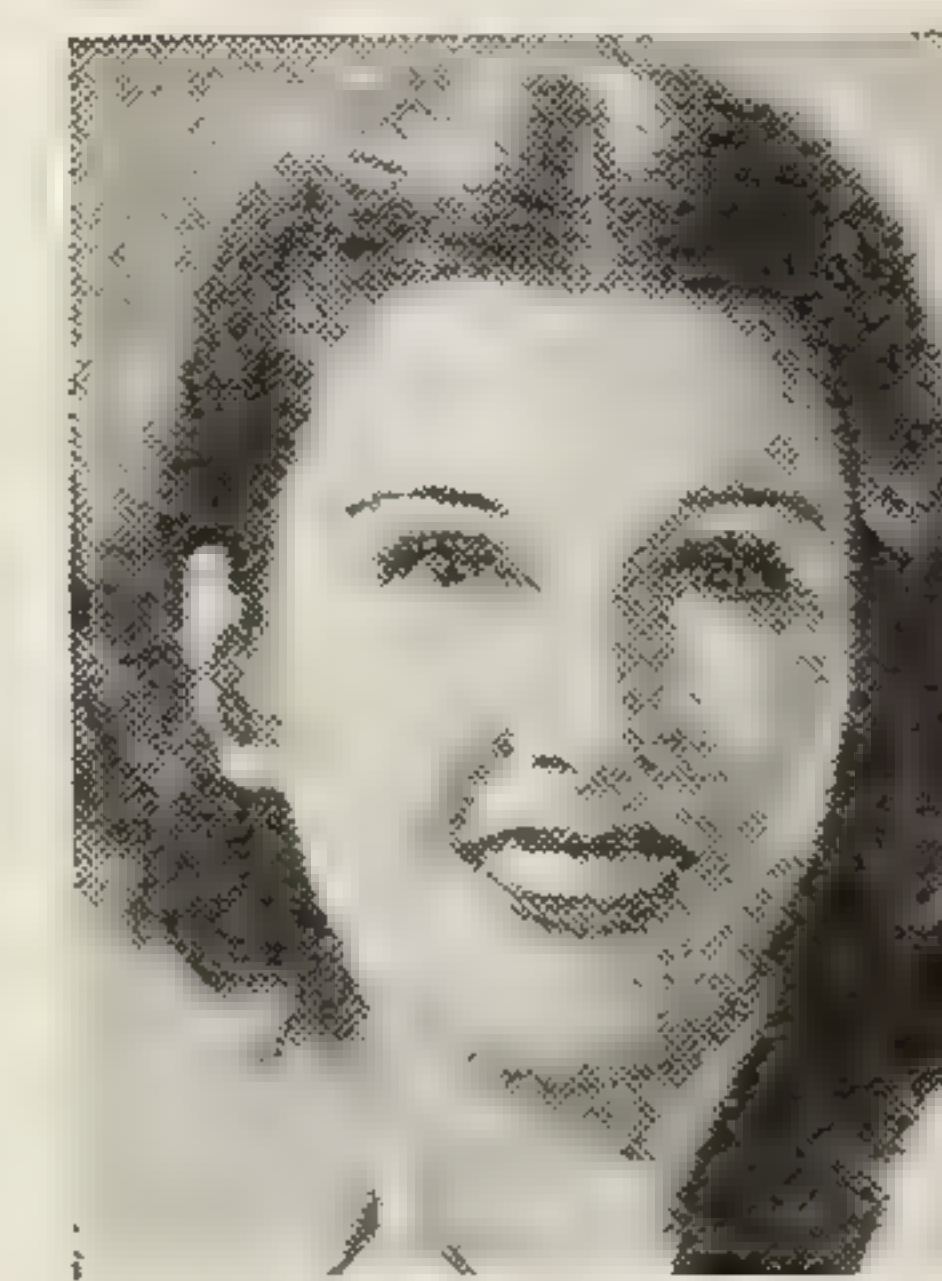
Alan Jones
(*The Firefly*)



Ginger Rogers
(*Stage Door*)



Fredric March
(*A Star is Born*)



Erin O'Brien Moore
(*Black Legion*)



Ronald Colman
(*Lost Horizon*)



Janet Gaynor
(*A Star is Born*)



F. Bartholomew
(*Caps. Courageous*)



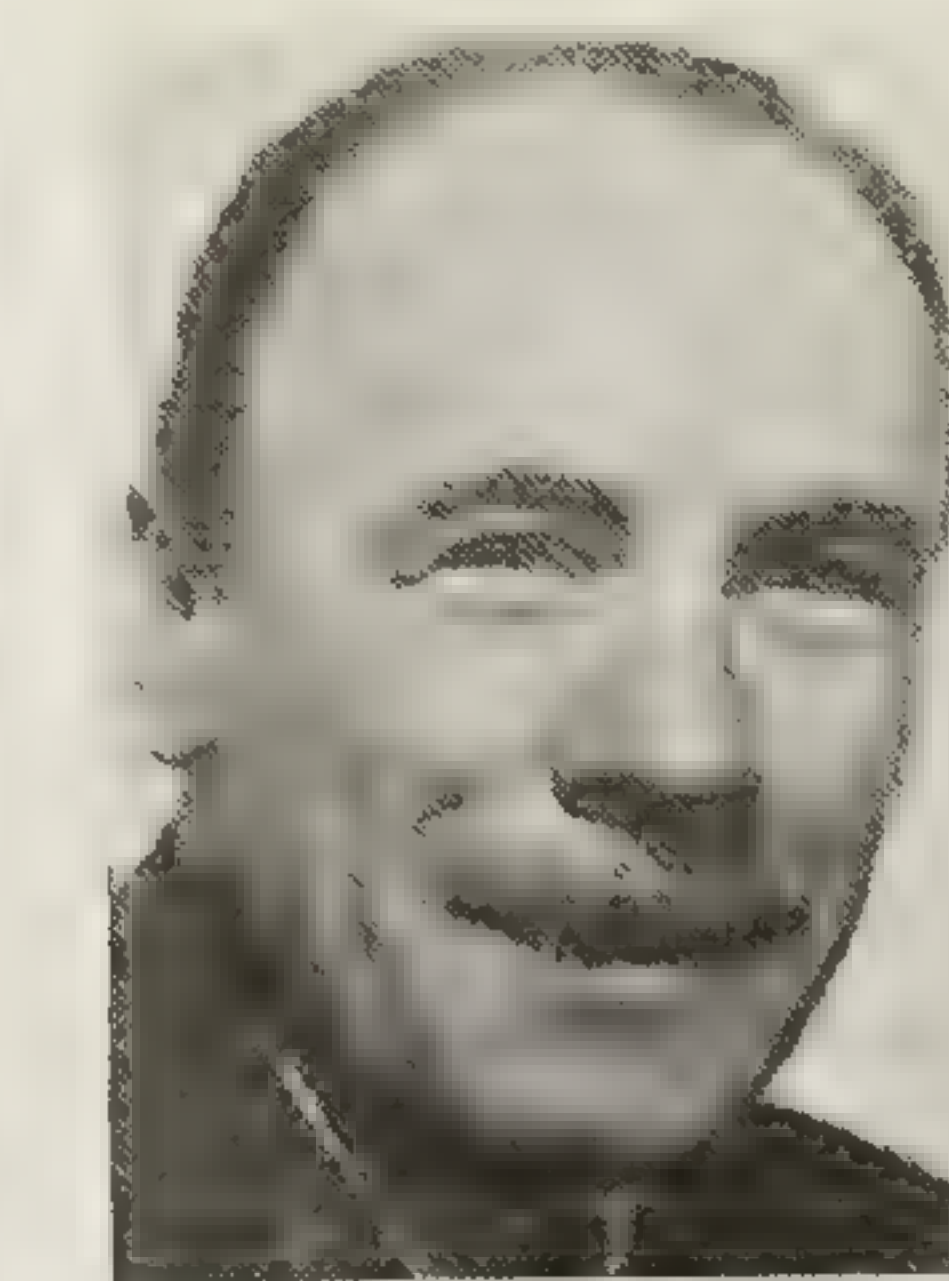
Claire Trevor
(*Dead End*)



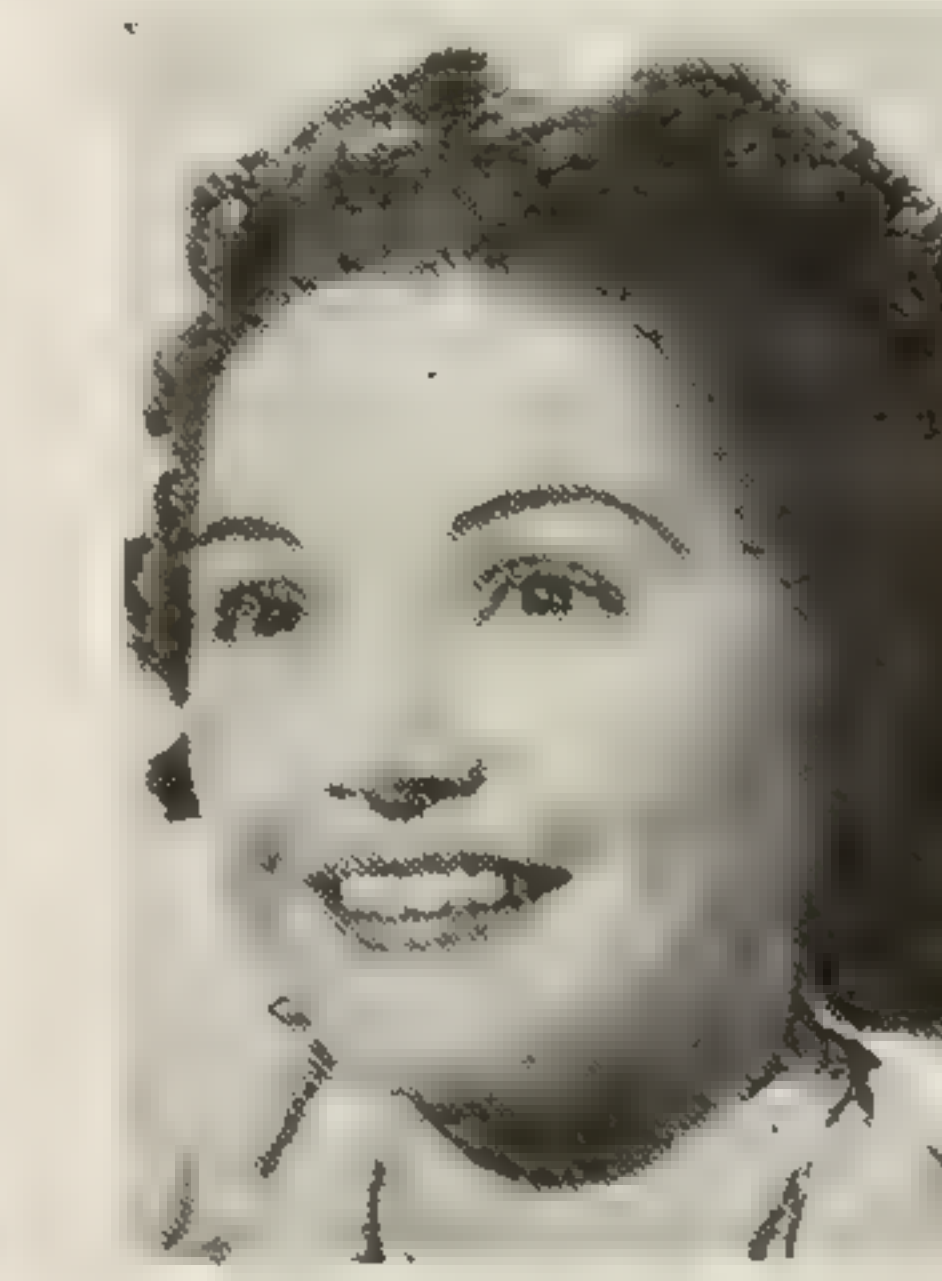
Carole Lombard
(*True Confession*)



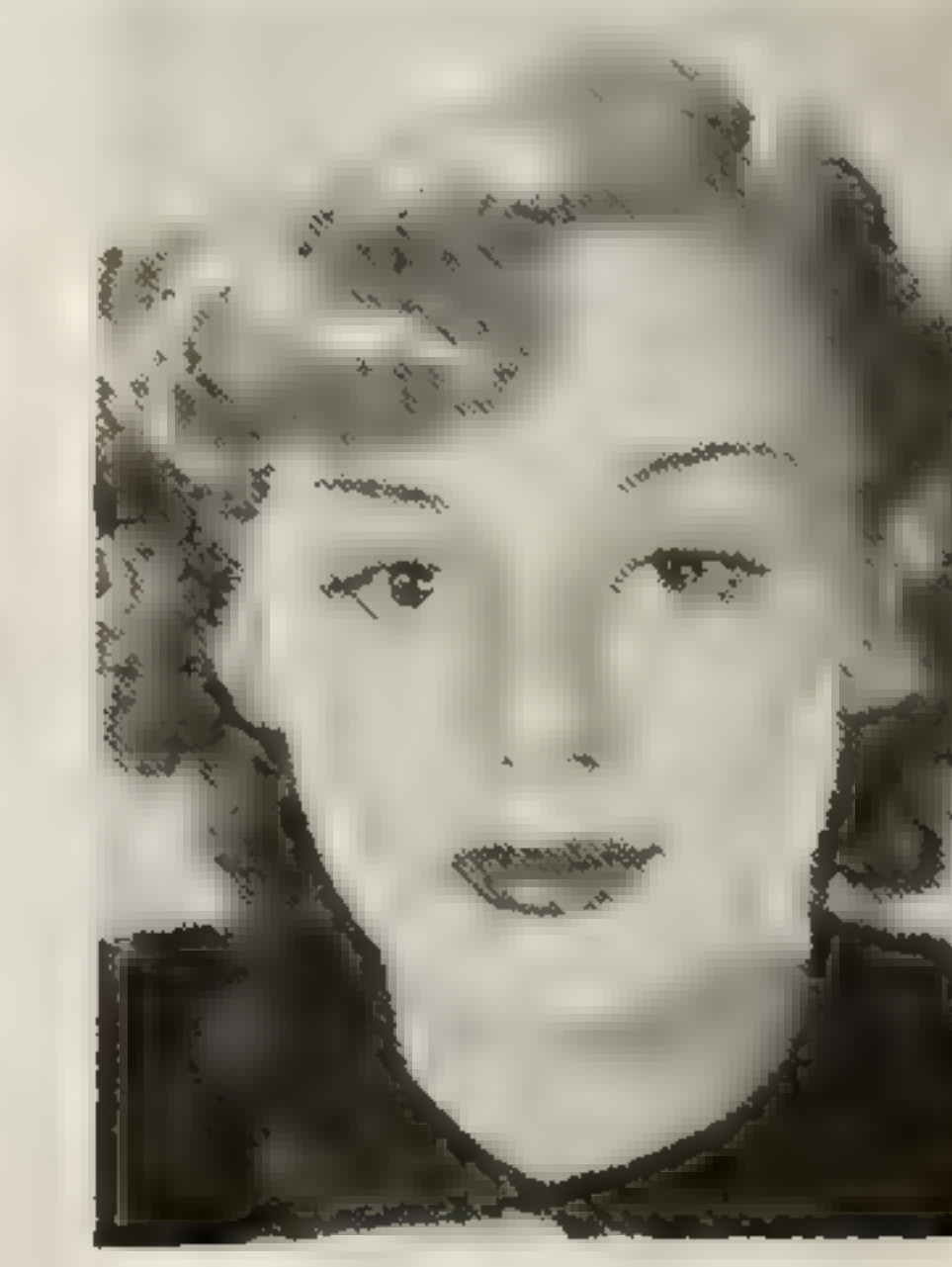
Bette Davis
(*It's Love I'm After*)



Roland Young
(*Topper*)



Marjorie Weaver
(*2nd Honeymoon*)



Anne Shirley
(*Stella Dallas*)

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 17)

John, with dignity, declined his offer of a trip to Hollywood, his eyes firmly set on the professor's chair. But that night he learned that the family finances would make it necessary for him to go to work the next year, instead of taking his degree at the graduate school, without which there could be no professorship. So he gave in, and arranged to go to New York for a screen test. In September, 1934, he arrived at the Paramount Studio in Hollywood, but it was not until three months later that he made his screen debut in "Car 99." The interim was spent in studying moving picture technique with Phyllis Laughton, Paramount dramatic coach. John was christened John Howard, but he took the screen name of John Cox until, after his first picture, it was decided his own name was better. So he changed back, and now there is a mistaken idea in the mind of the public that John Cox is his real name and John Howard the assumed one. He is 5 feet 10, weighs 150 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. His first real hit was made in "Annapolis Farewell." You also saw him in "Lost Horizon," "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," and the "Bulldog Drummond" series. He is unmarried, and his hobbies are painting and piano. For a time he considered going back to take his M.A. degree, but this idea seems to have been abandoned.

Carrol Hood, Darlington, S. C. Yes, Robert Young is married. His latest picture is "Paradise for Three," and his address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Kathryn Gezar, Ambridge, Pa. The birthplaces you asked for are: Gary Cooper and Myrna Loy, Helena, Montana; George Raft and Sylvia Sydney, New York City; Spencer Tracy, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Paul Muni, Lemberg, Austria; and Greta Garbo, Stockholm, Sweden.

Edward Borowy, Newark, N. J. I am sorry, but we do not give out the home addresses of the stars. You can reach Joan Bennett by writing to United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Mario Marzitelli, New York City. Write Jane Bryan in care of Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Marian Morris, Connellsville, Pa. To obtain a picture of Lee Dixon, write to Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif., and enclose twenty-five cents.

Mrs. Anna Bumstead, Staten Island, N. Y. Fredric March's real name is Frederic Ernest McIntyre Bickel. In January, 1938, he and his wife, Florence Eldridge, appeared on the New York stage in "Yr. Obedient Husband," but the play failed after one week. He is not going to leave the screen.

Mary Kathryn Dunlap, Austin, Minnesota. Edna Mae Durbin, now known as Deanna, was comfortably well off before her screen career began. Her father is a broker. Deanna is fifteen, and doesn't favor any particular sport.

Virginia Atemis, Brea, Calif. There are no movie stars who send their photographs free of charge. You should send a quarter with each request.

William De Lemmo, Harrisburg, Pa. Lois Lindsay is one of the show girls in "Gold-diggers In Paris," now being made at the Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Calif.

Iris Hemphill, Blythe, Calif. Errol Flynn was born June 20, 1908. He lives in Beverly Hills.

J. Schwartz, New York City. Joy Hodges played in Universal's "Merry-Go-Round of 1938." She is not under contract to them, but you can probably get her picture by writing to Universal Studio.

Ben Halprin, Bronx, New York. Joan Crawford and Charles Boyer have never played together.

L. Kamajian, Philadelphia, Pa. Joan Blondell is an American. She was born in New York City, and has been in every state in the union on vaudeville tours.

Is this Your Lucky Day?



You'll say "YES" when you find your lucky color among my 10 thrilling new face powder shades! See it bring you new radiance — breathe new life into your skin!

Wouldn't you say this was *Your Lucky Day* if you found a way to win extra compliments — extra attention — extra admiration? A way that can bring out the sparkle in your hair — the dancing light in your eyes?

The prize I'm talking about is the one flattering shade of face powder that can create a new "you" . . . your one and only "lucky" color. For you know as well as I do that the *wrong* powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

Perhaps you're saying — "This doesn't concern *me*. My powder color seems all right." But are you sure? Are you certain you have found the face powder color that is *100% right* for you — the one that is so true that it blends into your skin — so natural that it seems as if the color comes from within? The day you find that color will indeed be a lucky day for you. That's why I'm so anxious to have you try all 10 of my face powder colors. Because I am

sure that your special color is among them.

My gift to you

I've helped many others, and I'll gladly help you, too. If you'll send me your name and address, I'll mail you all ten of the glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder *free and postpaid*.

When my gift arrives — try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours, see what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft and radiant I leave your skin!" See how the color seems so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you **FREE** and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(42)

Lady Esther, 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



★★★★ The Adventures of Marco Polo

Mr. Goldwyn comes through with a solid hit, an exciting melodrama made more delightful because it is saturated with sparkling comedy.

Marco Polo (Gary Cooper), son of a Venice merchant, and history's first traveling salesman, makes the tedious journey to China to negotiate trade agreements. He discovers, in the order named, the wonders of a stringy substance called "spaghet", a mysterious exploding powder, and the beautiful daughter of the mighty Kublai Khan. The princess is betrothed to the King of Persia, but she is also looked upon by the wicked Amed, villainous counsellor to the Khan.

There is intrigue and bloodshed galore. The hero is noble, the heroine is lovely and the villain unspeakable, but the comedy overtones make the whole thing a gorgeous spectacle and certainly one of the best pictures of the season.

Gary Cooper plays Marco Polo with charm and sophistication, and the newcomer, Sigrid Gurie, lends distinction to the role of the princess. George Barbier is a highly comic Kublai Khan and Basil Rathbone plays Amed with all his subtle arrogance. Others who contribute are Alan Hale, Ernest Truex, Binnie Barnes, H. B. Warner and Lana Turner. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*



★★ The Baroness and the Butler

When a picture is listed as a continental comedy, you know it will have more than its share of talk, much bowing from the waist, and a generous quota of eye-brow-raising in period drawing rooms.

This is not meant as a condemnation of "The Baroness and the Butler," for, while it has all the standard ingredients, it also has the suave mannerisms of William Powell and the sparkle of Annabella, France's latest substitute for the War Debt. Powell, of course, is the perfect butler, just as Annabella is the perfect baroness, but one wonders just how and when they are going to strike the Boy-Meets-Girl level. Well, Powell goes to parliament as a representative of the labor party, and spends his days bitterly denouncing the aristocratic Prime Minister, who is the baroness' father. After a hard day of haranguing, he returns to his post as the Prime Minister's efficient and loyal butler.

On this slim foundation, Mr. Powell and the lady who refuses to call herself Annabella Annabella, assisted by such old reliables as Henry Stephenson, Helen Westley, Joseph Schildkraut and Nigel Bruce, present first-rate drawing room comedy. Directed by Walter Lang.—*20th Century-Fox.*



★★ The Big Broadcast of 1938

The big news about the latest Big Broadcast is that it returns W. C. Fields to the screen. Paramount has given the bugle-beaked comic the fattest role of his screen career, and he expresses his gratitude by brightening the proceedings with several hilarious scenes, notably a mad sequence on a golf course.

"The Big Broadcast" is really a vaudeville show. All its entertainment is crowded into the specialty acts. The story adds up to nothing but stage waits between two ocean liners.

Bob Hope, making his screen debut, has an ingratiating personality and helps furnish the picture's high point, when he and Shirley Ross sing the haunting lyric of "Thanks For the Memory." Martha Raye exhibits a pair of limbs which should send Dietrich into hiding, shouts "That Moon is Here Again" and performs a slam-bang adagio routine. Leif Erikson and Dorothy Lamour have little to do in the romance department. Tito Guizar adds to the entertainment with two pleasant Mexican songs, but Kirsten Flagstad is badly handled in a rendition of Brunhilde's Battle Cry. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.—*Paramount.*

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ Bringing Up Baby

Since "Baby" is a leopard of considerable size and since bringing up this baby is the responsibility of Katharine Hepburn, a scatter-brained heiress, and Cary Grant, an absent-minded professor, you can get an idea what a mad comedy this turns out to be. Though Cary comes out of it all and finds he's won the Hepburn number and a cool million dollars, he takes a terrific beating throughout. For there's nothing too strenuous or too silly for Katie to concoct once she's decided to have Cary for her very own. Their escapades are guaranteed to wear any audience to a frazzle. You'll give up, unlike the hero, trying to make any sense out of the proceedings. But the courtship of poor Cary is probably the most delirious ever filmed.

Involved also is May Robson, the millionaire aunt, who's convinced her niece is stark, staring mad. Then there's Charlie Ruggles, Miss Robson's own B.F. Walter Catlett, Barry Fitzgerald, Fritz Feld and Leona Roberts are others who help to complicate matters. All performances are commendable. You know what Cary can do with comedy, but Katharine will no doubt surprise you. Directed by Howard Hawks.—RKO.



★★★★ The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

"Tom Sawyer" is a swell picture, and if you miss it you're missing one of the most heart-warming and enjoyable films in years. Director Norman Taurog has wisely chosen not to tinker with Mark Twain's book. So there are no modern touches—everything is just as Twain left it. Tom still plays hookey from school to go fishing with Huck Finn, he takes his beatings regularly from Aunt Polly, he falls properly in love with Becky Thatcher, he rescues Becky from the cave after a breath-taking tussle with cold-blooded Injun Joe, and he and Huck realize every boy's dream when they uncover hidden treasure.

Young Tommy Kelly, making his screen debut, is Tom Sawyer come to life. His performance is really phenomenal. Another newcomer, Ann Gillis, is splendid as Becky Thatcher, and Jackie Moran is an ideal Huck Finn. Notable also are May Robson's portrayal of Aunt Polly, David Holt as the detestable Sid, Marcia Mae Jones as Mary Sawyer, Cora Sue Collins as Tom's erstwhile love, Walter Brennan as Muff Potter and Victor Jory as Injun Joe. Philip Hurlic, Donald Meek, Mickey Rentschler and Olin Howard are excellent.—Selznick-International.



★★ A Slight Case of Murder

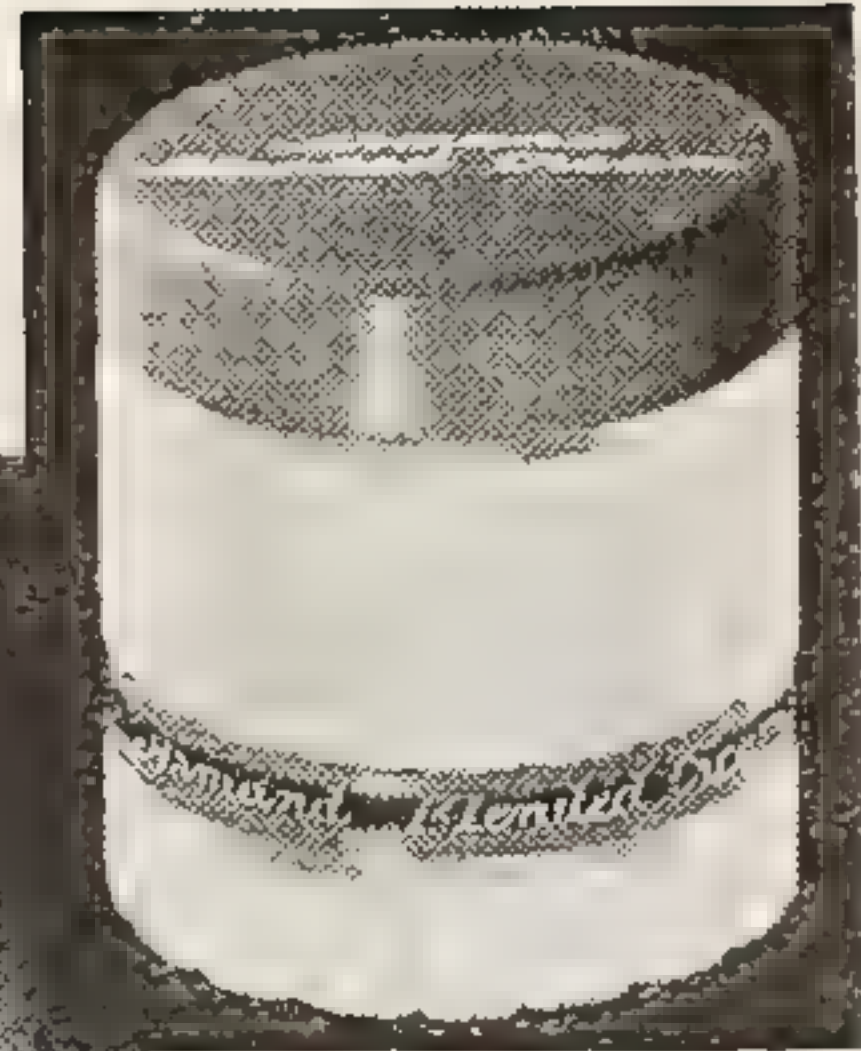
From a play by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay, "A Slight Case of Murder" fails to capture the lingo and the peculiar appeal of the Runyon fiction characters, but it presents them in an amusing comedy gangster story which is a pleasant relief from the run-of-the-mill hard guy stuff.

Story centers around Edward G. Robinson, who, as Remy Marco, a Prohibition beer baron, goes straight with the advent of repeal and opens a legal brewery, with his former lieutenants as salesmen. While Remy is a very honest character personally, he forgets to change his beer formula, and the public, suddenly rebelling against the etherized nectar which had stood by them during prohibition's years, regards Remy's product as nothing more nor less than shellac. At that moment four parties who are not quite alive—in fact they are most definitely dead—assume surprising roles in steering Remy out of all his difficulties.

Edward G. Robinson turns in a swell performance in the lead, and there is first rate assistance from Ruth Donnelly, Jane Bryan, Willard Parker, Allen Jenkins, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy and Bobby ("Dead End") Jordan. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—Warner Brothers.

GOING TO SEE A PICTURE? READ OUR REVIEWS FIRST AND YOU'LL PICK THE RIGHT ONES

IN *Spring.*



your skin never says "Winter" when you use Armand Blended Cream

A BEAUTY SECRET REVEALED!

For dry skin, the aftermath of winter, use Armand Blended Cream, by Armand, creator of cosmetics that glorify natural loveliness.

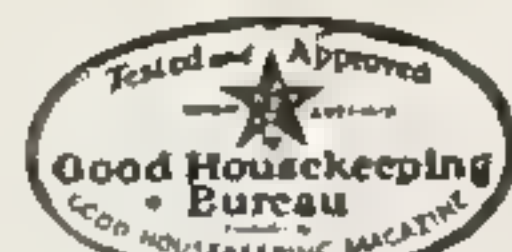
This fluffiest of creams, rich in delicate oils, gently aids to soften harsh, dry and weathered skin. Surprisingly soon, your skin is clean, soft and supple, glowingly fresh, relaxed and refreshed. A modern type of cream, with the fragrance of fresh cut roses, it is free from wax and grease. You can use it five different ways, for in one jar, you have the effect of five facial aids, both convenience and economy.

Spring is in the air. Now is the time to banish winter from your complexion. Armand Blended Cream can help you do it. Four sizes, \$1.00, 50c, 25c and 10c, at your favorite cosmetic counter. The coupon below will bring you generous trial sizes of Armand Blended Cream and its companion in beauty, Wind Blown Roses Powder.

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ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa
With eager anticipation, I send ten cents for your generous trial sizes of ARMAND BLENDED CREAM and WIND BLOWN ROSES POWDER.

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(Not redeemable after Oct. 1, 1938)

MS-53B



Gertrude Niesen, in "Start Cheering," feels sorta romantic—could it be Jimmy Durante?

★ Start Cheering

Starting out as a satirical poke at typical college musicals, "Start Cheering" has all the indications of a swell ribfest in its early reels, only to fall apart in the middle and turn into what it manifestly is kidding—a typical college musical.

Out of the wreckage, however, one bright shining figure emerges. It is Jimmy Durante, who has been away from pictures too long. The Schnoz, as he is affectionately known, is completely ludicrous and very funny. His brand of humor is entirely his own. Give him a battery of phones, as in the picture's funniest scene, and he dials his own number, talks heatedly to himself and gets nowhere in a fine burst of frenzied hilarity.

Story has to do with a movie hero (Charles Starrett) who enrolls at good old Midland University to bolster that institution's waning popularity. He finds love, of course, with the dean's daughter (Joan Perry) after complications with some of the less Hollywood-minded underclassmen. A good supporting cast includes Gertrude Niesen, Walter Connolly, Raymond Walburn, Broderick Crawford, Ernest Truex, Chaz Chase, and the orchestra of Louis Prima and Johnny Green. Directed by Al Rogell.—Columbia.

★★ Radio City Revels

Stretching a good idea into a full-length picture is a tricky task and has its pitfalls. It can be said for "Radio City Revels" that the dull spots aren't too frequent, and that the original idea, plus a brace of good songs, is good enough to provide fairly diverting entertainment.

Jack Oakie and Milton Berle are a pair of Broadway song writers whose well of inspiration has gone dry. Good luck comes to them in the person of an Arkansas hill billy (Bob Burns) who writes songs in his sleep; but can never remember the tunes when he awakens. Oakie and Berle copy down his stuff and return to fame and fortune.

Biggest asset in the picture is the performance of young Ann Miller. Attractive and charming, she is an admirable dancer and a capable actress with a bright future. Kenny Baker's tenor voice is a distinct asset in his songs. Milton Berle shows great improvement, and Jack Oakie and Bob Burns perform with their customary gusto. Helen Broderick helps, and Jane Froman, singing one song, adds to the pictorial effect. Directed by Ben Stoloff.—RKO-Radio.



As "The Beloved Brat," Bonita Granville bestows a mean look on Emmett Vogan.

★ The Beloved Brat

Spirited treatment of a poor-little-rich-girl theme and consistent characterizations of a well-chosen cast make "The Beloved Brat" good entertainment for most audiences. However, clumsy handling of the dialogue, which inclines toward preachiness, slows up an otherwise worthy film.

Bonita Granville is the unbeloved brat who craves tenderness and affection rather than wealth and comfort. Her parents are much too busy to realize that they have a problem in their young daughter. Miss Granville whips herself up into a series of fine frenzies—rebellious against her sheltered life and all the unfeeling people in it so violently that she is sent to a corrective school for girls. Here she is heartily disliked by all her fellow pupils, until the gentle persuasiveness of the superintendent (Dolores Costello) begins to take effect.

Bonita is at her best in a performance very like her role in "These Three." Donald Crisp, as the remorseful father, does a memorable piece of acting in a father-to-daughter talk, and Dolores Costello is earnest and beautiful. Others who turn in good performances are Lucille Gleason, Stymie Beard, Donald Briggs and Natalie Moorhead. Directed by Arthur Lubin.—Warner Brothers.

★★ Penitentiary

Evidently director John Brahm took the words "moving picture" literally, for he has made a film that is just that—no time wasted on long speeches or unnecessary scene chewing, but a picture that moves rapidly and dramatically, and one which might be seen with profit by a number of Hollywood directors.

Most of the action takes place within prison walls, and although the theme is drab and there is no comedy relief, director Brahm has pointed the drama and paced his scenes so effectively that one's interest never lags. Basically, the story concerns the love of one of the young prison trustees for the warden's daughter. Around this theme there is the usual prison intrigue, made interesting by unusual handling.

Walter Connolly delivers an effective portrayal of the troubled warden, and John Howard has one of his best roles as the young prisoner. Jean Parker plays the girl without too much cloying sweetness, and there are excellent performances by Robert Barrat, Marc Lawrence, Arthur Hohl, and others. It's a well-made picture with no frills, and one which won't disappoint any audience.—Columbia.



Jack Oakie smiles upon the lovely newcomer, Ann Miller, in "Radio City Revels."



In "Penitentiary," nothing comes between Jean Parker and John Howard but the groceries.



Jimmy Stewart and Ann Rutherford are a new team in "Of Human Hearts."

★★ Of Human Hearts

This is a very quiet period picture. Walter Huston is Parson Wilkins, a circuit-riding preacher of the 1850's, and Jimmy Stewart is his son, Jason. Jason wants to be a doctor, and regards his soul-saving father as a failure—chiefly because his Dad's salary is paid in new potatoes and second hand clothes. The story covers a lot of time, carrying Jason from boyhood through college and on to a medical commission in the Union Army. His parents have sacrificed themselves generously to see him through, but Jason, a self-centered young fellow, doesn't realize it until he is brought up short in a very dramatic scene with President Lincoln.

The picture's best performances are

turned in by the two actors who impersonate Jason Wilkins—Jimmy Stewart as the adult Jason, and Gene Reynolds as Jason aged twelve. This lad will really bear watching. Walter Huston is satisfactorily hard and earnest as the preacher, and Beulah Bondi charming as his wife. Charles Coburn is good as the small town doctor, John Carradine superb as Lincoln. Directed by Clarence Brown.—M.G.M.

★★ Love, Honor and Behave

A somewhat confused drama of parental influence, "Love, Honor and Behave" will depend largely on the popularity of Wayne Morris and the performance of Priscilla Lane for its success. And the much-publicized "real life romance" of these two players will undoubtedly bring many cash

customers to witness their salaried necking on the screen.

Morris' father (Tom Mitchell) believes that everything in the world must be fought for, while his mother (Barbara O'Neill) holds that success and happiness are achieved by being a good loser. In the general confusion, at any rate you'll be happy to learn that the way to hold a wife is to sock her in the jaw, black her eye and administer a stern hand to her bottom.

Wayne Morris goes through the transformation from lamb to fanny spanker with becoming sincerity. Priscilla Lane turns in the best performance of the picture with a spirited portrayal of a forthright young lady who knows what she wants. Directed by Stanley Logan—Warner Bros.

(Continued on page 122)



Sparkling
sunlight puts
your powder
to the test

"Glare-Proof" Powder

reflects only
the softer
rays of light—
looks soft
and fresh in
brightest light

THOSE first bright mornings search out every little fault of your face!—Powder showing up—features sharpened! Are you afraid of looking "all powdery"?

Not if you soften that sunlight—with Pond's "glare-proof" shades. Pond's Powder shades are blended to reflect only the softer rays of light. They give a soft lovely look to your face in any light. And do not show up "powdery."

Use Pond's daytime and under evening lights. True skin tones, uniformly blended. Special ingredients keep Pond's soft and clinging for hours. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Free 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PS, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires July 1, 1938.)

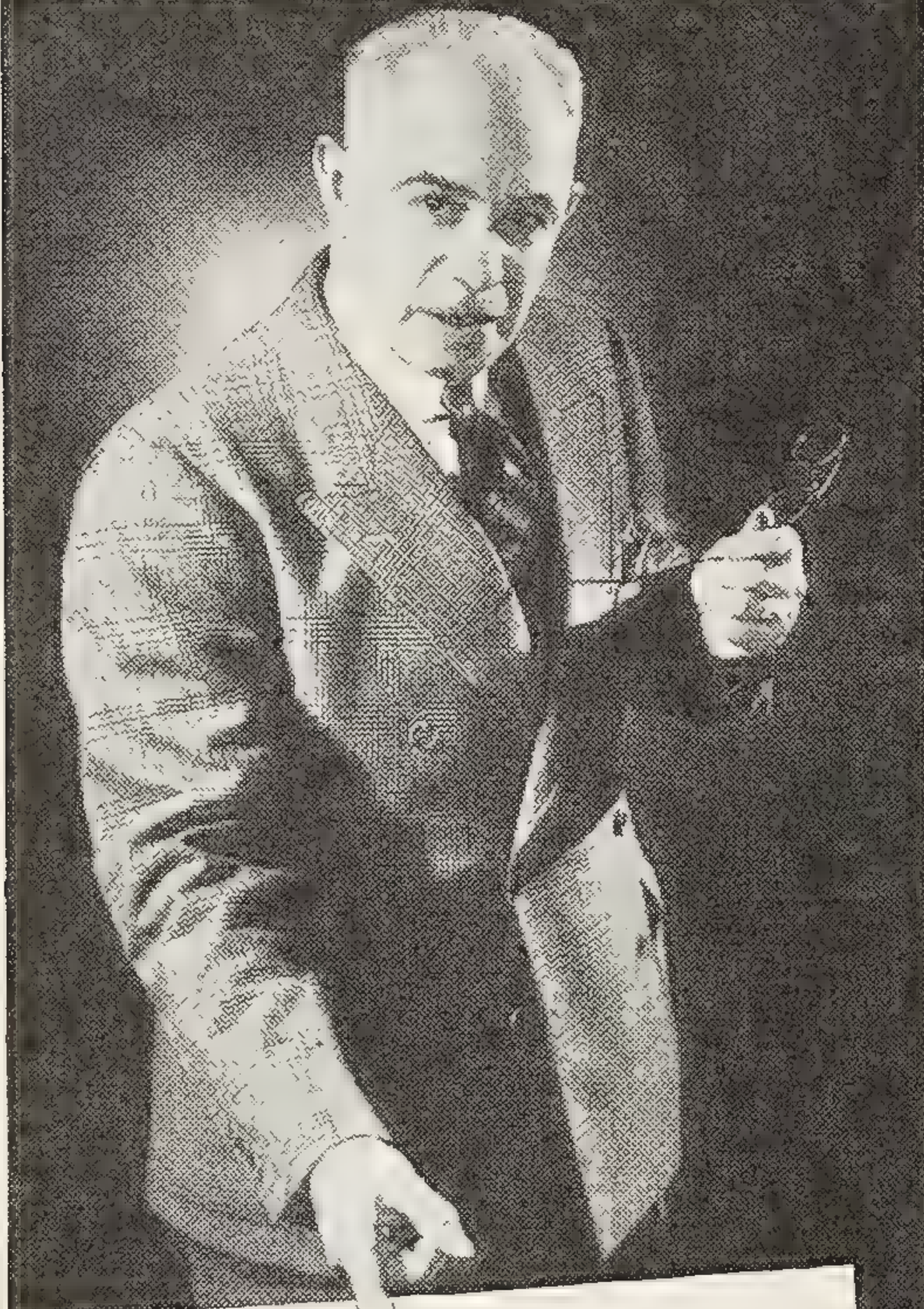
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MISS SARA CLUCAS, New York Debutante

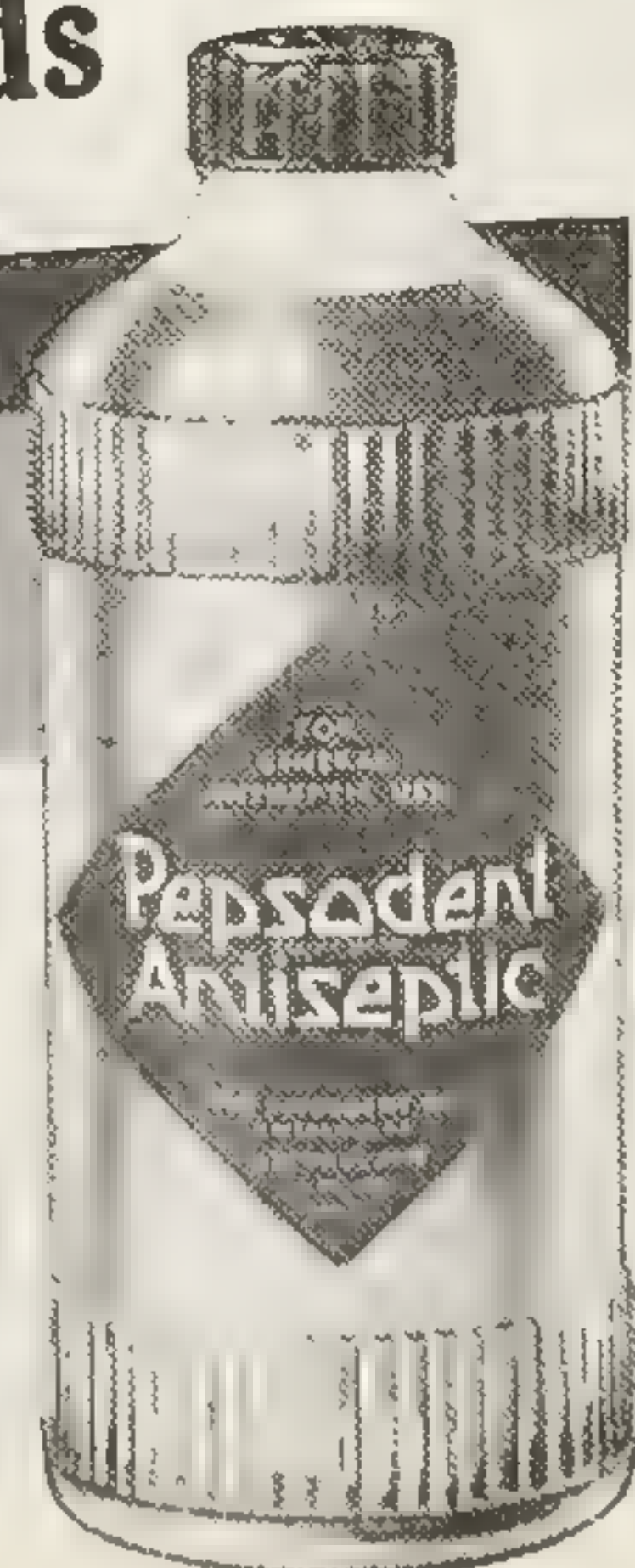
"... Pond's Rose Cream is just the grandest powder! It gives my skin a soft, bright look—and never shows up chalky!"

To help Prevent
COLDS
and Bad Breath..



Use
PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
...the 10-Second
Germ-Killer!

In Germ-Killing
Power . . . One
bottle Pepsodent
Antiseptic equals
three bottles of
ordinary kinds



Even when diluted with 2 parts
water, still kills germs in sec-
onds...Lasts 3 times as long!

**MAKES YOUR MONEY GO
3 TIMES AS FAR!**



No. 2640—This smart one-
piece dress features the
fashionable, new bolero.

NEEDLE WORK

AN IMPORTANT fashion feature for Spring 1938 is the bolero, and here we have it on this one-piece dress, whose air of smart simplicity is achieved by the striking white bands, high slanting pockets, buttons down the back, and crushable leather belt. This popular model can be worked up quickly, for it's made with the easy stockinette stitch familiar to all knitters. An unusual version of the ever-popular Calot is found in No. 2646, a scalloped model that you can crochet in a jiffy. You will probably want to make several of these in colors to match your different sports suits. Clip the coupon and send in your stamped, addressed envelope to-day for these new designs!



No. 2646—Make this popu-
lar sport model in a new
design, the Scallop Calot.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Knitting Directions for No. 2640.....

Crocheting Directions for No. 2646.....

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large)
envelope.

Name

Street

City..... State.....

(Check one or both patterns and please print name
and address)

25

NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!
DIRECT FROM ITS
\$2.00 TWO-A-DAY
TRIUMPHS!

THE GREAT AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE!

The year's spectacular hit now comes to you! Old Chicago reborn in all its turbulent glory! The heart-warming, human drama of the magnificent O'Learys...loving tempestuously, hating fiercely...fighting valiantly! A family turned against itself by one kiss stolen from the lips of alluring Belle Fawcett! But when disaster overtakes the flaming city...once again it is "the O'Learys against the world"!



Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
supreme achievement as
a producer of distinguished
entertainment.

IN OLD CHICAGO

TYRONE ALICE DON
POWER • FAYE • AMECHE
ALICE ANDY BRIAN
BRADY • DEVINE • DONLEVY
Phyllis BROOKS • Tom BROWN • Sidney BLACKMER
Berton CHURCHILL • June STOREY • Paul HURST

Directed by **HENRY KING**

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen play by
Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien • Based on a story by Niven
Busch • Music & Lyrics by Gordon & Revel, Pollack & Mitchell

Watch for it soon at
your favorite motion
picture theatre.





JOAN BLONDELL



ROBERT YOUNG



IRENE DUNNE



BING CROSBY



DOLORES DEL RIO



STUART ERWIN



MARJORIE WEAVER



Barbara's career has taken a new lease on life since she began going with Bob. But it's only because she's a new person today.



Bob tells the world Barbara's the girl he loves and it's a new security for her.

MUTUAL BENEFIT

WE DON'T need that old adage about a person being known by the company he keeps to see that Bob Taylor's selection of Barbara Stanwyck for his off-screen, and occasionally on-the-screen-too, sweetheart did a lot for the career of that same Barbara Stanwyck. It didn't make her a better actress—Barbara has always been that—but it did bring her to the fore and onto the front pages and into the minds of millions of movie-goers as she had never been brought before.

But this story isn't about that—that is the obvious thing—and there is a Bob-benefit in Barbara's life which goes much deeper, a much more dramatic and heart-warming story. Countless stories have been written about what Barbara has done for Bob: how her advice guided him, how her confidence sustained him, how the constant companionship of this sturdy-fibered, common-sense girl was a safe tether in this giddy-gaddy town.

It's time now at last, that the other part of the story be told. It has somewhere been written that a love only lasts when each of the two who share that love gives something good and great to the other. In this story, then, you will also find the reason why Bob and Barbara are, just about now, celebrating their second friendship anniversary.

It was six months after Barbara had come to the end of her marriage with Frank Fay that she met Bob. To describe the girl she was at that time is to describe a drab-hearted young woman who already felt that her

BARBARA STANWYCK'S ROMANCE WITH BOB
AN ANCHOR. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL! HERE'S WHAT



Dion Anthony Fay,
Barbara's adopted
son, has been the
center of a battle.

ASS'N. BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

span of happiness and activity, and that her place in the world, no longer existed.

In drawing her portrait at this period it is impossible to do so accurately without bringing in the dire effect that her past life with her husband, a long period of seven years, had etched on her. But since Barbara has only recently gone to court to say that her ex-husband is not a desirable companion for their young adopted son, and since she offered numerous signed affidavits to prove her contention, we are not overstepping the bounds of kindness and decency in touching on that subject. What goes into the courts and into the newspapers is public domain of a sort. Whatever Frank Fay's importance and worth as an entertainer and a man is, it is a fact that as Barbara Stanwyck's husband he wreaked a very great harm on her. Barbara lost the first round of her recent suit; the judge ruled that Fay should be allowed to see the six-year-old Dion at appointed times, but there are still those affidavits to be reckoned with and the case is being appealed. More than that, to go back to our point, there was Barbara Stanwyck, at the time the divorce was granted.

We say she was drab-hearted. A lot of things had contributed to it. For seven years Barbara had not known what it was to be a personality, a personality with ideas of her own, work of her own, friends of her own. Under the constant pressure of the egotism of a man who referred to himself as "The Fay" (Continued on page 110)

TAYLOR HAS HELPED HER CAREER—GIVEN HIM
IT'S DONE TO THEM AS PEOPLE, NOT STARS



Hurrying to keep
that date with
Babs! And she
isn't the only one
to benefit from
their romance,
either. It's had a
far-reaching effect
on Bob, too!

A TALL young man was on the Blue Train Express, going from Paris to Monte Carlo. He lounged along the corridor of the car, smoking, contemplating the familiar contours of the Maritime Alps. A compartment door was open and through it wafted an intriguing scent, faint but nostalgic; mysterious, even mesmeric. The young man glanced discreetly into the compartment. A lady sat there, lovely. She smiled. Pretty soon they were talking of many things. There was dinner, à deux. The Blue Train Express rolled into Monte Carlo. The tall young man said goodbye to the lady. He didn't know her name. She didn't know his. They didn't meet again. It was adventure, unsought, brief.

The young man was Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. The lady must be to us, what she is to him, nameless.

"My life is exciting," says Douglas. This is why.

Excitement is a glaze laid lightly over matter-of-fact, over habit, over repetition and routine. Douglas takes care not to scratch the glaze. He is restless, nervous. He moves from place to place. He makes movies, writes and tears up what he has written, the fire of creation being sufficient unto itself. He has been in love. He handles life deftly, never asking too much or too little.

In Hollywood now, he will not plan to stay there indefinitely, will not buy a house, strike roots, will not marry soon.

"I never want to stay in any one place long," he told me. "I am restless and, after all, if you want to keep in tune with the rhythm of life you will keep moving.

"Am I bored with life? Never! I do try to avoid repetition of things a second touch would kill. But there are other things. I've crossed the ocean thirty times and I never feel a ship pull out of port that I don't get misty-eyed. I never catch a 'first' glimpse of land that it isn't *really* the first to me, and I choke up. I've been in the air I don't know how many times and I never see a plane take off that it doesn't grip me by the throat.

"I never start a picture that we don't have to do retakes on the first three days' shooting, because I'm so jittery that I miff things. Invariably I have the feeling that I've never faced a camera before.

I NEVER want to lose this sense of 'first experiences'," said Douglas. "It seems to me that to meet every adven-

ture as though it were for the first time is to keep the savour of life sweet and strong on your lips."

"But is a person just born that way," I said, "or do you have to work for it?"

"I have to work for it, in part," said Douglas, "because you have to prod yourself into awareness of how curious everything is and once you are properly curious, you are alive! There are men, I suppose, born Casanovas, who believe that the only experiences worth having are romantic experiences. They seek for them and, of course, to seek for experience in romance is to lose it, I feel sure. Though there is nothing so presumptuous as to lay down rules and regulations about love. When I read articles in which actors define love, tell others how to 'manage' love, to find it or keep it, I feel nauseated. How the devil do they know how to tell others about love, what they should do about it?"

"You've been in love, haven't you?" I asked.

"How should I know?" countered Douglas. "I've thought so, yes. Infatuations, perhaps. Love, perhaps. But whether there is one love in a man's life, or which love of many is the real love, I wouldn't be so presumptuous as to guess."

Douglas is not bored with life. He sees to that. And thereby I lost my bet, which I had placed on the nose of Boredom. For I had remarked to Douglas that I should suppose he would be satiated, "too, too weary to fight stagnation," as his friend Noel Coward warbles.

I had, I felt, good grounds for my assumption. For Douglas has had, in his twenty-eight vivid years, more large hunks of life, and love and adventure than befall most men when the age numeral is reversed and they are eighty-two.

Long the young Crown Prince of Hollywood, son of his famous father, only son of the House of Pickfair, to the portals of which came princes and poets, explorers and socialites, inventors and eminent authors the boy, while still a boy, could take a Prince without a genuflection, could prattle unselfconsciously to a Lindbergh or an H. G. Wells, could and did parry thrusts of wit with the brite-brains of two continents, or three.

HE KNEW the forcing-house of domestic upheaval, the divorce of his parents, the (Continued on page 78)

HIS LIFE'S EXCITING

DOUG, JR. HAS HAD MORE ROMANCE,
TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE AT TWENTY-
EIGHT THAN MOST OF US EVER RATE

BY FAITH SERVICE



Doug used to write for publication, but now it's just for fun.

You'll see Douglas,
Jr. with Ginger Rogers
in "Having Wonderful
Time"—and you
will, too!



The "gentleman" with young Fairbanks is
Marlene Dietrich.



Jeanette and Hubby Gene Raymond do everything together. They like polo.

H A S S H E

B Y G L A D Y S H A L L

HAVE YOU anything left to want?" I asked Jeanette MacDonald.

Jeanette said, immediately, and meaning her answer, "Yes. To keep what I have." She added, after a moment, "to be big enough to take the down-grades if they come; to be able to hold the memory of this happiness when, inevitably, some of it must go."

Jeanette was serving tea in the soft-toned rose and rust living-room of the Bel Air home which Gene Raymond bought for his bride, carrying her across the threshold in keeping with the old tradition. They care about tradition, Gene and Jeanette; they believe in yesterday as well as today; they contemplate tomorrow with questioning eyes, as all intelligent people must. The late gilt sun came through the ceiling-high window at the big room's end, it touched the silver-framed photograph of Gene and Jeanette as bride and groom, on the piano; it fingered the silver bowls of roses Jeanette loves beyond all other flowers; it aureoled the red-gold hair of Jeanette herself; made blue jewels of her eyes as she sat in the high-backed wing chair, wearing a simple brown frock sashed in vivid green, nibbling candies from a blue basket at



They both love horses and can be seen on the bridle path every day.



On their evenings at home, Jeanette and Gene like to read.



All dressed up and set for a bit of stepping. Handsome couple, what?

ANYTHING LEFT TO WANT?

● JEANETTE MACDONALD APPARENTLY HAS EVERYTHING BUT ADMITS SHE STILL ISN'T SATISFIED

her side. And she looked so sort of shingly happy that had the sun ceased to shine the room would still have been illumined.

Jeanette is fiercely superstitious about discussing her happiness, fearing that if she puts it into words the jealous gods, having it called to their attention, may be old Indian-givers and snatch it away from her, just to demonstrate that such earthly Paradise is not for the children of men. Before Jeanette was married, she was afraid to talk about her wedding day; she was sure that if she did something would happen, something would cloud or postpone that sufficiently laggard June night.

It is hard to think of her as wanting anything more than she already has. She is married to the man she loves and the man she loves loves her. There are Penelopes a-plenty

who would consider that life had done right smart by them if it gave them their Prince Charming, with all his heart. And, riches piled on riches, she has her beautiful home with all of Gene's thought of her expressed in every exquisite luxury and detail. Just to have such a home would give many a woman cause to feel that she had not lived in vain. And Jeanette is young, and beautiful and in glowing health; she has her mother living close by her, she doesn't have to diet (she dotes on baked beans). She has friends, Ginger Rogers, the Allan Joneses, Jimmy Stewart, among the many others; she has the coöperation and respect of everyone at her studio. She is not only a gifted actress, but she has the voice as well and offers from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, goal of how many singers, and offers, innumerable. to

do concert work. She is well aware of her possessions. But she's humble withal.

"I'LL WANT to remember," she said, thoughtfully nibbling a caramel, "that I worked hard to attain success; that it didn't come easily nor in the guise of 'breaks.' I worked very hard during those early days in New York. For months I traveled daily, from manager to manager, from agent to agent, but no one had a part for a too-thin, unknown youngster from Philadelphia. To earn the money needed for my wardrobe, for girls seeking theatre jobs just had to look prosperous, I posed for commercial photographers. I worked one whole hot summer through as a model for a fur-manufacturing company, of all things! No one has ever given me anything I (Continued on page 104)



When Jeanette was asked if she had anything left to want, her answer was a surprising one, but completely sincere.



GLAMOR FOR RENT

Katharine Hepburn is shown here at the wheel of the expensive foreign car she drove when newly arrived in Hollywood. But today? It's a station wagon for her!

Carole Lombard used to be known for her tremendous parties, but not any longer. Now, between pictures, she goes to her ranch and isn't above milking the cow.

BY CAROLINE
SOMERS HOYT

SOMEBODY has said that you might as well ask an electrician what electricity is as to try to get someone to define glamor. They both thrill and kill and they both defy analysis. Good enough, that, but the analogy goes even further. Like electricity, you can also buy or rent glamor, if you only plug in on the right connection.

But the trouble is that the glamor company isn't paying quite the same dividends as the public power set-ups and that's something that *does* deserve analysis. What's happened?

There used to be a day when a young actress bidding for attention could, and would, with only a few dollars in her pocket, burst upon the world in a ten thousand dollar mink coat, wearing a diamond as big as her hope, and lolling magnificently in the squashy back seat of a millionaire's limousine. Today the mink coats are more likely Japanese imitations, the diamonds remain in some jeweler's dark vaults, and the limousines—you can see them

displayed in several show rooms out along Sunset Boulevard—have as their only occupants the salesmen who are supposed to be out peddling them, and they are asleep in them.

Dreaming of days gone by, no doubt, the good old days when glamor was glamor and when nobody minded paying a slight sum a week for it. It wasn't the weekly rental that meant so much to the boys in the glamor business, it was the sales which resulted from the "this used to belong to Miss So-and-So" angle that kept them rolling on tires with a tread on them, and that's the loss that's making them so gloomy now.

Here's how it used to work. Memory alights first on that day back in '31 when the glamor business received one of its greatest boosts in all its long history. A young girl, unknown, by the name of Katharine Hepburn, was due to arrive in Hollywood, and an hour before her arrival on The Chief at Pasadena a wire from her agent in New



Jimmy Stewart, along with a lot of other high salaried men stars, takes care of his own moderately-priced car and can be seen often polishing up the buggy.

Remember the days when a million dollars was considered well spent to ballyhoo some new star no one had ever seen? Simone Simon ended that era.

GONE ARE THE PALMY DAYS WHEN SWANK WAS A BIG BUSINESS IN HOLLYWOOD. THE STARS HAVE RIGHT ABOUT FACED AND THERE'S A NEW WAY OF DOING THINGS NOW

York, delivered at the Cinema Motor Company, requested that she be met by something "flashy." This was the one word that described something luxurious in those days.

And thus it was that as this slim suit-clad figure alighted from the train she found, among those who clustered around her, one whose face was quite dark and who looked out at her from under the very latest in chauffeur's caps, and for the benefit of the photographers who were waiting to snap her she said, "I'll be a few minutes, Jones. You can take my bags and wait for me at the car." Then between smiles and handshakes, she watched the direction taken by Jones, or whatever his name was, and a few minutes later, with reporters trailing around her, she made her way after him.

The press gasped when they saw the car. It was an imported model, an Hispana-Suiza, black, but with plenty of shiny aluminum encasing its eel-like body. The trick worked. They took pictures of her getting into it; they took pictures of her beaming out from it; and the word spread through the world that a new glamor girl had arrived. The car, valued at twenty thousand dollars, it might be added, cost Miss Hepburn only \$30 a day, but the lineage it received in the papers, if it had been bought and paid for, would have cost her much more.

She didn't keep the car long, and since then of course it has been completely overshadowed by its black sheep

descendant, the famous Hepburn station wagon; but at the time it more than served its purpose, and Miss Hepburn also served hers. Not so long after Miss Hepburn's first picture, the limousine found a very delighted owner who could, from that moment on, boast to his friends that they were now riding in the very same car in which, once upon a time, Katie rode.

Today there is one lone star who still drives forth in that early Hepburn tradition, and that is Connie Bennett. And hers, sadly enough, is bought and paid for. As for the others who don't even have limousines, they drive their own small cars and on Sunday morning you can even see some of them out Simonizing them. That homey, personal touch, this back to back-bending trend which has become so popular in the movie colony, it's this that the boys in luxury row are sadly complaining about.

AND THERE is another type of glamor vendor who is also scratching his head these days, and that is the billboard salesman who used to sign 'em up for seven-sheet spreads on every main road, and on every five-point corner from here to New York. He still rents plenty of space to the movie producing companies to advertise their forthcoming productions, and what's playing next at your neighborhood theatre, but where are those old persona! campaigns, the kind that (Continued on page 101)

THAT THING

TEMPERAMENT," remarked Herbert Marshall thoughtfully, "means to be fired by ambition to reach a certain goal, to be so set on accomplishing your aim that you cast everything else aside and are apt sometimes to be irritated out of all proportion by things or people who get in your way.

"Actors haven't got a normal job. It is largely temperament that makes an actor."

It's been hinted, however, that his directors, fellow actors and all who know him declare Marshall to be the calmest, most even tempered person they know.

"Oh, I burst out at times," he insisted. "I fight for my rights. Don't think that I don't."

I remembered hearing of an incident that illustrates very well his ability to look after his own interests. According to the story, a certain producer treated a friend of Marshall's in a way that didn't seem quite cricket to the Englishman. He decided not to work for that producer again, but instead of bluntly refusing future offers from that source, he instructed his manager to set his salary to that producer so high that no more offers would be forthcoming.

Imagine his surprise when the producer said, "All right, if that's your price. When can you come to work?"

Marshall was then able to decline the offer with the plea that he was too busy with other roles. For a principle, he turned down a role and a salary that were very inviting. And did so in such a deft manner that the producer doesn't yet realize what happened. That is one way Marshall has of "bursting out."

"When I have anything to argue about, I say it quietly to the person concerned," he said, which certainly is not Hollywood's usual way of doing things.

There the word "temperament" is used to cover a multitude of sins of omission and commission. If a star demands all the big scenes and close-ups, she is said to be "temperamental," just as the same description applies if she refuses to give autographs or makes unreasonable requests.

When Mr. M. speaks his piece, it's only to the person concerned.

With the "temperamental" Simone in "Girls' Dormitory."

BY FRANC DILLON

KICKING UP A ROW TAKES TOO MUCH

ENERGY, AVERS HERBERT MARSHALL,

WHO HAS SEEN TROUBLE-MAKERS GO

OFF AT THE DEEP END



CALLED TEMPERAMENT

SIMONE SIMON, in the short time she has been in Hollywood, has threatened to put all past performances of her predecessors out of the running with her unpredictable performances.

Probably Hollywood anticipated a few unscheduled pyrotechnics when Ruth Chatterton and Simone were cast in Herbert Marshall's picture together. But that he would encourage any such scenes by sympathizing with an offender seemed unexplainable. However, in fairness, Mr. M. spoke up in defense of the little French girl, whose ability he greatly admires. And there was good, sound sense in what he said, too.

"You know how difficult it would be for you to try and make a picture in—say Hungary. You might understand the language, as Simone does English, but you wouldn't be able to understand their slang, their ordinary conversation. A language you learn from books is quite different from that you hear on a set. You would be trying to remember your lines, translating their meaning into your own language in your brain, and simply wouldn't be able to keep your balance. You couldn't take direction if you couldn't understand it. That, I believe, was Simone's trouble at first."

Having whitewashed Simone so beautifully, I baited him with Katharine Hepburn, whom Hollywood calls "temperamental," and with whom he worked in "A Woman Rebels."

"You can't call a girl temperamental who brought a lunch every day in her station wagon for twelve or fourteen people," he replied. "And the most delicious food!" he enthused. "She would invite the director, the people who were working with her—props, cameramen and anyone who happened to be around—to lunch with her. Her servants brought the food out, but she helped them to spread it out, fixed the tablecloth and waited on everyone herself. It is pretty nice for a star to wait on table for the people working in her picture. You can't call that temperamental," he said stoutly.

Clearly, Katie could do no wrong.

"As to barring visitors from her sets, I can't say that I blame her. You know, I said a moment ago that actors haven't got a normal job. When there are no outsiders on the set we work along. I can make love to a girl with an electrician two feet away from us holding a spotlight. He doesn't embarrass me because he belongs there. We think nothing of it. It's our work. But just let me catch a glimpse of a strange pair of trousers or a new skirt standing on the sidelines and my mind is bound to wander. I'm immediately embarrassed. No one can be expected to do good work with strangers watching.

BETWEEN SCENES we kid around, act a little crazily and do things that to an outsider would seem a bit odd; things that sometimes mark real genius; things that make an actor different from his audience. We are slightly mad. But what would seem like madness to an outsider is sometimes inspiration. I think most actors would like to be able to exclude visitors from the set. I know perfectly well, I should.

"Outside the studio I know nothing of Miss Hepburn," Marshall continued. "But temperament, getting back to what Hollywood calls by that over-worked term, is silly. It takes too much time and energy and is so foolish. Nobody with brains goes in for it.

"When I came here I was advised what to do to get along. I was told I would receive more consideration if I had none for anyone else. It didn't make sense to me. During my experience I've seen so many temperamental stars go off the deep end, and I've never seen it pay."

One recalls Mr. Marshall's successful career on the stage, both in London and New York. As a boy he didn't particularly want to be an actor. His father, Percy Marshall, was a well-known star and Master Herbert had no illusions about the stage. He chose to be a business man and went about getting himself educated for it. When that was done he became an article clerk in a public accounting business.

"But I couldn't seem to take (Continued on page 109)

With Deanna Durbin, who knows nothing of being temperamental, in "Mad About Music."

With Katharine Hepburn in "A Woman Rebels." Katie, temperamental? Now stop!





The marriage of Virginia Bruce to J. Walter Ruben. Little Susan Ann Gilbert was flower girl.

Virginia's romance with Ruben began when he directed her in "Bad Man Of Brimstone." She liked his direction so much professionally that she decided to continue with it in private life.

Miss B. and Mr. Ruben on location before they were married. Notice the name "Gilbert" across her chair!



SMALL TOWN GIRL

By KAY PROCTOR

VIRGINIA BRUCE MAY BE A GLAMOR GIRL, BUT DON'T ENVY
HER, SHE WARNS, BECAUSE FAME, TOO, HAS ITS PRICE

VIRGINIA BRUCE was homesick. But not in the usual sense which that phrase implies. After all, her home is right where she is—a stately mansion in Beverly Hills. And she doesn't long for the Broadway she once knew as a glamorous Ziegfeld show girl.

She was homesick for the small prairie town of Fargo, North Dakota, where she spent her youth. She wanted to know again the fun of life in a square-cut red brick house, of kitchen showers for brides and ice skating on the town rink, a flat field flooded by the local fire department and frozen by bitter winter cold.

You scoff? Sure. So did I when Virginia said as much, over a steaming cup of tea. If ever small town life seemed remote it was on that sunlit California afternoon with the glamorous Bruce, exquisite in every detail from the top of her shining gold head to the tips of her hand-turned slippers.

What started this story, I suppose, was a letter with a Fargo postmark Virginia had been reading. It was from a former high school chum and was full of small gossip about John, who had been one of Ginny's beaux in high school, and his latest raise at the hardware store; about the cute thing Mary Louise's two-year-old Bobby had said when the bridge club met at his mother's house; about the grand time everyone had at the last shindig of the B. and B. In Fargo that's not benedictine and brandy; it's Bachelors and Benedicks, the swank social club of the town.

(There was an intimate P.S. to the letter. We'll get to that presently.)

"I suppose that bucolic picture of contentment seems vastly amusing to you now," I said. It definitely was the wrong remark. She bridled.

"I don't know why it should (Continued on page 88)

STRANGER THAN FICTION

By GLADYS HALL

ALAN MOWBRAY'S TRUE LIFE STORY
IS MORE EXCITING THAN ANYTHING
YOU'VE EVER READ IN A BOOK

HE BECAME an actor by mistake.

He is one of the painfully few survivors of the Retreat from Mons.

He won four medals in the World War, loaned them to a friend, forgot about them, had them returned to him years later by Mrs. Joe E. Brown, who found them in a pawnshop.

He once spent four months on a park bench, in Central Park.

He was married in Reno as a precaution against divorce. His wife was, before her marriage, Lorayne Carpenter, Chicago Junior Leaguer.

He once seconded his pal, Maxie Rosenbloom, in Maxie's last fight.

He was the first man to broadcast from an airplane. It was during the Canadian National Exposition and he officially opened the first air broadcast.

If he were not an actor he'd like to be a doctor (in a girls' school!) or in the Diplomatic Service if there was something doing.

He detests "Hollywood publicity." And engages no one to "do publicity" for him. Says he used to read how "Alan Mowbray was seen skiing at Arrowhead where he is week-ending at his de luxe lodge" or "Alan Mowbray rustivating over the week-end at his ranch in the valley." He doesn't own a lodge. He doesn't own a ranch. He doesn't week-end. He usually works week-ends. A free lance, he worked forty-two weeks last year.

He recently bought a house in Beverly Hills. It is the first, as it is the only, home he owns.

He has lived too many times on the hard bedrock of life, in the trenches, on Poverty street, to tolerate pose, pretense, pomp or sham. He debunks everything, including himself. When some socialite asked him, airily, how his new house was furnished he said, "Oh, with chairs and tables and things like that, you know." When the socialite persisted and asked "what *kind* of furniture?" Alan said, "Period. I buy a piece one month, wait a month, then buy another." He said, "Chairs are made to be sat in, sofas





Away from the camera, Alan Mowbray's life centers about his lovely wife and their two small children.



Alan accepts any role offered him. Result? Scenes like the above, from "Merrily We Live" with Patsy Kelly.

to be slept on, books to be read. That's all I know about interior decoration."

He takes any part offered him, sight unseen. Sometimes, he says, he may discover that he is the butler falling in with the tea. Other times he gets a big break. He figures that the law of averages will operate in his behalf, so why worry? He is a "quick study" and never looks at his lines until just before he steps onto the set.

He has only seen himself in one picture. And that only because "I was a magician," said Alan, "and I wanted to see how I did the tricks." He never sees rushes nor any of his other pictures. He detests the sight of himself on the screen.

He has two children, Patricia Mowbray, aged six and a half, and Alan Mowbray, aged three. He calls them "P. M." and "A. M."

HIS FRIENDS are varied and various. Among them, Bill Robinson, the president of a huge bonding corporation, Clarence Muse, Joe Lewis, Guy Rennie, Bart Marshall, Captain Erickson, the explorer, Pat O'Brien, the Ritz Brothers, composers, surgeons, crooners, judges, vaudevillians. He says, "I don't care anything about color, creed, social status or race. So long as they are hot heels they are my friends."

Which calls to mind one of the funniest cracks ever made. One night Alan and Bill were together, on some program or something. Alan was going on to the Troc. He asked Bill to join him. Bill refused. "Oh," said Alan, "drawing the color line, are you?" Bill nearly died with laughter.

He has no enemies. All men are his friends. Which is, really, all one need say about a man to describe what manner of man he is.

There is not a picture, not even a snapshot of Alan in all the rooms of his comfortable, homey Beverly Hills home. It is not an actor's home. It is the home of Lorayne Carpenter Mowbray and her husband and their children. While Alan and I were talking the other

afternoon, small "P. M." came in and sat with us. Most actors, most fathers, indeed, would have sent the child scuttling. Not Alan. "She has as much right in here as I have," he said.

He authored the play, "Dinner Is Served." It was produced in New York, London, Hollywood, Toronto and Harrisburg, Pa. It took him five nights to write it. It was produced in five cities. There were five members in the cast. He has also written five other plays, movie scenarios and one uncompleted novel. He wrote, directed and acted in a picture called "Motives." He has written three one-act plays called, "A Bang and Two Echoes." And these plays demonstrate that under the springy Mowbray walk, the ready Mowbray laugh, the bright bold glance of his eye, the wise cracking, the ad libbing, there is a spirit as strong and flexible as steel, a heart as tender as a woman's, an imagination touched by the sorrows of all men.

Alan Mowbray was born in London, England, August 18th, 1896. He will tell you that his sole ancestors were Adam and Eve. His earliest ambition was to be a soldier. Came the World War and Alan was a soldier indeed, enlisting with the famous "Old Contemptibles." He was in France, under fire, for four and a half years. He was gassed twice, wounded five times, decorated by King George—the decorations which he subsequently loaned and lost and eventually recovered. He knows all the mud and misery, the gallantry and gravity of the trenches.

When he came out of the war he was at loose ends. Didn't know where to go, what to do. He often says that the turning of street corners has determined his life for him. He had, when he got back to London, a date to meet a pal for luncheon. The pal was an actor and had an appointment at a theatrical agency. He suggested that Alan meet him there. "If it rains," the friend said, "just go inside and wait." It rained. Alan went inside, sat among the applicants on one of the benches, and waited. A producer appeared. He pointed a long forefinger at (Continued on page 84)

BLUFFS THAT WORKED

THEY OWE A GREAT DEAL OF THEIR SUCCESS TO
THINKING UP A HOAX AND—SEEING IT THROUGH



Bill Powell landed his raise
before he even began to work.

BY

DORA ALBERT

THE RED-HEADED girl laughed incredulously.

"You mean," she said, "you expect me to pretend to be an American? Why, who in the world would believe such a story? The map of England is written all over my face, and my accent is as broad as the British Empire."

The tall Texan twisted his hat in his hand.

"I can teach you to talk like a Texan in a few weeks. And if you'll dye your hair black and cut it with bangs, you'll look as American as Colleen Moore."

"All right, Mr. McCloud," said the red-head. "I don't think it'll work, but if you're willing to gamble, I'll try it."

And that's how British Binnie Barnes came to be billed as "Texas Binnie" on a South African tour in which she helped Tex McCloud put over a patter and rope act. She learned to handle a rope like the girls who are reared to that sort of thing, and she studied geography books on Texas till she knew more about the Lone Star State than most of its natives.

She even returned to England, where she was billed in a night club as "Texas Binnie." At that time American performers were very popular abroad, and Charlot, the producer, caught her act one night, sent for her, and asked, "Are you an American?"

"Taixan," she replied.

And she was hired for "Charlot's Revue," where she

Sonja made movie executives Henie-conscious before they ever saw her on skates.





Binnie Barnes, a Texan? Well, she claimed to be—and got away with it!



James Cagney figured out a fast one—and his studio had to believe it!

made such a hit that eventually she landed in Hollywood.

Today she'll frankly admit that her career was founded on a bluff. The astonishing thing is that so many Hollywood careers are.

Perhaps it's because the qualities needed to put over a successful hoax often tend to make people great actors and actresses. They must be reckless and daring, willing to gamble their careers on the success of their hoax. They must not be too sensitive, for if they are, fear will overcome them and they will not be able to see the bluff through, and they must be able to act the rôle they have chosen to play so skillfully that the wisest producers are deceived.

You might imagine that producers would be furious when they find they have been the victims of a bluff, yet in Hollywood the successful perpetrator of a hoax is congratulated rather than disliked.

Rosalind Russell put one over which was the exact opposite of Binnie Barnes'. A number of years ago, when she was bluffing her way along the early bumpy road to fame, she heard that E. E. Clive's All-British Copley Players were about to put on a show. When she went to the producer she spoke to him in a crisp English accent, telling him that she was an experienced actress. Not for a moment did he question her nationality. Rosalind got the job, which started her on the upward climb. And how shocked her fellow actors were when they learned weeks later that she was born just a state away from where they were playing!

IRENE DUNNE put over a successful bluff even before she became an actress. Just after she graduated from school, she got a job teaching in a small town in Indiana. When she heard that a scholarship was being offered for vocal students by a musical school in Chicago, owned by the late Flo Ziegfeld's father, she saw her chance. Although she had never studied voice with a professional teacher, her mother, a pianist, had taught her.

She went to Chicago, announced that she had studied for years, was granted an audition and won one of the scholarships. As a result, the small Indiana town lost a teacher.

When Bill Powell graduated from dramatic school in

New York, he went to David Belasco's office to ask for a job. Even in those days Bill was well turned out. He was suave and well-groomed, and he had a pleasant voice, so Belasco's son-in-law agreed to give him a chance as an actor. But when Bill heard what the salary was, he was annoyed rather than grateful. For Belasco's office refused to pay him more than \$18. a week.

For several days he haunted producers' offices, until finally he found another who was willing to take a chance on him. But he too, wouldn't pay more.

Startled that two producers should have offered him the same salary, Bill investigated and discovered that that was the standard salary paid all young men who had just graduated from a dramatic school. The only way to persuade a producer to pay him more would be to convince him that he had had a good deal of experience.

To Arch Selwyn's office he went, to ask for a part in "The Ne'er-Do-Well."

"Any experience?" asked Mr. Selwyn.

"I've been with stock companies in the Middle West for years," said William Powell.

Counting on the fact that it would be too much trouble for Selwyn to verify his story, he mentioned the names of several companies.

"All right," said Selwyn, "I'll start you at forty dollars per week."

SONJA HENIE, today, is one of the ten greatest box-office stars in Hollywood, but a little over a year ago when the magnificently determined Sonja decided to become a motion picture star, Hollywood had never heard of her, even though she had won ten ice-skating championships.

How did Sonja succeed in interesting movie magnates? According to Dorothy Kilgallen, the girl reporter who flew around the world, it was all accomplished through a trick.

The fact that Hollywood wasn't interested in her did not deter Sonja. She decided to make Hollywood want her. As she traveled across the continent, she was met at the big cities by reporters. In one city she told them she had signed a contract with (Continued on page 82)

LOLA LANE, the round eyed ingenue, has been replaced by a new sophisticated Lola. The new Lola made her debut as the temperamental movie star in "Hollywood Hotel". There is an interesting story behind this right about face of Lola's—a story unparalleled in the career of any other Hollywood actress.

Lola told it to me while we were having lunch in her dressing-room. She had just finished a morning of strenuous scenes, where, as the fearless reporter in "Torchy Blane in Panama," she had jumped from an ocean liner into the ocean. She was wrapped in a heavy robe to counteract the chill of the ocean (a large tank of water lying below her stateroom door), and her maid was holding a hot drier on her wet hair.

"When I first arrived in Hollywood, I thought that the world was my oyster," Lola began. "The thrill and excitement of all the publicity and glamor that surrounds every young girl making her debut in pictures, swept me into a make believe world. Jumping as I had from a piano playing job in the little movie theatre in my home town, Indianola, Iowa, into a 'Gus Edwards Revue' and then into the 'Greenwich Village Follies' and from there onto Broadway with George Jessel in 'The War Song', success came too fast and too easily. When I was offered a motion picture contract with the Fox Studio, I thought the world was mine to do with as I pleased.

"The idea seems prevalent that I gave up my career when I married Lew Ayres and again when Al Hall and I were wed. That is not the case. I admit that a happy marriage with children might

have driven away my desire for a career. As marriage did not turn out happily for me, I continued working whenever the opportunity presented itself. There were long, discouraging waits between work.

"As time went on, the parts which I did and the pictures I played in got less and less to my liking. I became convinced that the ingenue roles I was being cast for were not suited to me. However I was unable to convince directors and producers.

REALIZING that something drastic must be done if I expected to go on with my career, I commenced to study myself—take myself apart to see what was wrong. It commenced to dawn upon me that my style of dress (like most young girls, I liked frills and ruffles), my clowning and laughing (the Irish in me coming out), my gay, carefree attitude towards life had definitely stamped me as an ingenue. I realized that if I expected to do grown-up, sophisticated roles that I must actually grow up. Deliberately I set about to make myself over.

"I leased a modest, white farm house in a remote, quiet spot of the San Fernando Valley. As I always have been acutely sensitive to my surroundings, the first thing I did out there was replace the heavy, dark window drapes throughout the house with bright, gay chintz. I had plain ivory and turquoise slip covers fitted over the somber-hued divans and chairs. The red brick fireplace in my bedroom (it was that fireplace that made me decide to take the house) and the one in the living room were painted white. Bright blue,

PRESTO CHANGE-O!

Rosemary and Lola Lane enjoy a cup of tea together between scenes.

The lucky Lanes have grand senses of humor and love to kid each other.

Rosemary, Dick Powell and Lola going dramatic in "Hollywood Hotel."





yellow and green outdoor chairs and couches were set around the lily pond fountain below the long brick terraced porch and under the acacia trees.

"I had never actually lived in the country before," said Lola. "Never before had I spent days on end away from people and excitement. I loved it.

"In the peace and quiet of my new home I had time to read the books that before I had never gotten around to. I read plays and scripts. I studied books on diet and health. I put myself on a rigid schedule of diet and exercise. I took long walks in the hills. I spent hours stretched out in the sun.

"My hair that had been bleached a golden yellow, so that the camera could better pick up the lights, grew back to its natural light brown shade. As the permanent disappeared the natural, soft wave returned. I changed my hair dress from the short bob to shoulder length."

Before long the outdoor life, rest, diet, exercise and study commenced to change Lola's appearance—even her personality. Her full face became thin and interesting. Her round eyes seemed to narrow and grow darker. (Continued on page 115)

Lola enjoys the glamor and excitement of working in pictures.

BY
RILLA PALMBORG

IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING, AND
LOLA IS STANDING AT THE CROSSROADS NOW




Lola in her latest, "Torchy Blane in Panama," gets instructions from Paul Kelly.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

BY IDA ZEITLIN



When it comes to tripping the light fantastic, Mr. Murphy is second to just about nobody.

IF GEORGE HADN'T LOST HIS HEART TO
THAT PRETTY GIRL HE WOULDN'T BE ON
THE SCREEN TODAY! MEET HOLLYWOOD'S
MOST ROMANTIC COUPLE—THE MURPHYS

NOT to keep you in suspense, they're the George Murphys. They fell in love as kids, and at first sight. There had never been anyone else for either. George became a dancer to keep Julie from going to Florida with a show. They started their careers together and struggled together till they reached a point where George could go it alone. Then Julie bowed out. She's been asked a dozen times to make film tests. "One crazy person in the house is enough," she replies sweetly. "I'd rather concentrate on being his wife."

They still hold hands at the movies. They still prefer each other as dancing partners to anyone else. They still have more fun with each other than with anyone else. They like stepping out together, but they'd just as soon stay home, just so it's together. They have yet to be bored in each other's company.

"If the time ever comes," says George, "when I have to choose between marriage and the movies, I'll choose marriage. Peace of mind's more important than money. I can have peace of mind without the movies. I can't, without my wife."

It all goes back to the days when George was a Wall Street runner at fifteen per, and Julie came from Detroit to study dancing at Ned Wayburn's School. He hadn't chosen running as a career. Engineering was his business, but a cable broke in the Pennsylvania coal mines where he worked, and landed him on a sickbed. When he got up, he couldn't go back to the mines. Arriving in New York with a capital of seven dollars and thirty cents, he met a college friend who got him a job in his uncle's brokerage house.

He'd met Julie in Detroit, where he'd gone to visit a married sister. He'd liked her chestnut hair and blue eyes, her serenity and spunk. True to his Irish heritage, he was mercurial, shooting to the heights or the depths with equal ease. She was calm, cool and collected. It gave him a sense of comfort to be with her.

Besides, she could always see the point of a joke, even when the joke was on her. What was more, she could cap it with a casual wit of her own. It struck George at once that here was a girl in a million.

In New York they saw each other often. One day Julie told him she was going to Florida with Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Girl."

George turned moody. "Girls sometimes change when they go away with shows like that," he informed her darkly.

"Thanks, Murph. It's nice of you to think there's no room for improvement."

"Well, if you've got to go into show business, we'd be better off as a dance team."

She eyed him for a moment, not knowing whether to laugh or scold. She saw he was dead in earnest, and obeyed an impulse. "If you can get us a job before the show leaves, I'll stay. If not, I'll go."

George has that other Irish quality of bullheadedness. He may have promised rashly. He'd make good his promise if flesh and blood and tenacity could do it. When the market closed at three, he'd be off on his hunt. His acquaintance was large, and he had a persuasive tongue in his head. It was that, rather than his dancing ability which finally won him a hearing with Emil Coleman, a bandleader he knew who conducted tea-dances at 10 East 60th Street. Coleman interceded for him with the manager. He and Julie danced for them.

"Hm," said the manager. "Not so hot."

"They'll improve," pleaded Coleman, who by this time had made their cause his own. "Besides, they know lots of kids around town. They'll bring 'em in." That had been George's strongest argument, and that argument clinched it.

"Try 'em," said the manager. "And tell 'em not to be so grim. Tell 'em to smile." (Continued on page 91)

George and Juliette Murphy fell in love as kids and have been at it ever since.

Eleanor Powell and George have so much fun dancing together they just hate to be paid for it! They do, huh?





VANISHING AMERICAN

All Preston's spare time is spent on his fifty-foot power cruiser, which he bought with his first movie earnings.

Preston won praise for a small bit in "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." Foster begged for the part just because it was a Paul Muni picture.



Meet Mrs. Preston Foster. They fell in love when both worked for a ship-building corporation years ago.

BY IDA
ZEITLIN

THE VANISHING American is one who retains some of the quaint habits of a simpler age. Noel Coward is not his prophet, and he doesn't have to start the day with a pick-me-up. He honors the Fifth Commandment. He enjoys a night club on the average of once a year. Home is neither a hotel where he hangs his hat nor a decorated interior for impressing the Joneses, but a gathering-place for the people he loves. He's not ashamed of sentiment, and values the old-fashioned virtues above a flip crack.

One such vanishing American is Preston Foster, and this is the story of how he got that way.

It goes back to his ancestry, German on his father's side, English on his mother's, and no nonsense about either. An average small town family in New Jersey, where money wasn't plentiful but affection was. Three youngsters, a boy, the pride of his father's heart, with eyes blue as the sea he would grow up to love, and two younger girls. The kind of family that had fun together.

"We always had better times with each other than we

could find outside," says the boy, grown up. "The elder girl was a tomboy, and we played together as kids, always clowning round. No matter what the distress might be, there was usually something funny about it. We still live pretty much like that. My wife's on the quiet side, but she enjoys the fun from the sidelines."

A household of laughter then, but of discipline enough. There was never any doubt that father and mother were boss. "My father had a way of taking me by the forelock," says Foster, "and saying: 'Young man—'" He dropped his voice into his throat. "He'd never hurt me, just catch me by the forelock and hold me there. The only time he ever laid the weight of his hands on me was once when he caught me holding my younger sister by the heels over a sandpile, and trying to push her head into the sand. The only time he ever had me up on the carpet for fair was when I was eighteen, and said damn in my mother's presence.

"That was fifteen years ago, (Continued on page 96)

PRESTON FOSTER IS ONE WHO HAS RETAINED THE QUAINH HABITS OF A SIMPLER AGE

THOSE HOLLYWOOD MEN!

IF IT'S ROMANCE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, YOU WON'T FIND IT IN
MOVIETOWN AND NO ONE KNOWS THAT BETTER THAN MISS RICE

BY ELEANOR PACKER



Here's Florence,
all dressed up,
and no one to
go with!

IT ALL began with a letter and a fire and a rainy day at home.

The letter was a part-fan and part-confession missive, written by a girl in Kansas to Florence Rice in Hollywood. The fire was crackling cheerily on the wide hearth in the white-paneled living-room of Florence's beach house. The rain pounded, as only California rains can pound, against the square windows.

Florence, dressed in peach and turquoise satin pajamas, was sitting on a low divan before the fire, looking through her mail, when I arrived.

"Read this," she said and gave me the type-written letter with its small-town-in-Kansas address.

The writer of the letter explained, first of all, that she was twenty-five years old and a stenographer in one of the town's two banks. "I'm telling you these personal facts merely to prove to you that I'm not a very young and empty-headed girl," she wrote. She knew all about Florence. That she was the daughter of Grantland Rice, the famous sports writer and maker of those popular short sports pictures. That she had had a gay and exciting girlhood of private schools, summers at various Eastern beaches, trips to Europe and a constant association with the interesting, colorful people who were her father's friends. That she had appeared in several Broadway shows before going to California. That she had played the leading femi-

nine roles in a dozen not very important pictures. And that she had recently signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which made her a major featured player.

So, because Florence had known the struggles and delights of both New York and Hollywood, Mary of Kansas was writing to ask Florence's advice. And here is where the letter reached its real point and purpose. The girl in Kansas was saving her pennies, going without all the luxuries and many of the necessities of life, in order to go to California, the land of sunshine and romance and handsome men. Spinsterhood was staring her straight in the face. The men whom she knew were neither interesting nor romantic. So she was preparing for one final fling at romance in Hollywood where all the handsome, clever and successful men seemed to be congregated, where romance was in the very air. Did Florence think she was planning wisely and well?

"What are you going to answer?" I asked curiously. It was the kind of letter which demands a reply and Florence is always faithful to her fan mail.

"I'm going to advise her to stay in Kansas," Florence said, her eyes twinkling. "If she is looking for men and romance, she'll certainly be disappointed in Hollywood."

"What's wrong with the (Continued on page 94)

Is your beauty



WHAT DO you say if, instead of pointing out object lessons in beauty among the movie stars this month, I delve into my notes on just plain folks? I have a horrid habit of studying closely every girl I see—on the street, in the bus, in the stores—and one of these days, I know, some indignant gal is going to speak to me sharply and probably smack me soundly for my nosiness. However, in the meantime, if it brings grist to the Mary Marshall mill, who cares?

I want to point out average figure and face faults and tell you a little bit about correcting them. I shan't concern myself with the very fat, the very thin, the very beautiful, or the downright ugly. (No woman is downright ugly, anyway. No, she ain't!) I want to talk, in other words, about that person concerning whom her friends say, "She'd be an awfully pretty girl, a very attractive woman, except for . . ." It's that nasty compound conjunction, preposition, adverb—whatever it is—"except for," that I'd like to eliminate from *your* life.

First, three figure faults, which I saw on every beach I sunbathed on last summer and which I see regularly in evening gowns all winter. Sketches I, II, and III, executed in masterly style by our art department, illustrate these too-common faults of the otherwise good figure: One, the bulging abdomen—and why is it that girls with this blight-on-the-body will pull belts as tight as possible and simply refuse to wear girdles? Two, the hunk below

the hip—and girls with this figure fault seem to dote upon standing with one leg thrown outa joint, so that the bulge is even more evident. And three, the figure that is very nice except for (there we are again) a shapelessness at the waistline.

Here's how to go about correcting these faults. For the protruding tum (if you are not really fat all over) perhaps very simple measures will help. First, wear a girdle, with some stiffening in front. Don't let that stiffening change from a straight line to an inelegant curve—you must sit straight as well as stand straight. Perhaps you bloat your abdomen with too much liquid. Get out of the habit of drinking with meals—drink after meals, even though you at first miss the comfortable sensation of sluicing down food with a beverage. Have one liquid meal a day if you like—that's fine—but don't chase solids with liquids. If you're a regular fish about drinking water, cut down to one large glass between meals.

IF LIQUIDS ain't the cause behind the bulge, perhaps it's too bulky food. Cut down on meats. Eat more vegetables. Of course, I don't need to tell you that candy, cake, pie, ice cream and cocktails never did anybody's stomach any good, either internally or externally. Stand or walk about for at least half an hour after each meal; if you have to trot out and do the dishes, don't complain—it's good for your figger. Put conscious effort into keeping your middle flat whenever you can. You can't think

problem here?

by
Mary
Marshall

IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE JUST PLAIN FOLKS
WITH AVERAGE FIGURE AND FACE FAULTS, HERE
IS THE REMEDY YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR



IV. Thin face, long nose? Soothe them. V. Small features? Accentuate them.

about it all the time, of course, but there are lots of moments when you can definitely concentrate upon it. Other times, how about whipping up a password with a sister or a friend? Ask said sister or friend, whenever she sees you poking out in front, to say to you snappily, "Potato chips!" or something.

If it's simply a slight excess of flesh which causes figure trouble No. 1, this exercise, not new, but helpful, will work: lie on the floor, face down, and grasp your heels with your hands. Rock your body back and forth. This is better than the well known rolling stunt for taking off abdominal fat. A small, hard pillow is sometimes helpful.

If it's a slackness of the abdominal muscles which is unstreamlining your silhouette, here is the best exercise in the world, even if I have repeated it umpteen times: lie on the floor on your back. Legs together, knees stiff. Bring your legs up, together, to a right angle with your body. Let them down, down, slowly, to within a few inches of the floor, but don't let them touch the floor. Bring them on up again. Repeat, beginning with five times, working up to as many times as you can spare minutes to do. Wear a boned girdle. But—for an hour a day, perhaps, when you're alone—practice going without a girdle and see how nice and flat you can keep your tum without its assistance.

Figure Fault II: diet has nothing to do with this—exercise is the only cure, and it takes a lot of patience to cure

it, too. First, wear a long girdle, that will hide this bump when you're wearing average-fitting dresses. Keep away from molded gowns until you get rid of it, choosing softer or even bouffant styles, if you can wear them. Come summer, choose a bathing suit with some sort of skirt effect.

Second, you can fool some of the people some of the time about this figure fault, if you'll do this: when standing, tighten the muscles of the thighs. It will pull in that bump like anythin'. Never stand on one foot, with the other leg "at ease." Do not flex the knee nearest the beholder, in the accepted manner of the movie star posing for fashion pictures. Stand straight, and keep the thighs tense.

Third, get busy and roll this lump away. Sit on the floor and roll from side to side on the derriere—rolling far enough so that you touch the offending bump. Also, get down on hands and knees and kick back—left, right, left, right—just as far and just as hard as you can kick. And, believe it or not, swinging your hips in the well known hula-hula motion is grand for muscular suppleness. Even if you feel silly, go on and do it.

Figure Fault III: stretch for grace and for a slender waistline. Stretch *down*—in front of you and to either side, with your knees straight and stiff, and try to touch a point just beyond your actual reach. Stretch *up*, on tip-toe, and try again to touch (Continued on page 113)

THE BEWILDERING BRADY

BY MARTHA KERR

SHE PERFORMS A DIZZY SLEIGHT OF
HAND WITH COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

ALICE BRADY has Hollywood impaled on the horns of a dilemma because Hollywood doesn't know what to think about Miss Brady!

For six years Miss Brady has fluttered through films, waving her hands wildly about, throwing her voice into antic cadences, making the outlanders howl with laughter. Miss Brady was, accordingly, neatly catalogued "a comic." It made no difference that Miss Brady had come from the New York stage, one of the great dramatic actresses of the theatre. Miss Brady clicked as a comic on the screen, and as a comic on the screen she must continue to click.

Now, in "In Old Chicago," she has done such a right-about-face as bewilders a town which believes that black is black and white is white; Oakie, funny; Muni, unfunny; and that a lady who tickles its ribs does not, normally, agitate its tear ducts.

The question Hollywood is asking is, simply: *Is she funny?* Or *isn't she funny?* There are the twin masks of Comedy and Tragedy, of course. Well, then, does she caper about in her private life, wearing the mask of Comedy? Or does she sit, somber and brooding, behind the mask of Tragedy?

The answer, of course, is both. But I anticipate.

The other night I was invited to have dinner with Miss Brady.

So, I arrived at her home in Beverly Hills, a spacious white house somewhat in the Italianate style. A home occupied by five dogs, five servants, Miss Brady and a state of perpetual if pleasant pandemonium. The five dogs scuffle and yelp constantly; the five servants are not sufficient, it seems, to keep the domestic machinery functioning smoothly.

WE DID, in fact, dine. Eat would be too lowly a word for it. We dined on a round table placed, felicitously, near the fire; the table richly mounted in scarlet and silver-toned damask, fine old silver, elegantly cut crystal. Miss Brady made a face at the pigeon pie and said, "I'd just as soon take a pill!" There was, also, fizz. Fizz is her name for that aristocrat of beverages, champagne. Which she likes to drink from tall glasses equipped with chunks of ice, not, as she knows very well, the way connoisseurs drink champagne. But Miss Brady does in all things exactly what she feels (Continued on page 118)



Alice Brady is
one of filmdom's
finest actresses.



Here she is as
the dizzy damsel
you know so well.



As an exponent
of emotion in "In
Old Chicago."

OFF THEIR GUARD



Puttin' on the Ritz! Brian Aherne and Constance Bennett, in white tie and mink, step out in that "luxurious" limousine!



Gary Cooper proves that a screen hero is really a hero when he has one of those six a. m. calls. Just one more stretch before he answers the phone.

"Sure I'm up." Practically at the studio right this minute, aren't you, Gary?

Something's wrong with this picture. But what? Gary, we don't think you're awake!

Even a screen hero's gotta work, so Gary is off to the set of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."



THAT 6 A. M. CALL

That's better! Now just turn the faucet. Nothing like a nice shower to give you that "wide awake" look, and that Cooper pep!



WHAT PRICE ART?



Unfortunately her director in "You and Me" does not!

Sylvia Sidney's hobby is needlepoint. She goes for it in a big way.



He wants to talk script. "Are you here again? Wait 'till I catch this stitch," Sylvia sighs.

He wins and Sylvia gives her all to Art. The dejected looking needlepoint knows it must wait.

Is your mind on your work? You wanted to finish an inch to-day? What price Art!





Judging by that big smile on her boy friend's face, Janet Gaynor is more than holding her own in the Tyrone Power sweepstakes.

At the preview of "Tom Sawyer", Comedienne Irene Dunne is propelled through the crowd by her husband, Dr. Griffin—a shadowy figure.



A couple of "Tom Sawyer" enthusiasts clutch their tickets—Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy.





The bride comes home. Even a good excuse like a honeymoon couldn't keep Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben away from home.



One of the cast goes to the "Tom Sawyer" preview with her best beau. Cora Sue Collins and Freddie Bartholomew have a date.

Fannie Brice and her escort both have a sense of humor. He's Jackie Cooper, all grown up.



Andrea Leeds clasps the arm of Skater Jack Dunn with that contented look. Meaning they're a new romance.



The Fred Astaires take in "Tom Sawyer," too, which incidentally, is as much fun for grown-ups as for ole swimmin' hole devotees.



"They" say that Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward will stroll up the bridal path shortly. Anna-hoo, they're everywhere else together.



Here is little Durbin out on her first date. The lucky lad is Jackie Moran, who is taking Deanna to see him in "Tom Sawyer."



Margot Grahame and Lester Matthews, a couple of players from London town, "do" the Wilshire Bowl together and talk about home.





This time Frances Langford steps out with Jon Hall. Gosh, that boy certainly gets around as fast as a "Hurricane."



Here we have Paulette Goddard, but have not Charlie Chaplin. It is Anderson Lawler who escorts Scarlett O'Hara.



SKIP IT!

Action! And the Ritz
Bros. relax as cute Mar-
jorie Weaver skips rope.

COWBOY

DICK

POWELL

SHOWS

TENDERFEET



A real buckaroo uses both
hands and his teeth to start
the roll. It's simple!



Marjorie skipped gaily into the lead of their "Kentucky Moonshine."



Between scenes of the pix, Al Ritz skips it, too, for his daily dozen.

HOW THEY ROLL 'EM OUT IN THE OPEN SPACES



Howz it goin'? Well, let's pour the tobacco in a pipe and light it. It's sure!



Constance Bennett does a "Gertrude Ederle" in her own back pool. Yep, the Bennett would rather swim than make cold cream!



Here she is with a four-footed friend who looks as if he understands a thing or two. Anyway, he is Connie's favorite canine.

A two-footed friend who comes to discuss scripts and studio business. Don't you know, Mister, this is to be a day of rest?



A DAY OFF

A pretty picture of a pretty picture player. Miss Bennett, minus temperament, is back in the movies to stay.



You'd imagine a fine dancer to be a fine tennis player, now wouldn't you? Well, Fred Astaire is. When he's not at the studio, he is out practicing.



Here's something coming, and Mr. A. is gonna wallop it right back. Note the concentration, please.



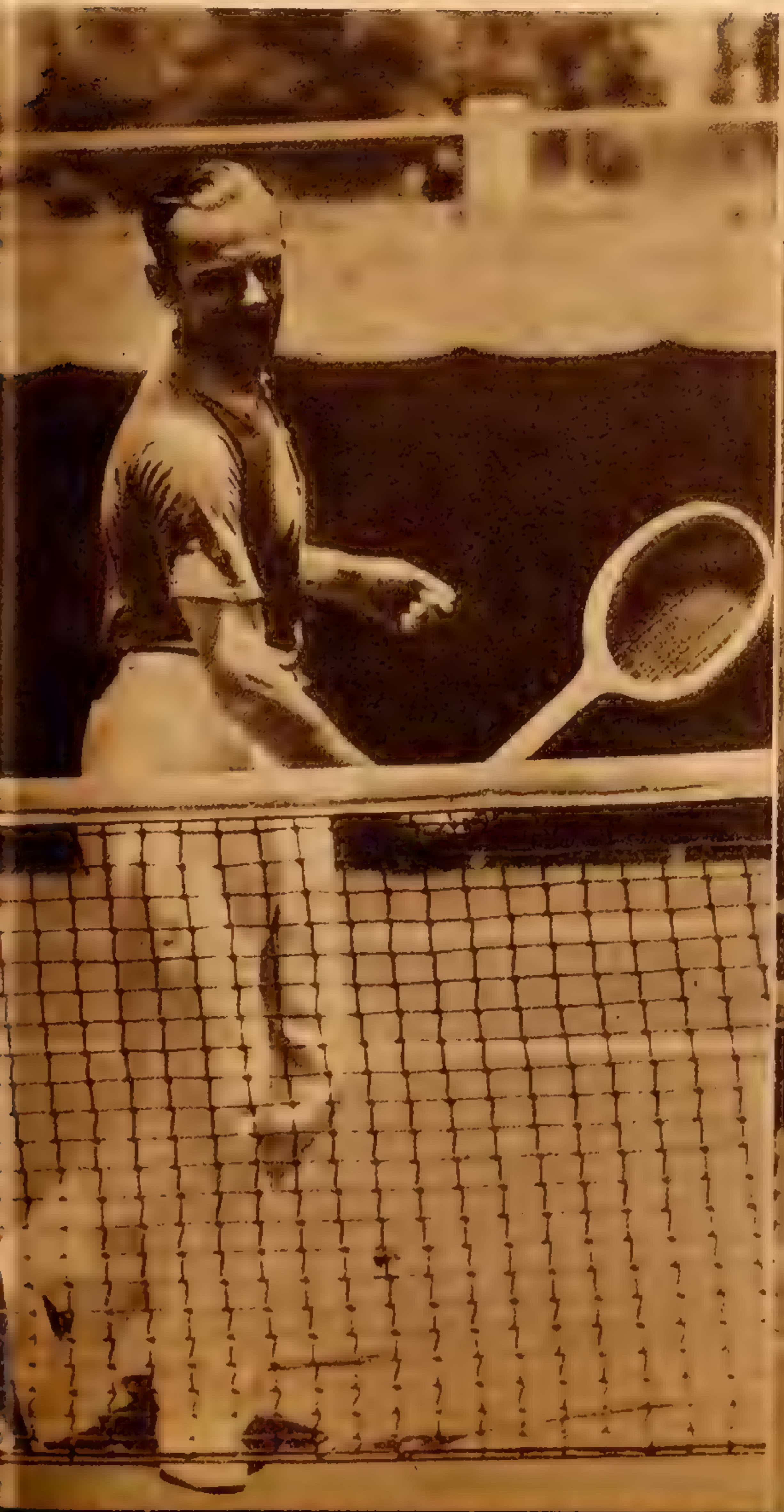
If you're up on your tennis, you know what Freddie is going through here. He has served something to his opponent and is avidly watching for the effect.

TENNIS

This looks enough like a dance pose to make Astaire feel right at home. Guess dancing and tennis go together—eh, wot?

Now, we really have something! Looks like a stunt play's been accomplished, from the pained expression on his face.

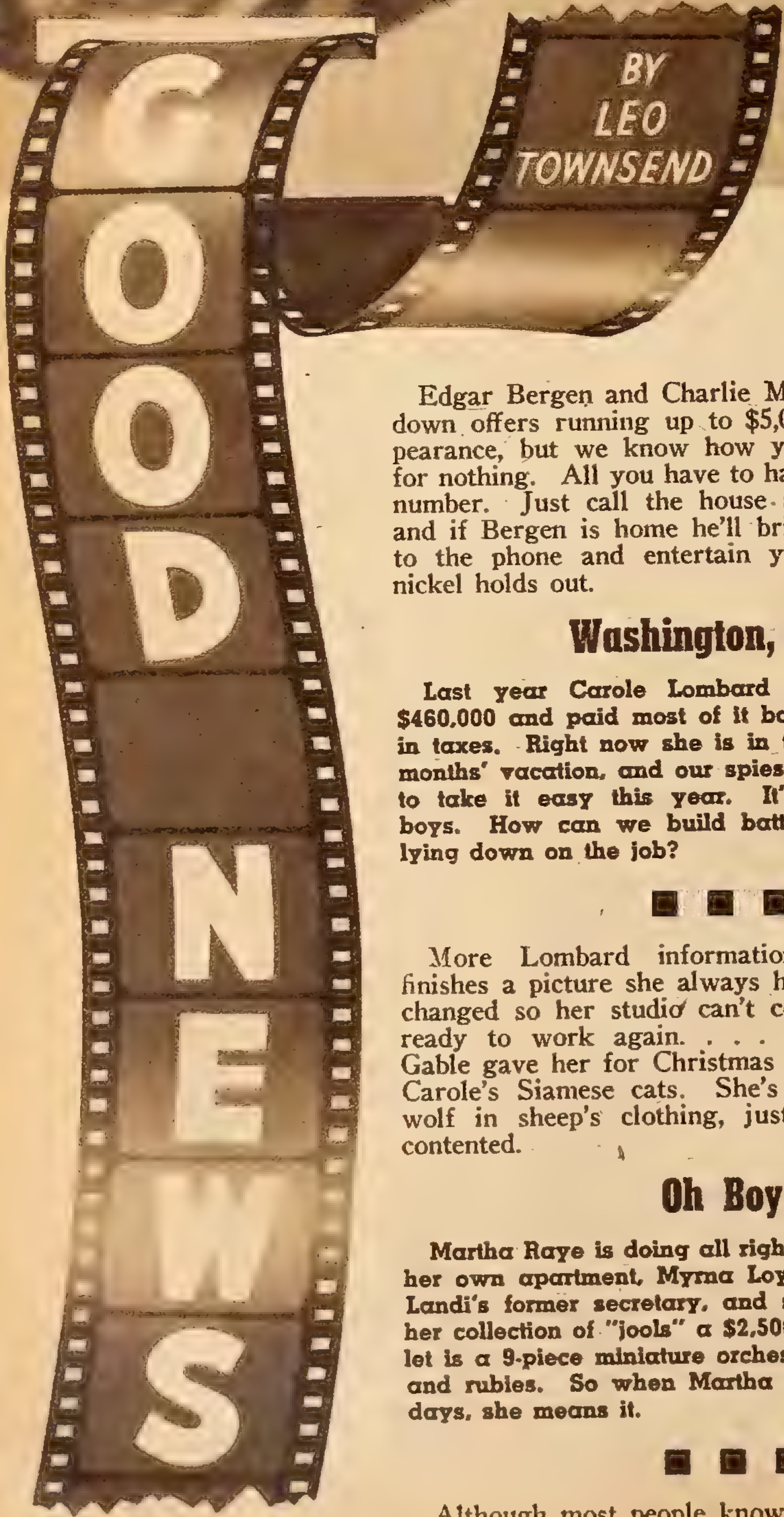
Reaching for a high one with a look of real confidence. Yes, seems as if Freddie really knows his stuff!





Andrea Leeds, Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen.

Jack Oakie and Dorothy Lamour go Hawaiian!



BY
LEO
TOWNSEND

Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy have turned down offers running up to \$5,000. for a single appearance, but we know how you can get their act for nothing. All you have to have is Bergen's phone number. Just call the house and ask for Charlie, and if Bergen is home he'll bring young Mr. McC. to the phone and entertain you as long as your nickel holds out.

Washington, Note!

Last year Carole Lombard worked hard, made \$460,000 and paid most of it back to the government in taxes. Right now she is in the middle of a three-months' vacation, and our spies report that she plans to take it easy this year. It's a drastic situation, boys. How can we build battleships with Lombard lying down on the job?



More Lombard information: When Miss L. finishes a picture she always has her phone number changed so her studio can't contact her until she's ready to work again. . . . The sheepdog Clark Gable gave her for Christmas is very unhappy with Carole's Siamese cats. She's thinking of hiring a wolf in sheep's clothing, just to keep the hound contented.

Oh Boy!

Martha Raye is doing all right these days. She has her own apartment, Myrna Loy's former maid, Elissa Landi's former secretary, and she has just added to her collection of "jools" a \$2,500. bracelet. The bracelet is a 9-piece miniature orchestra, done in diamonds and rubies. So when Martha yells "Oh Boy!" these days, she means it.



Although most people know that Frances Farmer is currently a hit on Broadway in Clifford Odet's

play, "Golden Boy," few are aware that her husband, Leif Erikson, is also in the same show. He's doing a walk-on bit, just to be near his wife. The word is, though, that he'll get a leading role in Odet's next production.

Junior Diversion

All Hollywood—as they say in the gossip columns—is watching the romance between Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. They're working together in "White Banners," and Jackie sent her flowers on her 15th birthday. You know what that means. It's wedding bells any day now.



On a clear day out here you can see three gents puffing heavily and pedalling bicycles over Cahuenga Pass. The gents are Rudy Vallee and his two secretaries, and they're doing it because Rudy decided to take off a little weight. Every morning they cycle to work, followed by Rudy's limousine, which collects the bikes at the studio. The secretaries, who would rather lose weight than their jobs, say it's a very healthful practice.

Unemployment Note

Miss Marlene Dietrich, recently employed by a major studio, has rented a cottage in Beverly Hills and taken her furniture out of storage. She expects to make her home in Hollywood, and many of her friends have told her she ought to be in pictures. It's nice work, they all tell her, if you can get it.



One publicity department, justly eager to plug its forthcoming pictures, sends the following: "Dorothy Lamour and her bandleader husband, Herbie Kay, will 'You and Me' it when he begins his engagement at the 'Cocoanut Grove.' Later they plan a 'Tropical Holiday' in Hawaii." You can probably



Carole Lombard and Clark Gable make the rounds of the night spots.



A Dutch girl and a guy from Iowa—Anita Louise and Ronald Reagan.

gather from the above that the recession has hit Hollywood.

Congratulations

They're congratulating Dick Powell on the impending arrival of an addition to his family, and Joan Blondell blushes properly whenever she's within earshot. Incidentally, did you know that when he's working and she's not, he phones her every afternoon at three? The other day, though, he didn't get to the phone until three twenty. Said Joan: "Don't you love me any more?"



When Jack Haley's option was taken up by his studio recently, Mr. H. had a ready explanation for it. He claims the main reason was that no one was able to scrape his picture off the wall in the studio reception room.

Ditto, Sam

This month's Sam Goldwyn story: Mr. G. recently returned from Hawaii on the Lurline. The boat docked at San Francisco, laid over a day and pulled out for Los Angeles. At sailing time several hundred people were at the dock waving goodbye to friends. Sam, at the rail, waved back and yelled, "Bon voyage!"



His studio looked all over for George Brent the other day. He was scheduled to appear in Weaverville, California, for the premiere of "Gold is Where You Find It." The studio couldn't locate him by phone, so they resorted to the radio, sending out queries for him on their own broadcasting station. Brent, like gold, is where you find him. In this case it was Palm Springs.

Family Pride

Looks as though the one-time feud between Al Jolson and the Warner Brothers is being carried into the second generation—which will distinguish it as the only second-generation feud in these parts. It happened at a children's party given by Darryl Zanuck's youngsters (who can afford it). When young Sonny Jolson arrived at the affair he marched immediately over to Mervyn LeRoy's son, Warner, and socked him. Rumor has it that he apologized later, when he

discovered that Warner's papa had just transferred his portfolio to Metro. After all, you can't sock a guy just because his old man doesn't work for Warners'.



The latest Hollywood beauty hint—and we got this straight from a Hollywood beauty who does a lot of hinting—is colored eyelashes for evening wear. If you're a brunette, the local experts have decided you should wear brown lashes with blue tips. And if you're a blonde, you buy yourself a set of gold ones. Personally, we're going to try to get another year's wear out of last year's.

Good Casting!

John and Elaine Barrymore have just bought a play, called "My Dear Joan," which they will try out in San Francisco as soon as John finishes his picture commitments, which will be in August. If the play goes over, they will take it to New York. What's news about this item is the fact that John will play Elaine's father!



John Barrymore's comeback is now officially successful. A small theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, playing a revival of "Bill of Divorcement," billed it "John Barrymore in 'Bill of Divorcement'." And not even a mention of Katharine Hepburn.

Ritzy, huh!

After scoring in several recent pictures, the Ritz Brothers tried to live up to their name by insisting on telling directors just how their scenes should be played. Most comedians are extremely unfunny when they decide to go serious, so Darryl Zanuck took the balmy brothers into his private office and explained to them that directors have a weakness for directing their own pictures. The brothers got the idea, and now all is calm in Beverly Hills.



And the best act in town—another free one—is put on by Martha Raye and Ruby Keeler. For their own amusement they do a screaming takeoff on the Busby Berkeley girls. If you Berkeley girls would only leave the room for a minute we'd go into detail.



Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson attend "Goldwyn Follies" preview.

James Cagney and Pat O'Brien step out together. They are old pals.



Another Garbo?

During the making of "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Sigrid Gurie, Goldwyn's Norwegian importation, was billed as the "Girl Who Didn't Know Hollywood." Reports from the Goldwyn camp were that Miss Gurie had never been on Hollywood Boulevard, had never entered a Hollywood night club, and in fact had done nothing but work for Mr. Goldwyn since her arrival on these shores. Came the night of the preview, and Miss Gurie was to make her grand entrance—her first public appearance. Crowds waited, but nothing happened. Miss G. was home with a cold.



There's talk around that Mr. and Mrs. Walter Withers, Jane's parents, want to adopt two children. Reason is that Jane has a tremendous number of pets around the house on which she has lavished much attention and considerable expense. Papa and mamma feel that she'll soon outgrow them, and they think a couple of youngsters might be very happy with them.

Nice Custom

Best Scene in a Current Picture: The moment when Marco Polo (Gary Cooper) teaches the Chinese princess (Sigrid Gurie) the western world's favorite salute—a kiss. The princess, whose family has been



Gladys Swarthout and hubby, Frank Chapman, are east for opera dates

rubbing noses for centuries, is first astonished, then highly pleased, with the new world's trick.



Next time you get a run in the chiffon number nines, gals, think of poor old 20th Century-Fox. The studio paid out \$2,200. for runs during the filming of one picture—and for one player. The young lady was Sonja Henie. The opera length hose she wore in "Happy Landing" cost \$37. a pair, and she sometimes went through six pairs in a day.

Music to Soothe

When Annabella started work on "The Baroness and the Butler," she wanted music on the set, so she bought a huge radio-phonograph to soothe her between scenes. When the picture finished, the prop department asked her what she intended to do about moving the thing. Said Annabella: "I'm finished with it. Give it to the crew." So the boys drew lots, and a guy named Brownie now has a radio-phonograph to get him in the mood for scene shifting.

(Continued on page 90)

"...but what is this difference you notice between Camels and other Cigarettes?"



...Kathleen Williams asks Alma Nicoll, debutante daughter of De Lancey Nicoll, Jr., of New York and Middleburg, Virginia.

And here is Miss Nicoll's answer:

"Do I find Camels different from other cigarettes? Yes, definitely! For instance, after hours in the saddle, I'm quite weary. Smoking Camels gives me a delightful 'lift'! And Camels never jangle my nerves—another way they are different! I smoke as many Camels as I please...and they never tire my taste. Camels are mild...gentle on my throat. And so you see, in so many ways, Camels agree with me."

It is not surprising that smokers are so enthusiastic about Camels. Camel spends millions more, year after year, to assure a finer, more delicate quality for Camel smokers.



THE Nicoll family have occupied positions of prominence here since Matthias Nicoll crossed to these shores in 1664. Alma Nicoll (above, right) is a fine horsewoman, devoted to the life of the Long Island and Virginia hunting country. She has traveled in England, on the Continent, and in the Near East. At right, Miss Nicoll poses before dining out. She is typical of the younger crowd in her enthusiasm for Camels. "At all the parties," she says, "I notice that Camels are served. Between courses...and, of course, after dessert, I smoke Camels—'for digestion's sake!' Camels add to mealtime pleasure."

DO PEOPLE
APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS? —

—CAMELS ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE
IN AMERICA



Among the many distinguished women who find Camels mild and refreshing:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia • Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia • Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, New York

ONE SMOKER
TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me!"



YOUNG LOVE

Richard Greene, fresh from England, makes his romantic debut with Loretta Young in "Four Men and a Prayer."

Nourishes as well as Cleanses



"KEEPS MY SKIN FINER... Pond's new Cold Cream keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

JOAN BELMONT, Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey



"SMOOTHS OUT TIRED LINES... Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream gives my skin a livelier, more glowing look—smooths out tired lines."

THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE



"IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE such a grand nourishing cream and cleansing cream in one. Pond's new Cold Cream does so much more for my skin."

MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III

Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

THE first announcement of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream brought almost immediate response. Hundreds of women tried the new cream.

And steadily your demand has increased for this new cream that brings to women such important new aid to skin beauty.

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet!

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams! In animal tests, skin that had been rough, dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Use this new cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Soon you, too, will be agreeing that the use of the new "skin-vitamin" cream does bring to your skin something active and essential to its health—gives it a livelier, more glowing look!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!



"SKIN YOUNGER... The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' has made my skin smoother and younger, the colour fresher—within just a few weeks."

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

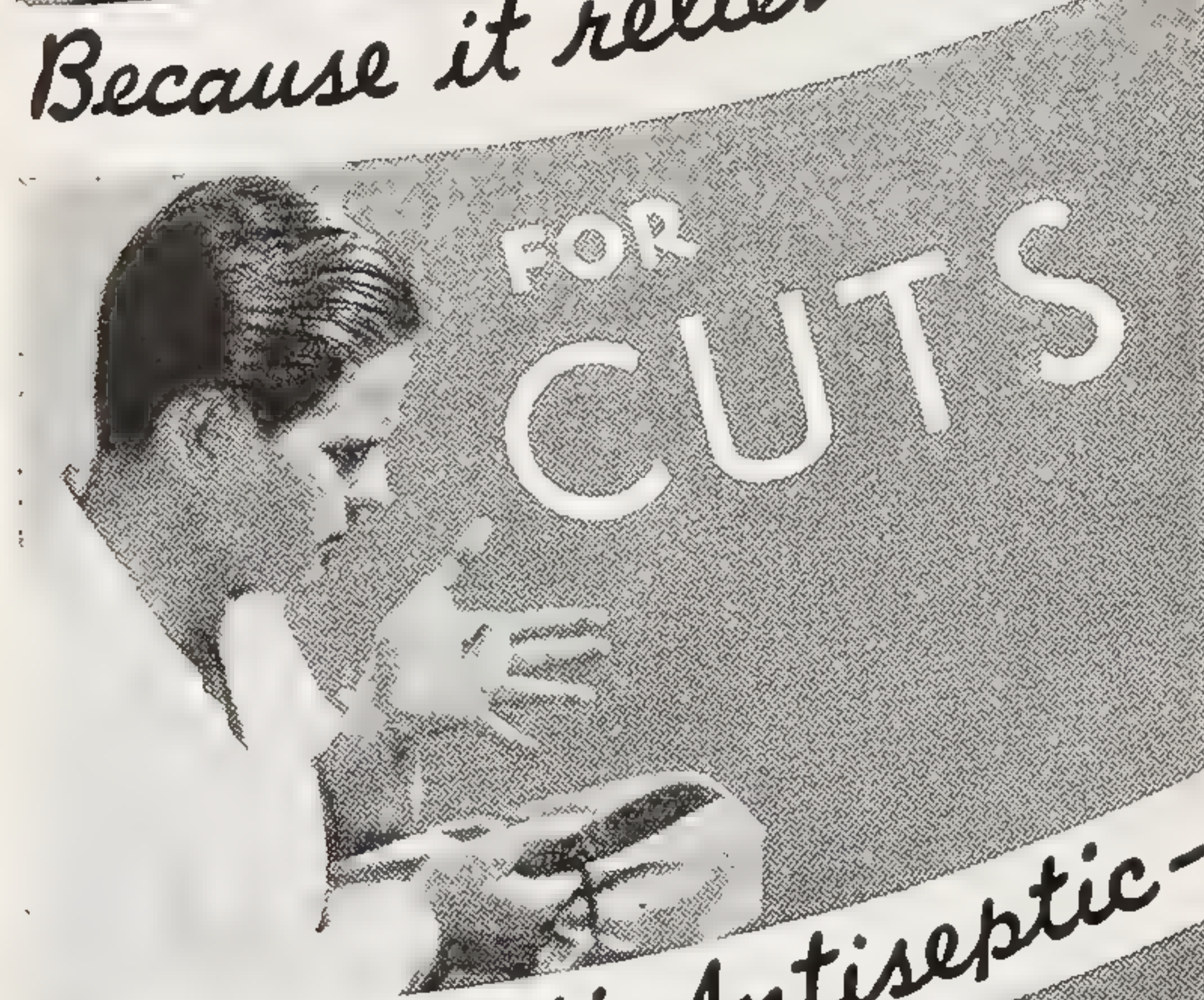
Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CS, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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Street _____

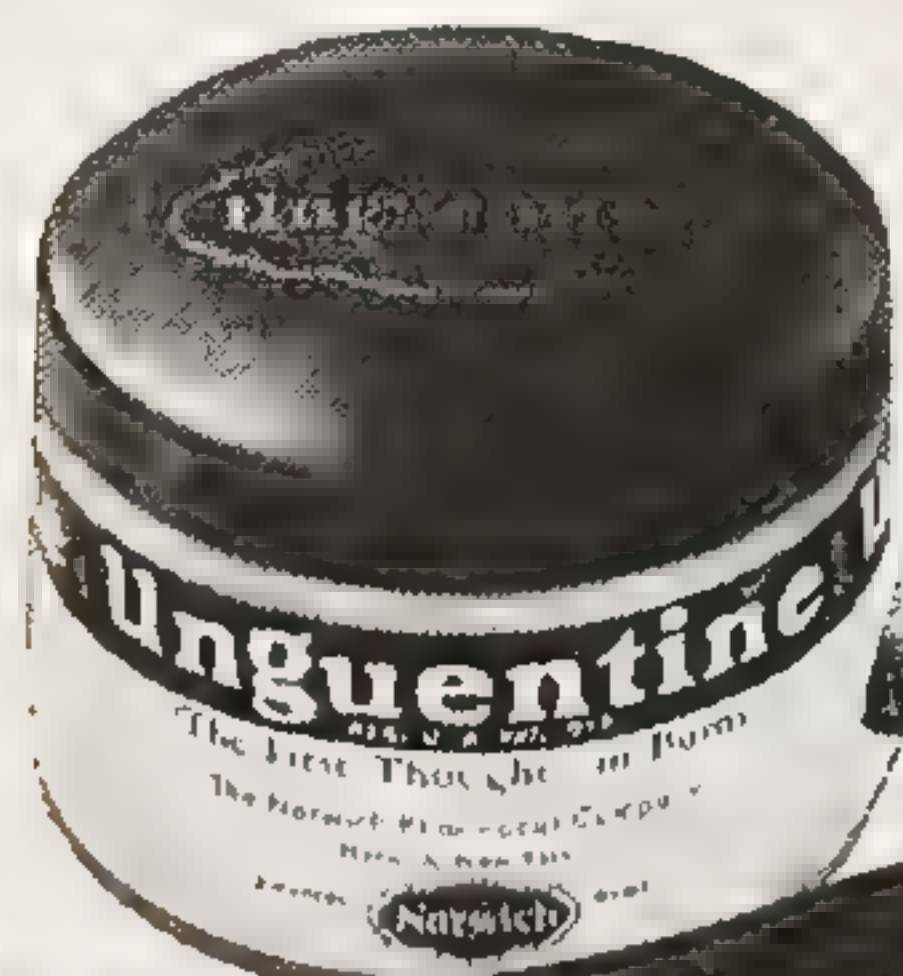
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Unguentine takes the fire out of a burn and the burning pain out of a cut; it relieves the itching of eczema . . . and provides *lasting* antiseptic protection. It is the antiseptic in *soothing* form.

Never, *never* be without an adequate supply of Unguentine. Big tube 50¢; economical family size jar, \$1. At drug stores.



Just put on some
Unguentine
Norwich

HIS LIFE'S EXCITING

(Continued from page 36)

consequent unhappiness of a child divided. He tried to act eighteen when he was fourteen—and succeeded almost too well. He studied art in Paris, was broke and had a beautiful, Left-Bankish time of it, acquiring hollow cheeks and stoicism. He tried his hand at writing, was published, and is still writing.

When he wanted to go into pictures, and did, his father "disinherited" him, but both recovered. However, it was an experience.

For the past four years he has lived, more or less continuously, in London. He left London because he and his associates in picture-making there did not agree. It has been stated that he owned his producing company there. That, he tells me, is not a fact. He also left London because David Selznick paged him for the role of Hentzau in *Prisoner of Zenda*, and Hentzau would be irresistible to one who is by way of being Hentzau's blood brother. And it was.

In the London group of Forty, which is the much more selective equivalent of New York's one-time Four Hundred, the name of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is listed.

He lived sleekly in London, in the narrow, five-storied house in Mayfair which overhangs Locks, the hatshop, the one-time house of Nell Gwynn snuggling cosily in his back garden, or in the more recent, smart pent-house apartment, which he still maintains. Or he can live, and has, when low on funds, in a mews, finding his fun poking about on the river, dining alone at little marshy inns, dropping in on the farmers for a talk and a pipe.

He numbers among his friends the distinguished in almost every station in life . . . Clemence Dane, playwright and novelist, Dr. Wellington Koo, Chinese Ambassador to France, Dr. Will Durant, Charlie Chaplin and last, but Lordy, Lordy, not least, the Duke of Kent! And, as a friend of the Duke of Kent's he has, it is said, met and mingled familiarly with royalty, including the Duke of Windsor and the surely immortal, however deservedly, Mrs. Simpson. He has had, he admits, adventures which can only be recorded when he is, probably, eighty-two. Or when the other participants are all gone beyond the sound and fury of this earth. For the adventures have been political adventures and belong, not to him alone, but to history. Nevertheless, he *has had them* or witnessed them. And that he has had them is a part of his provocativeness.

HE has been variously rumored as romancing with Marlene Dietrich; more recently Hollywood has had him "dating" Norma Shearer, Katharine Hepburn, others. Probably he has had these dates, why not?

Having seen Douglas in "Having Wonderful Time," with Ginger Rogers, having caught glimpses of him in action for "The Joy Of Loving," I can prophesy that he will be one of the but really terrific heart-throbs of our screen this year. I, therefore, take pleasure in announcing to you, his fans, who will be intensely interested that—he is not in love. He is not only not in love but he is not, by his own casual admission "going with" any particular lady. When I reminded him that the column-chatterers have been "linking" him he said, "They have to have something to print. Obviously, romance-rumors make the most fetching fillers. And they leave me quite helpless, for, also obviously, a gentleman cannot announce that he is not

in love with a lady, has no intentions, matrimonial or otherwise."

He does, however, hope to marry again some day. "I certainly have no objections to marriage," he told me, "but not now."

He has leased a house on the beach, quite near to his father. He keeps one servant, drives his own car, entertains informally, liking it when Ronald Colman and Leslie Howard "drop down." He enjoys parties when Cary Grant is among the guests. They have a lot of fun together. He goes to night clubs much less often than he used to. He sees quite a lot of his father.

"Our relationship has never been that of father and son, you know," Douglas told me. "There has never been the adult, paternal superiority of the parent on my father's part, nor the father-what-is-beer on mine. We're good friends. I would seek his company if we were not any kin at all. In a kind of similar dissimilar way the characters we like to play on the screen stem from the same root. My father's "Zoro," "Thief of Bagdad" and the others were thrilling fantasy. The characters I like to play are more rooted in fact, or could be fact."

The elder Fairbanks, I thought, swash-buckled physically; the younger Fairbanks swashbuckles mentally.

"There are three reasons why I am glad I was born in this age," he continued. "The first is the telephone. I love to carry on interminable debates with my friends, righting the wrongs of the world. For me to talk publicly about how I should like to right the wrongs of the world would be, in my position, as presumptuous as giving advice on love. But I can, I do," laughed Douglas, rather grimly, "drop seeds. The second reason for my gratitude that the year 1909 saw my birth, is the wireless. I loathe to write letters, and never do. Therefore, my social obligations are salved by means of telegrams. The third object of my gratitude is the speed of this age, the fast trains, cars, planes. To lag in anything is to lose interest."

Douglas was called then. "In the meantime," he said, "I work. And I take my work seriously. I take everything I do seriously."



Loretta Young's littlest sister, grown up, renamed Ann Royal, is playing her first role in "Mad About Music." Time marches on!

SPONSORS FOR LATE SPRING

Mlle. Alix



"Wear it with wine, gray, raspberry, pink, the new smoky blues, brown, green," she says

MORE urbane and sophisticated than ever in her sensational Late Spring collection, Mlle. Alix, noted Paris dressmaker, sponsors the new Cutex HEATHER to wear with her newest and most exciting creations.

Famed for her use of jersey—from wool to chiffon—Alix is acknowledged mistress of the new loose-flowing line—the ultra-feminine effect.

HEATHER adapted to her designing

She loves the new Cutex HEATHER, says—"It is so subtle and feminine it adapts itself beautifully to that soft, loose look I've always been mad about. And the hint of purple in it blends with all the newest Spring colors."

Cutex HEATHER is a deep, smoky rose, with a suggestion of purple that makes it absolutely "right" with all the Spring "rock-garden" colors—the lovely fresh lavenders, blues and pinks, and yellows. It dramatizes the soft new grays—blends perfectly with the purples and raspberries, brown and green.

Decide right now to look your most Parisian this spring and summer in Cutex HEATHER, sponsored by Alix!

And be glad that, like all Cutex shades, Cutex HEATHER will never fade, chip or peel. HEATHER goes on with the smoothness of satin, yet wears "like iron." Ask to see the complete range of stunning new Cutex colors. Only 35¢ a bottle!

Northam Warren • New York, Montreal, London, Paris



Pink organza with poly-color stripes

Cutex Heather



Gray chiffon jersey dinner dress



Wine jersey with blue panels



6 NEW SOFT SHADES TO CHOOSE FROM

HEATHER: A deep, smoky rose, with a hint of purple. Grand with wine, gray, pink, blues, brown, green.

LAUREL: Ashes of roses, a subtle grayed pink. Lovely with Spring pastels, gray, beige.

CLOVER: Deep, winy red—goes beautifully with everything except orange tones.

THISTLE: Rust and Rose have met and mingled. For gray, green, rust, brown.

TULIP: A fresh, true crimson. It goes perfectly with black, gray, blue, bright green, fuchsia, yellow.

ROBIN RED: True red, subdued in intensity. It really goes with everything.

Also Rose, Old Rose, Rust, Natural, Colorless and Burgundy... 12 smart shades in all.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 8-M-5, 191 Hudson St., New York. (In Canada, P. O. Box 427, Montreal.)

I enclose 15¢ to help cover postage and packing for Cutex Set, including one shade of Cutex Liquid Polish. (Check one shade desired.)

Clover ☐ Tulip ☐ Thistle ☐ Heather ☐ Laurel ☐

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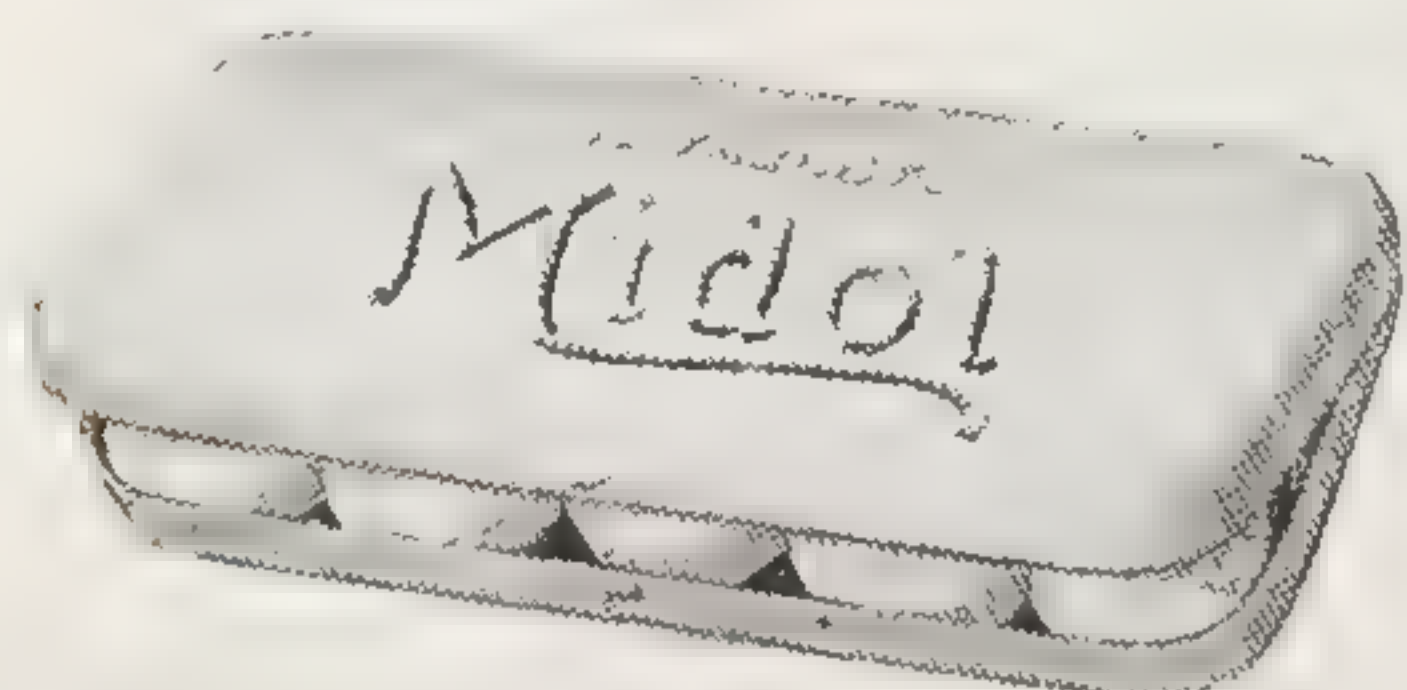


The Calendar said:
"CALL IT OFF"
MIDOL
said: "LET THEM COME"



DO you still let pain take precedence to pleasure certain days each month? If you do, you should know doctors have discovered severe or prolonged periodic functional pain is not natural to most women—and that thousands of women have discovered it is *not necessary*. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol helps most women who try it.

Why not give Midol a chance to help *you*—to render dreaded days as care-free as others? Midol is made for this purpose. It acts quickly, and in all but unusual instances brings relief. A few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day. Your druggist has Midol in convenient purse-size tins.



ON THE COUNTER AT DRUGSTORES

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Adventure's End (Universal).....	2★
Adventurous Blonde (Warners).....	2½★
Alcatraz Island (Warners).....	2½★
Ali Baba Goes to Town (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Annapolis Salute (RKO).....	2★
Another Dawn (Warners).....	2½★
*Arsene Lupin Returns (M-G-M).....	2★
Artists and Models (Paramount).....	3★
The Awful Truth (Columbia).....	4★
Back in Circulation (Warners).....	2★
Bad Guy (M-G-M).....	2★
The Bad Man of Brimstone (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Barrier (Paramount).....	1★
Beg, Borrow or Steal (M-G-M).....	2½★
Behind the Mike (Universal).....	2½★
Big City (M-G-M).....	2½★
Big Town Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Blonde Trouble (Paramount).....	2½★
Blossoms on Broadway (Paramount).....	1★
Boots and Saddles (Republic).....	2½★
Boss of Lonely Valley (Universal).....	2★
Breakfast for Two (RKO).....	2★
A Bride for Henry (Monogram).....	1★
The Bride Wore Red (M-G-M).....	1★
Broadway Melody of 1938 (M-G-M).....	3★
The Buccaneer (Paramount).....	3½★
Bulldog Drummond at Bay (Republic).....	1½★
Bulldog Drummond Comes Back (Paramount).....	1★
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge (Paramount).....	2½★
Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Charlie Chan on Broadway (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
*Checkers (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Colorado Kid (Republic).....	2★
Confession (Warners).....	2★
Conquest (M-G-M).....	4★
Counsel for Crime (Columbia).....	2★
Courage of the West (Universal).....	1½★
Crashing Hollywood (RKO).....	2½★
Criminals of the Air (Columbia).....	2★
A Damsel in Distress (RKO).....	3★
Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners).....	2★
Danger—Love at Work (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
Dangerously Yours (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
Danger Patrol (RKO).....	2★
Dark Journey (United Artists).....	3★
Daughter of Shanghai (Paramount).....	2½★
Dead End (Samuel Goldwyn).....	4★
Double Wedding (M-G-M).....	2★
*Every Day's A Holiday (Paramount).....	3★
*Everybody Sing (M-G-M).....	3★
Escape by Night (Republic).....	1½★
Ebb-Tide (Paramount).....	3★
52nd Street (Walter Wanger).....	2★
Fight for Your Lady (RKO).....	2★
The Firefly (M-G-M).....	3★
First Lady (Warners).....	3★
Fit for a King (RKO).....	2★
Flight from Glory (RKO).....	2★
Footloose Heiress (Warners).....	1★
Forty-Five Fathers (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Forty Naughty Girls (RKO).....	2★
Frame-Up (Columbia).....	2★
The Game that Kills (Columbia).....	2★
Gold Is Where You Find It (Warners).....	2★
The Gold Racket (Grand National).....	2★
The Goldwyn Follies (Samuel Goldwyn).....	3★
The Great Garlick (Warners).....	3★
Happy Landing (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Headin' East (Columbia).....	2★
Heidi (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Here's Flash Casey (Grand National).....	2★
High Wide and Handsome (Paramount).....	3½★
Hitting a New High (RKO).....	2★
Hold 'Em Navy (Paramount).....	2★
Hollywood Hotel (Warner).....	3★
Hot Water (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
Hurricane (Samuel Goldwyn).....	3½★
Idol of the Crowds (Universal).....	2★
I'll Take Romance (Columbia).....	3★
I Met My Love Again (Walter Wanger).....	3★
In Old Chicago (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
It Can't Last Forever (Columbia).....	1½★
It Happened in Hollywood (Columbia).....	2½★
It's All Yours (Columbia).....	2★
It's Love I'm After (Warners).....	4★
King Solomon's Mines (GB).....	2★
Lady, Behave (Republic).....	2★
The Lady Escapes (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
*The Lady Fights Back (Universal).....	1★
Lancer Spy (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Last Gangster (M-G-M).....	3★
Life Begins in College (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Live, Love and Learn (M-G-M).....	3★
Look Out, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
The Life of Emile Zola (Warners).....	4★
The Life of the Party (RKO).....	1★
Last Horizon (Columbia).....	4★
Love and Hisses (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Love Is on the Air (Warners).....	2★

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Love Is A Headache (M-G-M).....	2½★
Love Takes Flight (Grand National).....	1½★
Love On A Budget (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Love on Toast (Paramount).....	2★
Love Under Fire (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Madam X (M-G-M).....	1½★
Make a Wish (RKO).....	2½★
Mannequin (M-G-M).....	3★
Man-Proof (M-G-M).....	2½★
Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M).....	2½★
Mayerling (Nero).....	4★
Merry-Go-Round of 1938 (Universal).....	2★
Missing Witnesses (Warners).....	2★
Murder in Greenwich Village (Columbia).....	1★
Murder on Diamond Row (London Films).....	2½★
Music for Madame (RKO).....	2★
Navy Blue and Gold (M-G-M).....	3★
New Faces of 1937 (RKO).....	3★
Night Club Scandal (Paramount).....	2★
Non-Stop New York (GB).....	2★
Nothing Sacred (Selznick-International).....	3★
One Mile from Heaven (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
On Again—Off Again (RKO).....	1★
100 Men and a Girl (Universal).....	4★
On Such a Night (Paramount).....	1★
Over the Goal (Warners).....	1★
Paid to Dance (Columbia).....	1★
Paradise For Three (M-G-M).....	2★
Partners in Crime (Paramount).....	1★
*Penrod And His Twin Brother (Warners).....	2★
The Perfect Specimen (Warners).....	3★
Prescription for Romance (Universal).....	1★
Portia on Trial (Republic).....	3★
Prisoner of Zenda (Selznick-International).....	4★
Reported Missing (Universal).....	2★
Renfrew of the Royal Mounted (Grand National).....	2★
Rosalie (M-G-M).....	3★
The Road Back (Universal).....	3★
Roaring Timber (Columbia).....	2★
San Quentin (Warners).....	2½★
Saturday's Heroes (RKO).....	2½★
Sea Racketeers (Republic).....	1½★
Second Honeymoon (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
She Asked for It (Paramount).....	2★
The Sheik Steps Out (Republic).....	2★
Sh! The Octopus (Warners).....	2★
She's Got Everything (RKO).....	2★
She's No Lady (Paramount).....	1★
Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs (Disney).....	4★
Small Town Boy (Grand National).....	2★
Something to Sing About (Grand National).....	2½★
Sophie Lang Goes West (Paramount).....	2½★
Souls at Sea (Paramount).....	3★
Spy Ring (Universal).....	2★
Stage Door (RKO).....	4★
Stand-In (Walter Wanger).....	3★
Stella Dallas (Sam Goldwyn).....	4★
Super Sleuth (RKO).....	1★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB).....	2★
Submarine D-1 (Warners).....	2★
Swing It Sailor (Grand National).....	1★
Swing Your Lady (Warners).....	2½★
Tarzan's Revenge (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Tes Rides with the Boy Scouts (Grand National).....	2★
Texas Trail (Paramount).....	2★
The Shadow (Columbia).....	2★
There Goes The Groom (RKO).....	2★
That Certain Woman (Warners).....	2★
They Won't Forget (Warners).....	3★
Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
This Way, Please (Paramount).....	1★
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (M-G-M).....	2½★
Thrill of a Lifetime (Paramount).....	1★
Thunder Trail (Paramount).....	2★
Trapped by G-Men (Columbia).....	1½★
True Confession (Paramount).....	4★
The Toast of New York (RKO).....	3★
Topper (Hal Roach).....	3★
Tovarich (Warners).....	3★
Under Suspicion (Columbia).....	2★
Varsity Show (Warners).....	3★
Victoria the Great (RKO).....	4★
Vogues of 1938 (Walter Wanger).....	3★
Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Wells Fargo (Paramount).....	3★
West of Shanghai (Warners).....	1½★
The Westland Case (Universal).....	2★
White Bondage (Warners).....	1★
Wife, Doctor and Nurse (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Wild Money (Paramount).....	1★
Wine, Women and Horses (Warners).....	1★
Wise Girl (RKO).....	3★
*A Yank at Oxford (M-G-M).....	3★
You're A Sweetheart (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
*You're Only Young Once (M-G-M).....	2★
You Can't Have Everything (20th Century-Fox).....	3★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

"Dainty Girls Win Out"

says
**DOROTHY
LAMOUR**

**DAINTINESS IS A
CHARM THAT
ALWAYS WINS. NO
SMART GIRL
NEGLECTS IT**

**A LUX TOILET SOAP
BEAUTY BATH IS
THE BEST WAY I
KNOW TO INSURE
DAINTINESS**

STAR OF THE
PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
"Her Jungle Love"

HOLLYWOOD'S beauty bath makes you *sure* of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant. You'll love this Hollywood way of insuring daintiness!

**ACTIVE LATHER
MAKES YOU SURE
—LEAVES SKIN
REALLY SWEET
—DELICATELY
FRAGRANT!**

**LUX
TOILET SOAP**

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

Lux Toilet Soap

STEP

ALONG MISTER!



"DON'T rush me, woman! I'm in no party mood—but I'll brighten up in a hurry if you'll share that package of Beeman's! You know that flavor's a real joy reviver. It's got a frisky freshness, a tingly tang—in short, it's great.

If you don't know, the package is sealed airtight to keep all that luscious freshness inside. I'll stop on the way. We need a fresh package."

Beeman's

AIDS DIGESTION...

BLUFFS THAT WORKED

(Continued from page 49)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In another city, she said Paramount had signed her. In still a third city, she said she was under contract to Universal.

The truth was that, although she had been tested, no company had signed her.

But motion picture executives always read such items carefully. They began to ask, "Who is this Sonja Henie?"

The final stunt was pulled just before Sonja reached the coast. At the Metro publicity office, they received a telegram ordering them to meet Sonja Henie with photographers. "She is coming to work for us," the telegram said.

Naturally they sent photographers, and some of the photographs got into the newspapers. By the time they discovered that the telegram had not been authorized by the New York office, Hollywood was beginning to be Henie-conscious. Thus when she staged her famous exhibition at the Polar Ice Palace, executives from every major company attended.

James Cagney once succeeded in bluffing his own movie company. It was back in 1932, and Jimmy, engaged in one of his periodic fights, was demanding more money.

The studio refused to consider giving Jimmy any kind of a raise. Finally he quit work.

"I don't have to remain an actor," he said. "All my life I've been interested in medicine. I'm going to study at Columbia University, and give up my screen career entirely. My wife approves of my plan."

If Jimmy had threatened to go to another movie company and sell his services,

there were legal steps that might have been taken. But if he was going to become a doctor, no contract could stop him.

Of course the studio knew it might all be a bluff, but on the other hand, if Jimmy was not faking, they would lose one of their most valuable properties. In the end, Jimmy got pretty nearly everything for which he asked.

After he and Warners' had patched up their difficulties, reporters asked him if he had really been serious about his plan to become a physician. Jimmy grinned.

"No," he said, "that was just a gag."

While Nelson Eddy has never had to bluff in his motion picture career, he fibbed about his experience when he was trying to get a job on a newspaper in Philadelphia. Before he went to see the editors he had never written a line. But he persuaded them to give him a job in the advertising department by saying that he was an advertising man. From that he advanced to reporter, to rewrite man and finally to the copy desk by pretending that he could do all these things, then taking the time to learn how in order to back up his bluff.

Necessity is the mother of most hoaxes, and that was the case with W. C. Fields. Shortly after the Spanish American War, he was forced to accept a vaudeville engagement in Spain, and due to the resentment toward Americans at that time, he was billed as an Englishman. Since he was doing a pantomime act, it was not necessary for him to speak on the stage. For about three months he was successful



Tyrone Power and Joseph Schildkraut look with equal admiration on Norma Shearer's get-up as "Marie Antoinette."



Anna May Wong confides something to Akim Tamiroff in her native Chinese—but it's still her secret.

at this bluff until he gave vent to some typical Fieldsian dialogue backstage, was overheard by a Spaniard and was fired.

EARLY IN her career Ginger Rogers tried a bluff that definitely did not work. While she was in New York, playing a leading role in "Girl Crazy," she was also making films for an eastern motion picture studio. Hoping that she could persuade the motion picture executives to give her more money and better roles in pictures, she stalked up to an executive of the company, said she wasn't getting as much money from the studio as she was from the musical comedy contract, and demanded her release. To her amazement, the official gave her the release.

"That incident taught me a lesson," Ginger said, laughing, "about the technique of a bluff."

The most successful practical joke Ginger ever tried was the famous "Lady Ainsley" hoax, perpetrated at the time when Producer Pandro Berman was having great difficulty finding the right actress to play Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland."

One day Director John Ford, who was in on the hoax, said to Producer Pan Berman, "I've just heard that Lady Ainsley, the famous English actress, is in town. She has played Elizabeth hundreds of times on the stage—in fact, she's a direct descendant of the Queen. Why don't you get her to take a test?"

Pan Berman authorized a test of Lady Ainsley.

A few days later, when he saw the test, he was electrified. The girl who appeared as Queen Elizabeth, her hair piled high on her head, her face vicious with cruelty and lust for power, was just the actress he had been searching for.

"Send for her," he said. "She's marvelous!"

Director Ford shrugged his shoulders and intimated that there might be difficulties. Lady Ainsley was just like Katharine Cornell in her aversion toward making pictures.

For a week, Berman frantically sought to contact Lady Ainsley. Then one day a newspaper item reported, "What red-haired star is playing a gigantic practical joke on what producer by posing as a great foreign actress who doesn't exist?"

Berman got the point at once. But though Ginger's bluff was called, she had attained her secret objective. For a long time she had been trying to persuade her studio that she could play dramatic roles. It took the great Lady Ainsley hoax to make her company realize that Ginger was more than just a foil for Fred Astaire.

Gerald Wright at 4 months



Somebody's coming with a bowl and a spoon. Jerry knows what that means—he's been having Clapp's Baby Cereal for a month. He's one of the small citizens of a New Jersey community who is contributing pictures and growth records to a study of infant feeding. Clapp's Strained Vegetables will go on his diet list soon.

Gerald Wright at 8 months



Jerry's mother doesn't have a worry except that his blond hair won't lie down. For he's growing steadily and putting on some good solid pounds. Besides Clapp's Vegetables, Jerry has been having Clapp's Strained Soups and Strained Fruits lately. Smooth, finely strained, but not too liquid—these foods have the exact texture that doctors approve.

Gerald's husky at 11 months



Vitamin-rich Clapp's Foods, pressure-cooked to hold in food value, have built Jerry into a hefty little rascal, weighing 23 pounds. His steady progress is typical of all the Clapp-fed babies in the test. And so is his freedom from food dislikes. Clapp's Foods really do taste better!

how he got his head start....



16 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods—Baby Soup Strained or Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Beef Broth, Liver Soup; Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce; Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Green Beans; Baby Cereal.

Free Booklet! Photographs and records of 12 Clapp-fed babies. Valuable diet facts. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. QSY, 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

NEW!... for older babies

Clapp's Chopped Foods

Doctors asked for them...even-textured foods with all the advantages of Clapp's Strained Foods, but more coarsely divided. At dealers' now—remember them when your baby outgrows Clapp's Strained Foods.

Clapp's Strained Baby Foods



How to be a Good Homemaker and your Husband's Pal, too

DON'T work so hard over your home that you're exhausted when your husband wants to go out! Learn the labor-saving ways of doing things and you will be astonished at the time you save.

Imagine a delicious, nourishing food that all your family will enjoy, that costs only 3 cents a portion, and that you can put on the table, piping hot, in less than ten minutes! That's Franco-American — America's largest selling ready-cooked spaghetti.

Give it to the children for lunch, with milk and fruit. It will keep them going strong all afternoon. Other days for dinner serve Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish, or use it to make left-overs go further. This delicious spaghetti combines wonderfully with other foods, because of its eleven-ingredient sauce with its unforgettable and savory flavor.

Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Get some at your grocer's today! Serve your family delicious meals and have time for your husband, too!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE
RECIPE BOOK?
SEND THE COUPON,
PLEASE!



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, Dept. 65
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

STRANGER THAN FICTION

(Continued from page 47)

the unsuspecting Alan and said, "You! Come in here!" Alan, perplexed, went in. The producer asked him what he had "done." Alan said, with emphasis, "Plenty." The producer said, "And just what parts have you played?" "Blimey," thought Alan, "he takes me for an actor!" Alan thought then, amused, but always quick on the uptake, of parts he had seen on the stage and thought he might have been able to do. He named three or four of them, with glib assurance. The producer looked skeptical but needed a man of Alan's type and hired him!

When the friend arrived Alan was awaiting him outside in the rain. "Why didn't you go in out of the rain?" asked the friend. "Oh," said Alan easily, "I went inside!" Then he told what had happened. The friend staggered momentarily and said, "That's the billet I was after!" Alan offered to go back and fix things but the friend would have none of it. "You go ahead and do it," he said sincerely.

THE play was "The Cinderella Man." Alan, in the lead role, toured England with the third company. He just memorized his lines and spoke them, he says, nothing more. He hadn't the foggiest notion how to act. At the end of their first performance at some English watering place, the cast, as is customary, went to a pub to celebrate. Alan, still in funds, ordered brandies and sodas. The rest of the company ordered beers.

They cast wistful eyes at Alan's luxury. He invited them to join him and stood treat to brandies and sodas. In return for his hospitality they broke the ice and told him he had given the worst performance they had ever seen in all their years of tramping. It was not, they said, humanly possible to act worse than he did. His performance, they elaborated, had left them stunned. They offered to teach him how to act. They did. They taught him how to use his hands, gesture, raise his eye-brows, modulate his voice. They also taught him what they called, "The dirty business of acting." They invented bits of business for their own parts which were calculated to kill his effects. He, in turn, thought up bits of business that would kill their effects. This game was the making of an actor.

In 1923 he came to America. No work. Money dwindled, and then was not. That was the four month period which Alan Mowbray spent sleeping on a bench in Central Park.

Sitting, the other day, in his cedar-paneled library in Beverly Hills, comfortable in deep red leather chairs, the red-hearted fire roaring on the hearth, his small daughter twined about him, Alan said, briefly, "I learned a lot. Makeshifts. Devices. I didn't have a nickel. Not one. Now and again I'd meet a friend and pull the well known, 'Say, old man, I want to phone. Lend me a nickel, will you? No change, y'know.' I learned how to eat *without* a nickel. I'd go, for instance, to the Automat in New York. No one pays much attention to you in the Automat. I found that customers always got two rolls and a pat of butter with their dinners and that, in nine cases out of ten, they only ate one of the two rolls. It was a simple matter to wander about and with fair surreptitiousness to slip a couple of rolls into my pocket. There was always a tomato catsup bottle handy. Water was free. I'd take a catsup bottle, pour a little catsup into a paper cup of water, and there I'd be—with a

reasonably decent cup of tomato soup and a roll!

"Now and again I'd run into an old friend and be invited to a cocktail party or something. I managed to maintain a fairly well groomed appearance. I had a friend who had an office down town. He never got to his office until late. I'd get there early. I'd use his razor, have a wash, comb my hair. I'd also rinse out my 'other shirt' and dangle it over the window ledge to dry. And there I'd be. I'd go to the party. They were, unfortunately, those parties rather short on eats and long on drinks. I didn't dare take anything to drink on my empty stomach. But I'd go and, on more than one occasion, a swank limousine would drop me at the gates of Central Park. I'd say, breezily, that I always liked 'a turn in the Park before turning in!'

WHILE I was 'in residence' in the Park I had another study in irony, my portrait painted! My friend, the Countess Wenner, did it. When it was eventually hung, it hung between the portraits of two ex-kings! The Countess never suspected my predicament. She also did a portrait of my dog, Pal. Pal shared all of the vicissitudes of my life with me. It was while I was in New York that I wrote 'Dinner Is Served.' I wrote it to keep myself awake until it was time to go around to the Hippodrome Grill where I collected meat scraps for my dog. We shared those meat scraps, Pal and I. That is his portrait over the fire there. He died a year and a half ago, out here." "And when he died," small "P.M." chimed in, "Daddy started to cry. . . ." Alan, unashamed, did not deny it.

"I had a couple of adventures," Alan went on. "One night it was raining. I was sitting under a heavy tree. You acquire a fine flair for self protection when you are without protection of any kind. As I sat there an ancient crone came and huddled there by me. She was the type you read about. She rather resembled May Robson in an Apple Annie make-up. She peered at me, without interest, and said, 'Life's lousy, ain't it, young man?' I said, 'For some of us, yes.' You can't lie to a soul like that. They are too near the terrible truth of some things. I didn't ask her to 'tell me her story.' I didn't need to. She didn't ask me mine. She didn't need to. God knows, she had rubbed elbows with down-and-outers these many years, no doubt.

"One night a tough looking chap sat down beside me. He began to talk to me, without glancing at me, without moving his mouth at all. He said, 'Better scram. They're after you. If you don't scram now you won't live to regret it.' I answered, also without moving my mouth, 'What would anyone be after me for, in God's name?' He said, 'You look pretty nippy. They think you've got something. *They've* got a rod!' I said, 'Then they're wrong. I haven't got a sou in the world nor a meal in my belly. Let 'em try it!' I was sore and bitter and discouraged. The one thing I couldn't do was run. The rod was pushed into me. I hauled off and let the bloke have it. I knocked him cold, took his rod away from him and beat it. There it is up there, a little old '22, the only fire-arm I've ever owned since I came out of the War.

"Of the friends I ran into during those four months, not one ever suspected my plight. They never have. I've never told

this part of my life before. They will learn it now, if they read this, for the first time.

"At the end of the four months, and pretty near at the end of me, I guess, I got a job with the Boston Repertory Theatre.

"They advanced me some money and I took the train for Boston. En route I ordered steak and potatoes and onions and coffee and pie. When I arrived in Boston I was carried off the train. They called a doctor and he said to me, 'What's the matter with you? What have you been doing to yourself?' 'Nothing,' I said. 'Come, let's have the truth,' he ordered, 'you're starved, aren't you?' I admitted the diagnosis then and he told me that I had just about committed suicide. My stomach had shrunk to the size of a walnut. I should have had a couple of pellets of bread soaked in consommé and very few of those! The steak and fixin's about fixed me.

"After that, things went all right. 'The Amorous Antic' was my first Broadway show, with Phoebe Foster and Frank Morgan. I toured with the Theatre Guild in 'The Apple Cart,' 'The Doctor's Dilemma' and 'The Second Man.'

"I came to Hollywood in Shaw's 'The Apple Cart,' which was, by the way, so similar in theme to the Simpson-ex-King case as to be a deft prophesy of things to come. I played the King of England in the stage play and then went to the part of George Washington in 'Alexander Hamilton,' the film starring George Arliss. From the King of England to the first President of the United States was what might be termed a political manoeuvre without precedent.

"And I like Hollywood. It satisfies me, thus far. When the children are grown I may shy off and try something else, far afield. I have the usual actor's ambition to direct one of these days. It's been said so often I hate to say it, but there it is. They used to say that at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo you could meet the whole world. Now that is true of only one place, Hollywood. It's exciting here because exciting people come here. The work is fun. The money is fun. I have my wife and home and youngsters. They're fun, too.

"My experiences," said Alan Mowbray, "have taught me one thing. It's this: I look at a mountain as a mountain and at a molehill as a molehill."

And these, I think, are about the wisest words I have ever heard. From about the wisest man I've ever met. A man who can mix the incredible ingredients of life with the mixing spoon of tolerance; who can give an epitaph in one breath and sing a bawdy ditty in the next. I give you Alan Mowbray.



Papa Allan Jones even passed the cigars out in the stable when his son and heir was born.



I'M GOING TO A DANCE!

THAT'S WHY I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP...IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP DOES MORE THAN MAKE YOU SWEET AND CLEAN! FIRST, ITS DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...



AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S LOVELY, LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN...MAKES YOU SO MUCH MORE GLAMOROUS!



HOW NICE TO KNOW THIS ALLURING PERFUME IS KEEPING YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY! CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP CERTAINLY IS THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!



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TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER

*The make-up improvement
that has proved a sensation*



Try Luxor Powder. It's light-proof. Your face won't shine. Try it! We will send you a box for a DIME.

• At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that play havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Seeing is believing

With light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over *shine*.

We will send you a box of Luxor for ten cents. Or you can buy a large box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't please.

Test it in all lights, under all conditions. See how it improves your appearance. See the lovely softness and absence of shine. See how such powder subdues those high lights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

A large box of Luxor light-proof powder is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores . . . Or mail coupon below enclosing a silver dime.



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Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).

☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rose Rachel
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Name

St. & No.

P. O. State

(This offer not good in Canada)

BETWEEN YOU

\$5.00 Prize Letter

Always a Playboy?

It was with considerable irritation that I listened to Jimmy Fidler holding forth the other night on Montgomery's grave error in playing in "Night Must Fall." It seems that a dear old lady wrote and said she felt just as if a member of her own family had taken to crime.

Mr. Fidler feels that an actor should stick to his type. The fact that an actor who sticks to his type is not an actor, seems to have escaped him. Why should Robert Montgomery continue to play in one idiotic picture after another, simply because he was cast in them in the first place?

Fredric March has played in comedy, in tragedy, even appeared as Mr. Hyde, and no one complained. Spencer Tracy plays an endless variety of roles, and no one is disappointed. Why, then, should Robert Montgomery, who has proved himself the equal of either, be doomed to an infinity of bedroom farces?

Who can deny that Charlie Ruggles' part of the reporter in "Exclusive" is miles above anything else he has done? Must we see him in nutty comedy for the rest of his career because he started as a nutty comedian?

I'm quite sure that for every old lady who has deserted him, Robert Montgomery has two astounded and admiring followers. —Mrs. N. H. Stratten, Winnipeg, Can.

\$2.00 Prize Poem

Ode To The Villain

Some of my pals pray for Gable,
And some for a man like Tyrone.
But I'll take the villains just any old day,
And let all the heroes alone.

When six-shooters barked and the bandits
Were robbing the pony express,
And they wanted a blackguard to handle
the job—
Could Lloyd Nolan do it? Why, yes!

If it's dashing and swashbuckling sword
play,
There must be a dastardly foe.
Give me Doug as a gay and adventurous
rogue,
(That would be Fairbanks, Jr. you know.)

If it's suave and sophisticate villainy
That's my fancy in crime for the nonce,
Basil Rathbone I'll try as a slithering spy,
He tops 'em in cool nonchalance.

There are others I really should mention—
Alan Baxter, his gang and a gat;
Raymond Massey, that sneering and sinister
plotter,
And several others like that.
It's agreed that all pictures have villains,
And I like 'em, so what can I lose?
Rest assured, oh you rascally actors, from
me
You'll get bouquets of orchids, not boos.
—Betty D. Frye, Santa Ana, Cal.



Her friends pray for Tyrone
and Gable, but one gal prefers
the good old-fashioned villain
any day.

\$2.00 Prize Letter

Candid Shots

Call it "high treason," hang me for a traitor, but I must, I simply must know the why and wherefore, thusly:

Why do the stars who are so widely bally-hoed as gorgeous, glamorous, romantic, and super-marvelous consent to pose for informal shots, on the set, at a preview, at a racetrack, restaurant, or party? Such pictures always have a way of appearing in all the fan magazines, and greatly disillusion the dear public who were justly led to believe all is as appears in the silver flickers.

For illustration, we have Carole Lombard (very "high treason," this) in an off shot, looking anything but glamorous, rather skinny and colorless, not at all La Lombard of our fond dreams; Kay Francis, in an unguarded moment, looking all of at least forty years old, plus one double chin; Robert Taylor, a very much unshaven young man (perhaps he's just growing said stubble for his next picture, eh?), not at all romantic; not to mention his constant gal friend, Barbara Stanwyck, looking for all the world like a slightly dowdy school marm; Claudette Colbert, oh, so peaked looking, a small pinched smile on her face, not the pert, comely Claudette of "I Met Him in Paris."

Oh, I could go on and on. Really, the only one I recognize at all is good old homely Spencer Tracy—he at least looks the same in any language.—Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, Rochester, N. Y.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

À la Natural

Now I'm not one of these sticklers for reality so don't get me wrong. I'm a dizzy young thing, chock full of romantic notions, and nothing thrills me so much as a shiek making violent love to a divinely beautiful maiden in the heart of the desert to the accompaniment of dreamy music. But, I say, give us more girls like Carole Lombard who seemingly doesn't give a darn

'N' M E

TRY YOUR LUCK AT WINNING A CASH PRIZE. WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THE STARS AND THE MOVIES YOU SEE?

WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; two second prizes of \$2 each; six prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.



Another fan resents the candid camera, whose relentless frankness catches the stars in unflattering poses.

how she looks but instead concentrates on giving us entertainment with a capital E. You've succeeded, Carole, and how.

Take Susie Glutz, for example. She goes to bed and tosses and tumbles half the night worrying over the unpaid mortgage, but the next morning up she jumps bright as a dewdrop, hair beautifully coiffured and not

a wrinkle in her satin pajamas. Now I ask you is that natural? Of course not, and it simply spoils the picture for me. No one is beautiful all the time and when the star is rumpled and mussed, even as you and I, she seems more warm and human. The picture becomes a reality. We really live it, instead of feeling that it's "just another picture."

Bouquets to Carole Lombard for her naturalness. Ditto for Ann Sothorn and Sylvia Sidney.—Peggy Ruff, Hendersonville, N. C.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Stars as People

According to a recent report made by a Hollywood commentator, the movie executives and directors have put a ban on all publicity dealing with the home life of movie stars.

All I can say is that said executives and directors certainly must underrate the intelligence of the average theatre-goer. A person who is ballyhooed as a lover of everything except a home and family is soon looked upon as a freak.

The lives of glamor girls and matinee idols hardly belong to themselves. They must have publicity to help their star to soar—in fact, to earn a living. Why not, then, have the simple stories that tell of

(Continued on page 108)

WHAT'S BECOME OF THAT NICE MAN?



POOR TUFFIE! YOU MISS JOHN, TOO, DON'T YOU? LISTEN! THERE'S THE PHONE! MAYBE THAT'S JOHN NOW!



NO TUFFIE--JUST THE DENTIST'S OFFICE CALLING ABOUT MY APPOINTMENT. SAY! THAT REMINDS ME OF THOSE BAD BREATH ADS! I WONDER...



YES, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
COMBATS BAD BREATH



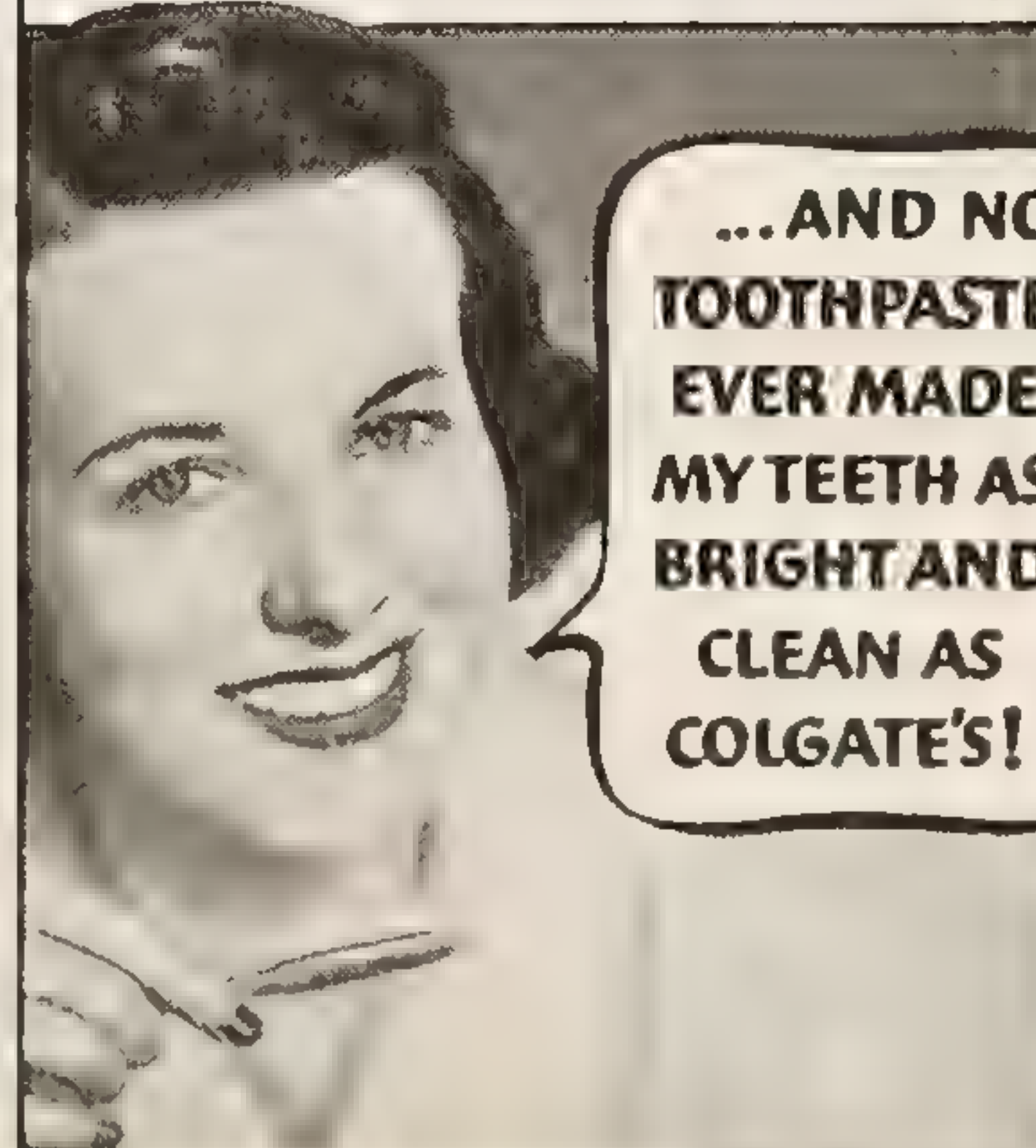
"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

TWO WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED! THERE SHE GOES WITH THAT JOHN MAN AGAIN!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH
BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

SMALL TOWN GIRL

(Continued from page 45)



Have you had the fun and adventure of changing drab frocks to gay ones, making lingerie sparkle? Then hurry out for Rit—its amazing new formula contains "neomerpin"... makes cloth soak up color evenly, beautifully, *without boiling*. You'll find dozens of uses for Rit, all so easy you'll "DYE" LAUGHING!



Never say "Dye"—say RIT!

**MY DENTIST TOLD ME
THAT HEALTHY GUMS MEAN
BRIGHTER TEETH! FORHAN'S
AND MASSAGE HELP ME KEEP
MY GUMS HEALTHY!**



*Even my dentist was
delighted at the im-
provement in my
teeth and my gums!*

Forhan's gum massage makes teeth brighter and helps make gums healthy. For a trial tube, send 10¢ to Forhan's, Dept. 519, New Brunswick, N. J.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS

be," she snapped. "After all, if chance circumstances hadn't taken me away from Fargo eight years ago, that's exactly the life I'd be leading. Yes, and I'd be darned happy in it, too. As it is, I'm more than a little homesick for it all."

"One of Hollywood's chief glamor girls homesick for the prairie? Don't be silly! Besides, you never would have stayed there with your ambitions!"

It was not her ambitions that took her away from Fargo in the first place, Virginia insisted. She did not have any at that time, at least not for the stage or screen. They would not even let her play in the high school dramatic productions, so little did they think of her talents, if any, and she thought less. It was simply a case of the family moving, and daughter Virginia with it. The picture career was accidental, something that just happened.

Virginia, then Virginia Briggs, the most beautiful girl in town, was an eighteen year old graduate of Fargo High School when that well-known depression caught up with her father, Earl F. Briggs, a prominent insurance broker. Not that the family finances were pinched; just that California seemed a better field for his business. And so they moved, bag and baggage, to Los Angeles where Virginia was to enter the University of California at Los Angeles. That was before the school moved to its present elaborate site in Westwood.

She had matriculated, in fact, and was being given a flattering rush by campus sororities when the new world of the screen opened up. Director Harry Beaudine happened to see her on the street, asked her if she worked in pictures. No. Did she want to? Maybe. The upshot was she signed a personal contract with him at \$25 a week.

Her first role was as an extra in a picture starring Madge Bellamy. Virginia remembers meeting another blonde extra in that picture. Her name was Jean Harlow. After that, came a bit part in a Helen Twelveteens story, and then Paramount, at Beaudine's urging, gave her a singing test. Result, a contract and \$75 a week, of which she received one third. She played a lady-in-waiting in Chevalier's "The Love Parade." But chiefly, she says, she was waiting for that \$25 a week contract to expire!

MEANTIME, John Harkrider was scouting for beauties for Sam Goldwyn's "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor. He was scenic designer for Ziegfeld and was on loan to Goldwyn. He considers Virginia the loveliest of all the girls he signed for the picture.

When she was free to make a new contract, Harkrider was back in New York. Virginia wrote him, received a bid, at \$90 a week, to be a Ziegfeld beauty in "Smiles" on Broadway, neatly reversing the Broadway to Hollywood custom. After two shows in New York, she returned to Hollywood and her present M-G-M contract which has built her from comparative obscurity to starring material.

In 1932 she married the late John Gilbert, divorcing him two years later after the birth of her daughter, Susan Ann.

Time passed and Virginia's career continued to skyrocket. Susan Ann grew from a chubby infant into a charming little girl and movie goers became increasingly conscious of the golden beauty which was Virginia's. During those years she went about, of course, but her name was never linked seriously with any man's.

Then came "Bad Man of Brimstone." J. Walter Ruben was assigned to direct this opus and Virginia got the feminine lead. She'd known Ruben for a number of years—casually. They'd been to some of the same parties, had seen each other in night clubs, had danced together and talked about the weather and the picture business.

Working together did something to both of them. Casual acquaintanceship ripened into friendship which, in turn, became a great deal more. Thus it was that love came a second time to Virginia Bruce. You read about her marriage to Ruben. It was one of the most beautiful ceremonies Hollywood has ever witnessed, with little Susan Ann serving as flower girl. It is a marriage based on the sound foundation of mutual respect and friendship as well as mutual affection. It is a marriage which means complete happiness to Virginia.

But it is a different sort of happiness from that which she knew back in the small town of her birth. And she is well aware of that difference.

"You said something about life in Fargo being amusing," Virginia went on. "It would have been for me, but not in the patronizing way you implied. Rather, it would have been fun. Here's why. Here's what would have happened to me if I had stayed there."

TO begin with, I probably would have married, after a year or so at the university," Virginia picked up the story. "His name probably would have been John. My beaux always seemed to have that name, which simplified things in one way. He might have worked in a bank and by this time might be a junior vice-president getting a salary—and quite a handsome one, too, of about \$300 a month."



A dark horse in the race for the part of the sister in "Holiday," Doris Nolan got the job.

"Before I married, in church with white satin, veil, and all the trimmings, I would have been guest of honor at all sorts of hen parties. Kitchen showers, handkerchief showers, odds and ends showers. My engagement would have been announced at a tea.

"After a honeymoon, probably in the Twin Cities (Minneapolis and St. Paul) or Chicago, we would have taken a house on Eighth or Ninth Street, buying it on time. It probably would have been of red brick and not very handsome, architecturally speaking, but sturdily built to keep out the winter cold. Two-story, it might have had seven or eight rooms, a good sized yard, flowers, shrubs and vines on the house. And most certainly it would have had sliding doors on the garage in back.

"In the basement would be a large cool room called the fruit cellar, where jams, preserves, apples and potatoes were stored. The laundry might have been in the basement or on the back porch and the clothes-line would be strung between two wooden poles just close enough to the garage to get the clothes dirty if a stiff breeze came up! John would keep promising to move them and never get around to it. So much for the house.

"We would have had what we call 'the girl.' Her duties encompass everything from cooking, housework and laundry to helping look after the children, and it would never enter her head to expect otherwise. She'd live in the house with us, of course, and her salary would be around twenty-five dollars a month. She could bake marvelous cakes and her chocolate icing would be divine.

"The week would be blocked out and it would take a major catastrophe to deviate from washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, mending on Wednesday, day off on Thursday, cleaning on Friday and baking on Saturday.

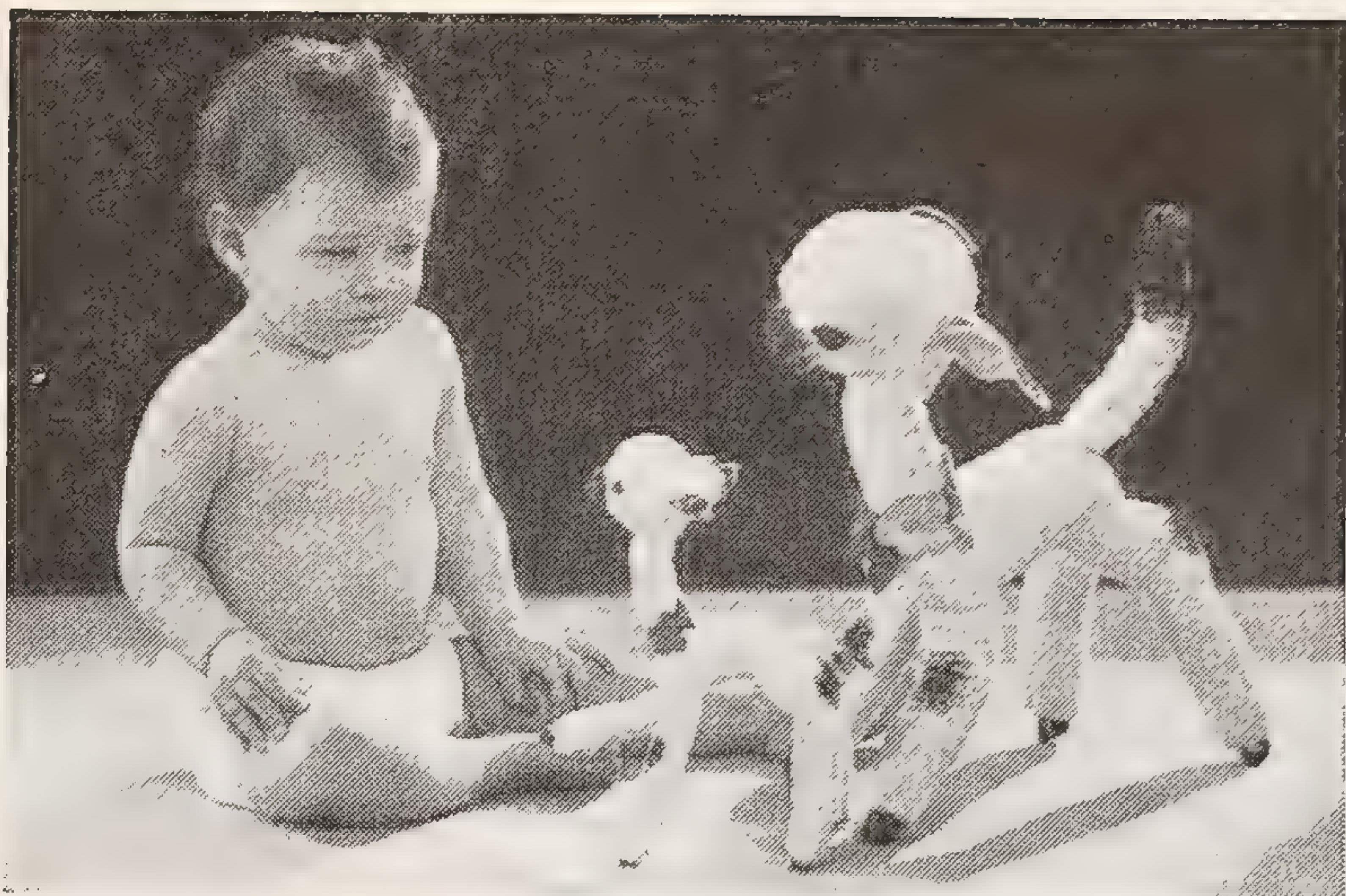
"Week days John would come home for lunch at 12:30 and dinner would be at 6:30. On Sundays dinner would be at 2 o'clock with a roast large enough so Monday's dinner could come out of it, potatoes, two vegetables, a salad and cake. Sunday evenings we'd fix a snack in the kitchen.

"We probably would have three children, one boy named after John's father, one after mine, and a girl whose name would be wholly of my own choosing. They'd have the usual childhood diseases but the family doctor could handle everything nicely. If it was contagious, the children not affected probably would be sent to their grandmother's to stay until the quarantine was lifted.

"John would be at business all day, so I would find ways to occupy my time. Since I can play the piano fairly well, I would have joined the Fine Arts Club and accompanied the soloists. Occasionally I might be asked for a vocal solo myself.

"I would have joined the Women's Club and given papers on current topics when my turn came around. I would have been on committees to sell tickets to lectures by visiting notables. I would have made it a point to develop such small talents as I had for drawing, painting and singing. As it is, my singing is the only thing I've had time to cultivate.

I WOULD have belonged to a foursome or an eightsome which met once a week at our respective homes for bridge in the afternoon, and I'd have racked my brain, every time it was my turn, to figure out something novel to serve for refreshments that were limited to two dishes. We probably would have played for a quarter on the corner, and my winnings would go in a cloisonne box on my dresser for John's Christmas present.



• **"You poor baby lamb! Still got on long woolen underwear! And your mother says she can't help it, you have to wear it. Dear—dear! You'd think you were a black sheep, the way they treat you!"**



• **"Wait—see that beautiful woman over there in the apron? Well, that's my mother! You only have to mention in her hearing that you're somewhat hot and sticky, and she reaches for the Johnson's Baby Powder..."**



• **"Next thing you know, something soft and downy goes tickle-tickle down your back—whee-ee! After that, you can say phooey to rashes and chafes and prickly heat, and play Run, Sheep, Run with the best of them!"**

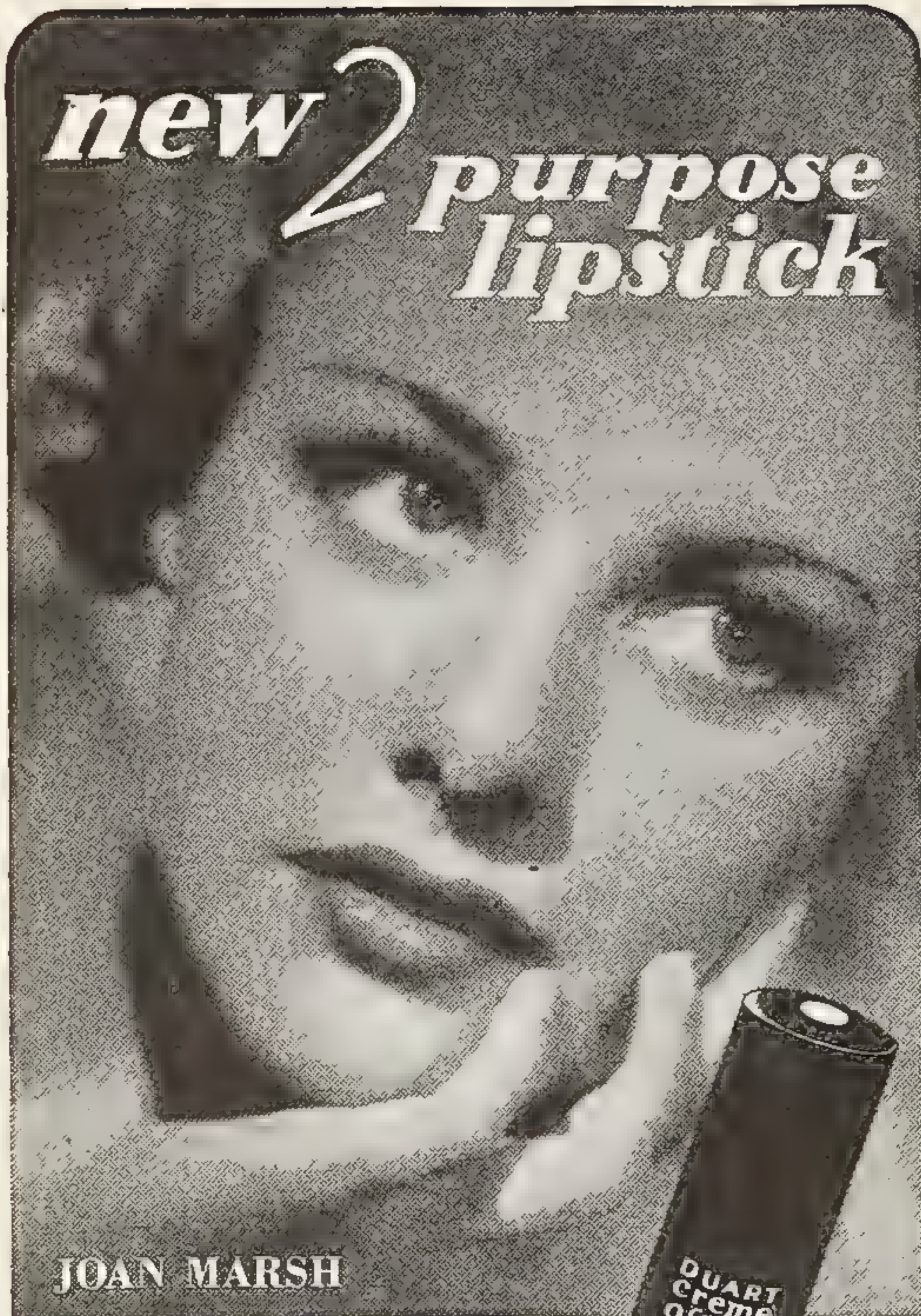


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"I would have bought matched canisters, or embroidered kitchen towels to take to kitchen showers for other brides; and found time to knit a darling sweater or bind a blanket in satin for a baby shower.

"A couple of times a week I might have gone to a matinee movie with my closest girl friend, stopping for a hot fudge sundae afterwards. Clark Gable and Bob Taylor would have thrilled us.

"As far as that goes, the movies would have been our chief diversion in the evening. After the children were put to bed, with 'the girl' left to keep an eye on them, we'd get in the family car (a standard make sedan in the medium price range) and John would drive us to the theatre. If we couldn't find parking space within a few doors, he'd grumble. If a Myrna Loy picture was playing, we'd see it, at John's suggestion, on the opening night.

"Once in awhile we'd play chess at home and raid the ice box for a glass of milk and some sugar cookies before bed. Other nights Joe and Mary Louise would come over for bridge and we'd have a few high-balls during the evening. Every so often there would come one of those nights when John or Joe would insist on mixing some newfangled drink they'd heard about. Usually we'd decide it wasn't much good.

"John's boss and his wife would come for dinner on special occasions and I'd pretend it was nothing to get excited about. But I'd plan the menu for days, get my best monogrammed linen out of its sheafs of blue tissue paper, use my sterling given us for a wedding present by John's parents, and spend an hour arranging the flowers.

"We'd join the B. and B. and have a grand time at the two parties a year it gives. If possible, we'd budget a new

evening dress for me for each party. I'd put the studs and such in John's shirt and help him tie his tie. We'd probably join the Century Club, too. That's another social club.

"Two or three times a year we might go to Minneapolis for the week-end, crowding it with shows, night clubs and hurried shopping.

"On Sunday we'd play tennis, ride horseback, shoot a game of golf or take the children to the farm of a relative for the day. Each summer we'd take a cottage at Pettibone Lodge at the lakes at Shoreham, Minn.

"As for clothes, I'd have the two new evening dresses, skirts and sweaters, a nice tailored suit, a couple of informal afternoon dresses, a dinner dress and maybe a tea dress. Mornings I would wear cute gingham. About every five years I'd have a new fur coat, probably pony skin or caracul, or maybe even squirrel.

"Well, there it is. The girl I would have been, the life I would have lived if I had stayed in Fargo. Amusing? What have I got in Hollywood? A successful director-husband, about eight or ten new evening dresses a year, a house with seven bedrooms and five baths, and four servants. I go to movies, play tennis, dress up for dances. I don't have the time I want with Susan Ann; I'm missing half the fun of her growing up because I have to be at the studio during the day.

"I have fame and more money? Granted. But I also have all the nagging worries, the troubles, the twenty-four-hour-a-day fight to keep what I've won!

"Boil it all down to relative values. Then tell me if I'm winner or loser. Show me where I'm any happier than I would have been in Fargo!"

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 74)

Short Story

Six months ago a prominent film star and a handsome leading man were in the middle of a colossal and terrific romance. She sent him a gift, on which was engraved a history of their dates together. Later, the young man shifted to another gal. After a few months he sent her a very novel gift which pleased her immensely, because on it was engraved the history of their dates together.



Extra! Bob Taylor goes to a night club alone! The event, which should have been recorded for posterity like the footprints at Grauman's Chinese, occurred two nights before Mr. T. made an appearance on the Jack Benny radio show. The unglamorous facts are that he rehearsed late, and dropped in at Ray Haller's for a night cap before going home. And he went home alone, so it's hardly an item.

Count Sheep

The other day we asked Margot Grahame—who should be an expert on the subject—for advice on the care and maintenance of a good figure. There was nothing personal in the question, for our own figure is perfect, but we thought her words might be something every young girl should know. Said Margot: "Don't exercise at all. I never touch the stuff. Sleep till noon when you can, and when you can't, see that you get to bed early the night before." End of quotation.

Hearts and Flowers dept.: Most consistent romance in town is that of Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor. He's her steady fella. The Taylor-Stanwyck alliance remains unchanged. You can see her almost every Wednesday evening, sitting in the back of a darkened theatre, watching him rehearse his radio show. Newest romance has Jon Hall and Frances Langford sharing the billing. They've sneak-previewed it at several local night spots, and the reviewers are already calling it a hit.

Polo Fan

First public appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone since he returned from hospitalization in Baltimore was at the preview of "Adventures of Marco Polo." Our spy, who sat next to Miss Crawford, reports she was completely captivated by the activities of Mr. Polo; so much so that she didn't stop her frantic gum-chewing until the picture was over.



Now that both Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger are practically single, their romance has advanced beyond the rumor stage. As is the case in most well-known Hollywood romances, both principals are trying their best to keep it a secret. At the "Tom Sawyer" preview, for instance, they pulled a surprise end run on photographers and romped across the goal line (Grauman's entrance) without a single flash bulb near them.

(Continued on page 123)

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

(Continued from page 53)

On the appointed day they stepped out on the dance floor. Somehow, they got through with it. The customers, largely recruited from among their friends and their friends' friends, applauded. Johnson and Murphy had brought them in, so the management was satisfied. And by the end of the six weeks' engagement, they were winning plaudits even from strangers.

To follow their fight for recognition is to follow a monotonous succession of hopes and disappointments, of jobs promised and withdrawn, of engagements filled and not paid for, of money spent to buy new dance routines, of practice to perfect their technique. There was the time when they knew that, unless something broke by the end of the week, Julie would have to go back to Detroit and George to Wall Street. Julie was trying to keep her tears from spotting the lingerie she was packing, when George waltzed in, yelling: "The fort is saved." There was the blessed time when they worked with George Olsen for two solid years.

JULIE soon took over the business end. George was a fiend for work. George was a marvel at thinking up snappy routines. But when some manager, choked to the gills with coin, would pour a hard luck tale into George's ear, George would weep for him. "The guy's in a spot," he'd tell Julie. "We've got to play ball with him." Wise Julie played ball, till George discovered for himself a couple of times, who was in the spot. Thereafter he told the managers: "Go cry on Julie's shoulder. Mine has a headache. He was, and still is, temperamentally incapable of driving a bargain. He wanted to work. Try as he would, he couldn't lash himself into a lather over whether he worked for five dollars or twenty-five.

From the day when he realized that he couldn't bear to have Julie in Florida, with himself in New York, he'd known he wanted her to be his wife. He suspected she knew it too. He hadn't said anything because he was waiting for that visionary day when he could afford to marry. They'd been dancing together for a year and a half, and the day seemed as far off as ever. George suddenly decided he could wait no longer.

When Julie's around, he tells the story of his proposal this way: "I pulled the old gag about two living cheaper than one. She laughed. Three times I asked her to marry, and she turned me down. Finally I said: 'Nuts, we'll forget about it!' Then Julie got interested."

Her blue eyes dance, but she refuses to confirm or deny the story.

They didn't want to go on being just a dance team. Their object was to break into a show.

Their chance finally came with the London production of "Good News." They'd been playing for a week when the leading man was fired, and the part given to George. "Wait till we ram this down their throats in New York," he said, seated for the first time before an array of make-up cream. "Say, which of these things do you smear on your face first?"

Before the run was over, they received a cabled offer to do a show in New York. They were to be back by Christmas. That would give them time to see England, which they did in style. Why hoard money, with a show on Broadway waiting to welcome them in?

What welcomed them as they stepped off the gangplank was the news that the show



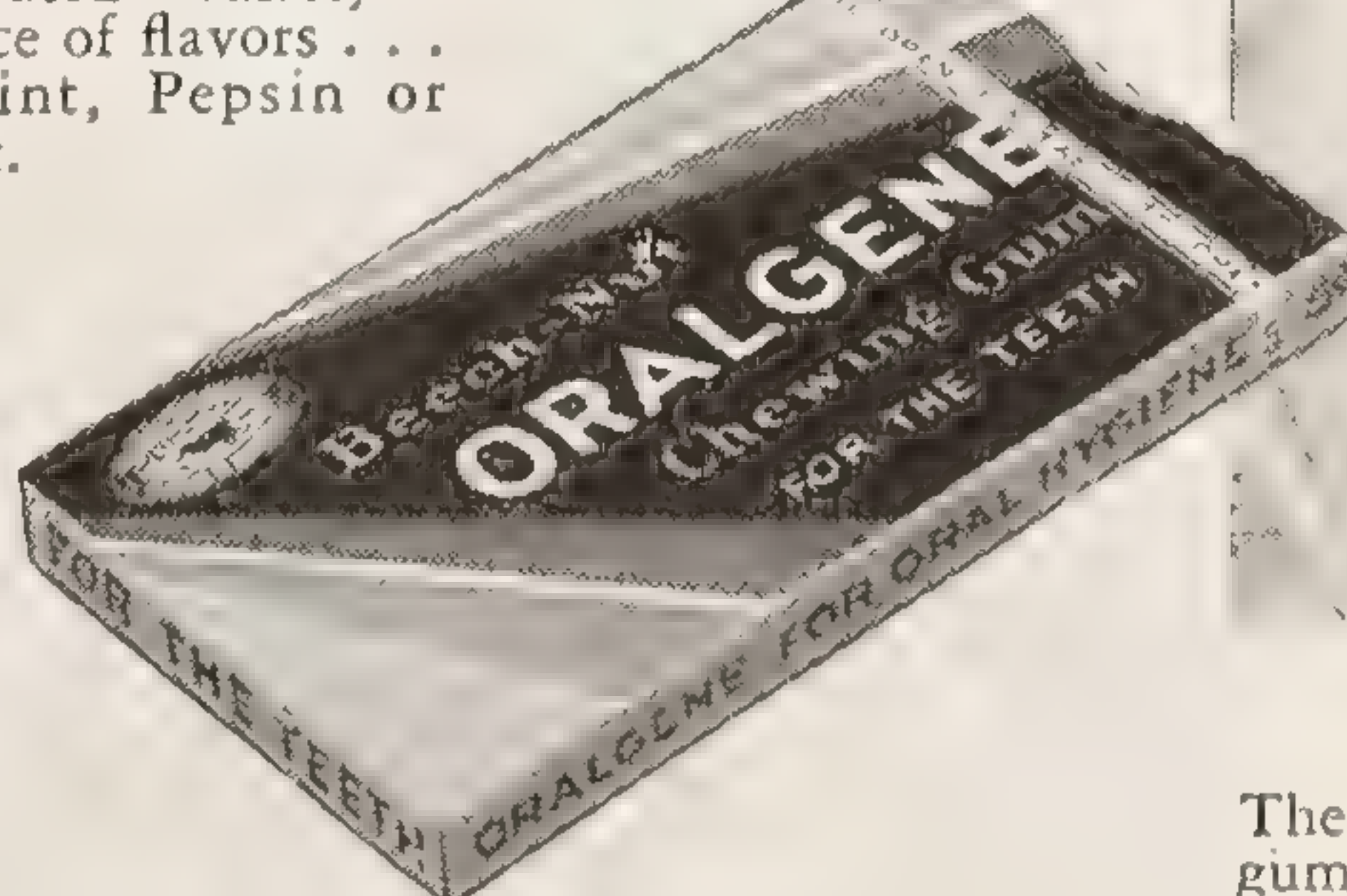
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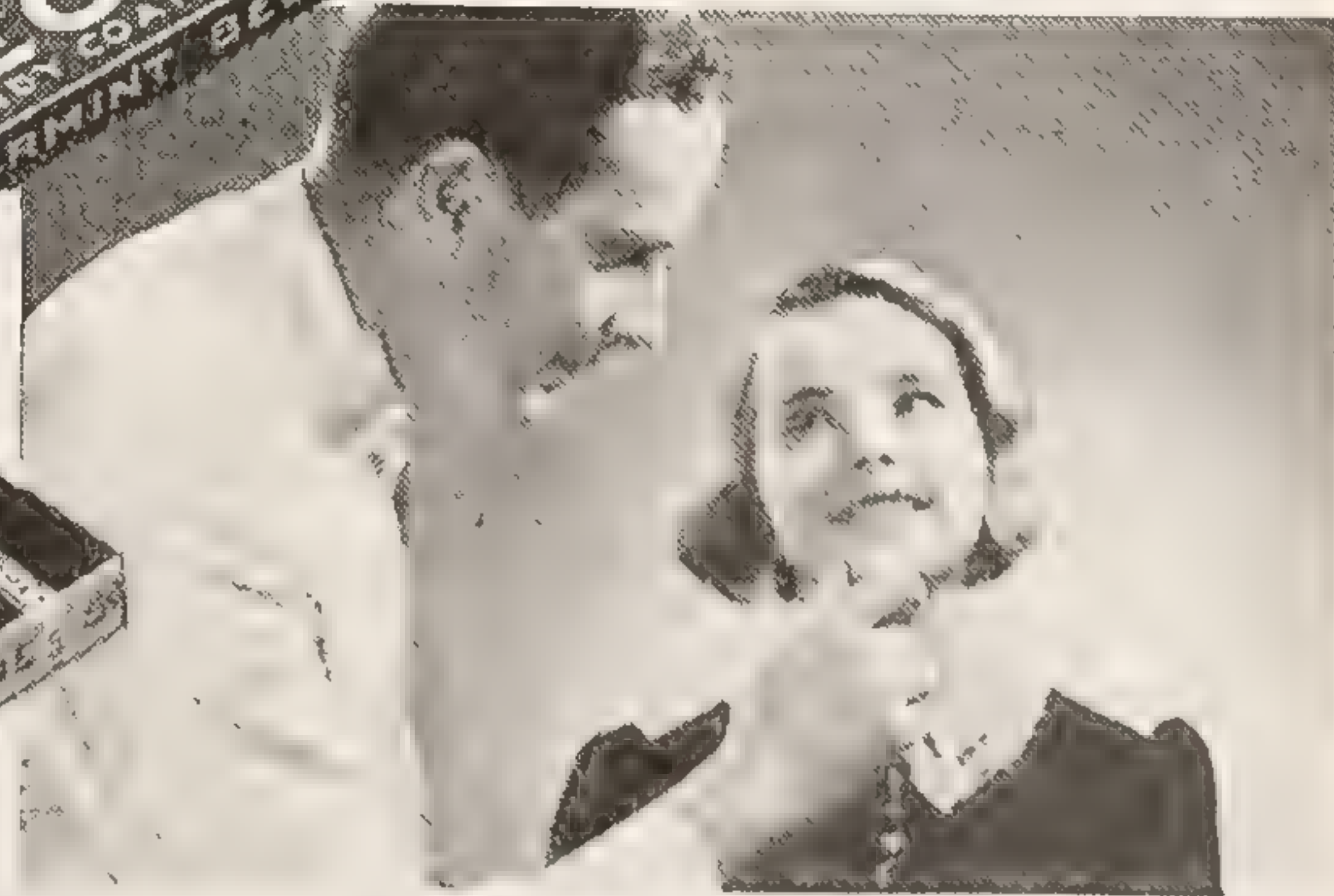
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LOSE BAD BREATH—
*keep
your friends*

In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

So keep regular. And if you need to assist Nature, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This mild laxative brings relief, yet is always gentle. Extremely important, too, is the mild stimulation it gives the flow of bile from the liver, without the discomfort of drastic, irritating drugs. That's why millions use Olive Tablets yearly. At your druggists, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

had blown up. The weary round began again. "You're a dance team," said the producers. "We played 'Good News' in London," said George. "Is that so?" said the producers. "We didn't see you."

It took Heywood Broun, that discerning journalist, to recognize comedy talent without waiting for somebody else to tell him about it. He spotted the two in scene after scene throughout his co-operative show, "Shoot the Works." The producers came, and the rest was plain sailing.

They worked in "Of Thee I Sing" and in "Roberta," but Julie didn't keep her "Roberta" part. She'd been cast as the menace. "And," says George, "she was so much cuter and better-looking than the lead that they fired her."

IN the heat of resentment he wanted to throw up his job, too. "Now wouldn't that be silly?" she smiled. She was really smiling. He searched her blue eyes for a trace of hurt, and couldn't find it. "You know I never cared about all this except as a means to an end. Maybe it's come."

"What's come?"

"What we've always been talking about. The time when you'd bread-win alone, and I'd be the little woman at home."

"And you'll be just as well satisfied?"

"Better."

She's stuck to that. George's path led to Hollywood, via Sam Goldwyn, who saw a test he'd made to oblige a friend. There was no dancing in it. It was a comedy scene, topped by a song, so Goldwyn spotted him for a song in "Kid Millions." A contract with Columbia was followed by one with Metro. But his career languished till Universal borrowed him for "Top of the Town." Preview night came, and the plaudits next morning were all for an engaging personality named George

Murphy. "Broadway Melody" sent his stock soaring still higher, and the lead opposite Alice Faye in Universal's "Young Man's Fancy" bids fair to do the rest.

The day after "Top of the Town" was previewed, came an irate wire from Goldwyn: "Why in blazes didn't you tell me you could dance?"

How Sam had escaped that knowledge it's hard to say. One of the pleasantest sights at the Troc of an evening was that of George and Julie dancing together. Without any such intention on their part, it would often resolve itself into an exhibition performance. People instinctively stepped back, as they always will, to watch perfection. Again and again, when they'd returned to their table, a message would be delivered to Julie. Would she make a movie test? The answer has always been no, thank you.

Temperamentally different, they are alike in sharing warm hearts and a sense of fun. Their's is one of the few Hollywood households where friends stop by without phoning first. A crowd will drop in, and presently Julie's at the piano, playing the old songs. "Time to make a break," someone will say at midnight. "Remember this one?" George cuts in, and at two in the morning they're still remembering.

They delight in poking fun at each other. George, for instance, is an excellent raconteur, but his stories have a tendency to go on. "He's off again," Julie sighs. But let someone else venture a similar remark, and she's up in arms. "Who can tell a story better than Murph?" she flares.

It's easy to see why he stirs the protective instinct. He's the kind who treasures his friends above everything else. He couldn't sleep one night because a gossip writer had compared him favorably with Astaire. He was all for rushing down to



Cesar Romero, Number One ladies' man of the film colony, shares himself between June Lang and Ethel Merman, who don't seem to mind.

proffer his apologies to Fred. "They're crazy," he kept yelling. "I couldn't touch that guy in a million years."

They can find food for laughter where the more heavyhanded would find only grief. They were expecting guests for dinner just after Christmas last year, when Julie conceived the notion of burning the branches of the Christmas tree in the fireplace. "Make the house smell nice."

"Sure," agreed George, on his way up to the shower.

A few minutes later he heard her call pleasantly, "We're on fire, Murph," then, after a second's pause: "Lord, we *are* on fire."

With a towel draped round his midsection, he dashed out, discovered that the blaze was spreading merrily by way of the vines covering the house, and rushed for the extinguishers. Meantime Julie was calling the Hollywood fire department. "You're in Beverly Hills, lady," they told her. "We can't come." Beverly Hills told her to apply to the county. The county told her she lived in Hollywood.

"What do I call next?" she asked her husband, who by now was playing the hose over the vines. Inside they heard the phone ring, and the voice of their domestic drawing: "Mrs. Murphy's residence. No, Mrs. Murphy can't come to the phone just now. We're having a fire."

Eventually, three fire companies and the bewildered dinner guests arrived at the same moment.

They've recently bought their own house in Beverly Hills, the first they've ever owned. Rather than furnish it with stuff they could afford but couldn't love, they're doing it piecemeal. They're making progress, though. They've got the kitchen, the maid's room and two bedrooms done, and they've started on the dining room.

JULIE'S the servant expert. But it was George who picked the pair that now form their staff. He got home one evening to find them in the kitchen, being interviewed. Having viewed no more than the back of their heads, he gave Julie a violent nod and said: "You're hired."

"What did you do that for?" his wife inquired, when the couple had retired beaming.

"He was a prizefighter."

"How do you know?"

"Cauliflower ear." He strode to the door, and called after the man: "When did you quit fighting?"

The answer boomed back on a chuckle. "Three years ago."

"See?" exulted George. "If he's got sense of humor enough to be a prizefighter, I want him around, even if he doesn't work so well."

The incident which best illustrates their relationship happened at the Cocoanut Grove, where George was about to make a personal appearance. Julie was at a table with some friends. As the time for George's appearance drew near, one of them noticed that Julie was turning pale green. She waved their concern away. "It'll pass," she murmured. "I know how nervous Murph is. I'm just sick with sympathy."

George came on, smiled at Julie, and started his song. Two minutes later Julie relaxed and her face was restored to its natural color.

Feeling sick with sympathy for your husband may not sound on the face of it, especially romantic. Maybe romantic isn't the word for the Murphys, after all. It smacks of puppy love. What they share goes deeper than roses drenched in moonlight. It's the kind of thing which makes a sacrament instead of a farce of the promise, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness, in health, till death do us part."



New Cooling ICE Deodorant goes on like a vanishing cream—checks perspiration instantly

IT'S HERE AT LAST! The perfect answer to the complaints of fastidious women about old-fashioned cream deodorants. An ICE DEODORANT that vanishes without leaving the slightest trace of grease or stickiness! Yet checks perspiration the minute you put it on!

The new Odorono ICE is based on an entirely new principle. It's actually *cooling* and *refreshing* to the skin! Dainty and easy to use. Smooth it on—it liquefies and vanishes as you apply it! With-

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*** ODO-RO-NO ICE**
NON-GREASY

THOSE HOLLYWOOD MEN

(Continued from page 55)

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CLEAN
IS THE
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No AMOUNT of unpleasant scrubbing and scouring can keep a toilet bowl *really* clean. Because you cannot reach the hidden trap, under the bowl. SANI-FLUSH is made scientifically to clean toilets better—and without any work.

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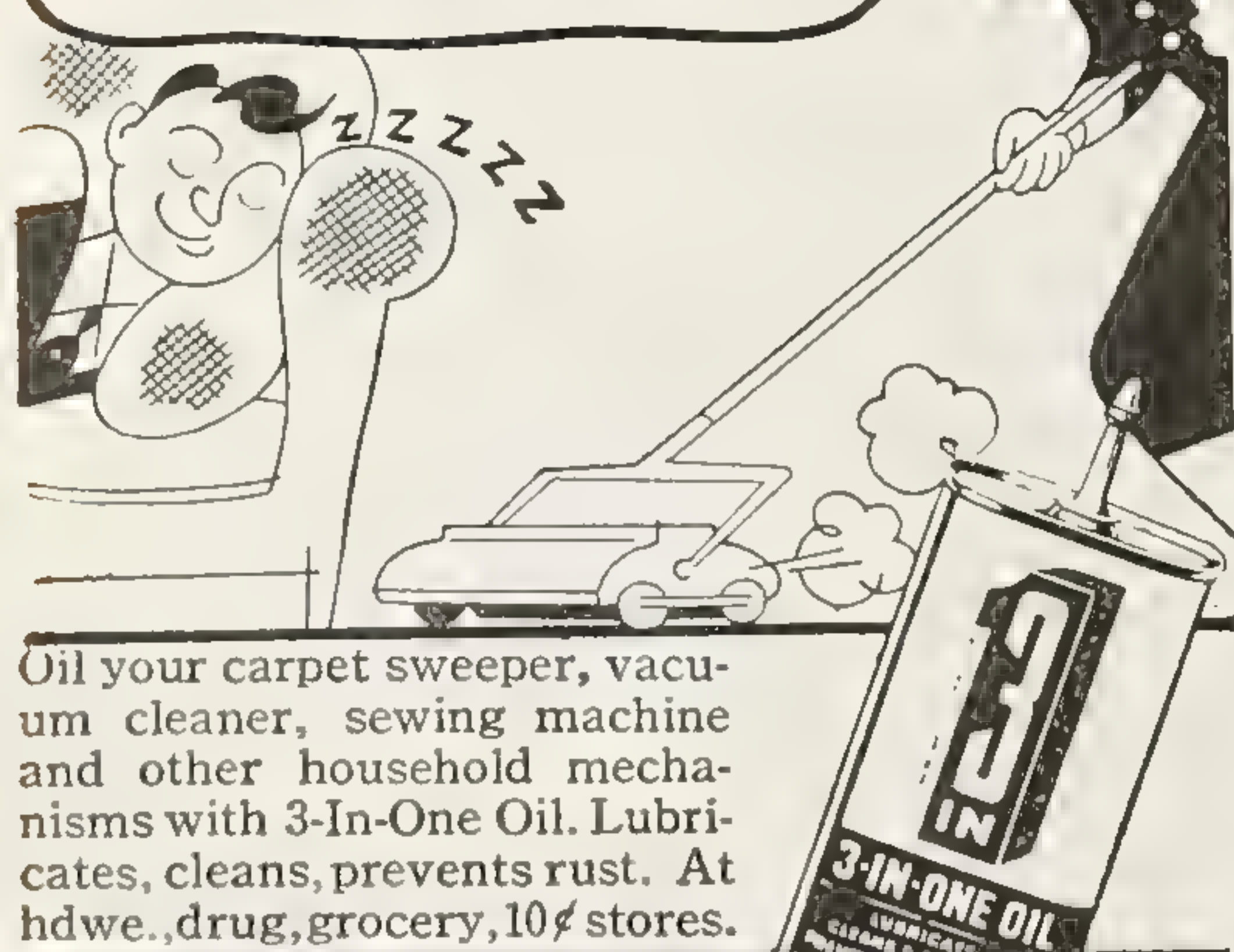
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Hollywood men?" I asked, gasping a little with surprise because Florence's words were not the ones which I had expected to hear.

"There's nothing wrong with the men, except that there aren't enough of them to go around," Florence told me. "The question is, where are those romantic, handsome Hollywood men whom that girl is hoping to see? Look around and you'll discover for yourself how few eligible males there are in town. Almost all the actors and writers and practically all the producers and directors are married. The eligible girls outnumber the men at least seven to one. So far as I can see, there's less chance for romance in Hollywood, the supposed land of romantic adventure, than in the average American city or town."

Florence is the sort of girl who is made for romance, a magazine-cover kind of girl with burnished gold hair and deep, blue eyes and a soft, rounded slenderness. The room in which we were sitting was a perfect setting for the girl and for romance—deep rugs, low chairs, bowls of roses and the glowing fire. Yet Florence told me seriously that, during the two and a half years which she has spent in Hollywood, romance has not once entered her life in any important way.

OTHER girls, young, lovely, successful, glamorous Hollywood women, complain of the dearth of eligible males. So, that afternoon, listening to Florence's voice, I made a mental count of the unmarried young men in the film colony. There is Robert Taylor, of course, but his devotion to Barbara Stanwyck immediately eliminates him from the field. George Raft pays attention only to Virginia Peine. Clark Gable, who is practically, if not technically, free, is devoted solely to the blonde and gay Carole Lombard. That leaves only a scant handful of heart whole and fancy free young men, among them Jimmy Stewart, Nelson Eddy, Michael Bartlett, George Brent, Lee Tracy and Cesar Romero. The ranks of the eligible writers and directors are even more discouragingly thin.

"It's not so bad for the very young girls in their 'teens," Florence was saying when I stopped counting. "There are a comparatively large number of boys, just beginning their careers of acting or writing or working in the technical branches of the picture business. But for girls like this Kansas Mary or like me, girls in their middle twenties, there aren't nearly enough men to go around. We're too old for the boys and too young for the retired widowers who make Hollywood a playground."

"Please don't think that I'm complaining," Florence said with a sudden little gurgle of laughter. "I'm not worried about Hollywood's manless condition. I'm not the lonely kind of person. I have a few good friends, mostly married couples. I have all the fun and companionship I need or want. Besides, I'm not thinking of romance now. The main thing that interests me is my work. I think that most of the girls, who are struggling for success, feel as I do. Some day, of course, we'll want romance. That's only natural. But, when we do, we'll be lucky if we find it in California."

Florence had her share of romance before she came to Hollywood. Her name has been linked romantically with a dozen young men during the short, crowded years since she made her theatrical debut in "June Moon."

"I'm a deep-dyed romantic at heart," she confessed. "Since I started school I have always been falling either in or out of love. At first it was with the brothers of my school mates. Then, after I went on the stage, it was with the young men whom I met at parties and with the sons of my father's friends, Ring Lardner, Junior, Owen Davis, Junior, and Phillips Holmes, among them."

When she was eighteen years old, Florence put away her school books and firmly announced that she wanted to be an actress. Her father confided her desires to one of his good friends, Ring Lardner, who was writing a play, "June Moon," destined to be one of Broadway's greatest successes. Mr. Lardner wrote in a small part for the daughter of his friend and Florence played the role on Broadway for many long, successful months.

TOWARD the end of the "June Moon" engagement, when Florence was nineteen, she met the attractive and charming Sidney Smith, one of the most popular figures of both Broadway and Park Avenue. Their romance was a hectic, exciting, breathtaking affair and, as soon as "June Moon" closed for the summer, they were married.

But, like so many youthful, tumultuous marriages, theirs was doomed to failure. It lasted exactly three months. Then they separated. Florence returned to the home of her parents and to a winter of fun and dancing and gay parties. That was the hectic era of cocktail parties and tea dances and velvet-shrouded speakeasies and all the forced gaiety which New York wore to cover the first shock of the stock market crumble. Florence was the gayest of the gay, her father's brilliant and interesting friends opening wide their doors to his lovely daughter.



The starry babes of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, get a trip to New York.

"When that year was ended, I had made up my mind," Florence said. "I knew that I didn't want an idle, useless, fun-filled life. So I decided to try to find another job on the stage. This time I didn't go to Dad or to any of his friends. I was determined to paddle my own canoe. For weeks I made the rounds of the agencies and, finally, I landed a very small part in another big success, 'Once In A Lifetime.' After that I joined a stock company for the summer and played everything from maids, with one line to speak, to ingenue leads. I learned more in those few months than I could have learned in a year on Broadway, playing one small part."

When the stock company closed, Florence went back to job-hunting. After weeks of searching, she found a job in the New York production, "She Loves Me Not," found it solely and entirely by her own efforts, without the help of her influential father or his influential friends. It was during the run of "She Loves Me Not," that talent scouts from Hollywood discovered her, tested her and offered her a contract with the Columbia Studio. So Florence packed her trunks and departed for Hollywood.

Her first appearance in pictures was in a small role in "Carnival" with Lee Tracy. But, brief as was that part, people noticed the lovely girl with the clear voice and the slender, blonde grace. From that part she stepped immediately into leading roles in a dozen small pictures.

"I was pretty discouraged," she told me, remembering those early days. "It looked as if I might go on and on forever, getting nowhere, doing merely second-rate parts. Dad offered to help me, but I wouldn't let him do anything for me. I was so terribly anxious to make good by my own efforts. Finally, I left Columbia and free lanced. I managed to get a test for the leading feminine role in 'Sworn Enemy' at Metro. The test was successful and I was given the part. That was the beginning of my new lease on life, my new contract and my new hopes for the future. So you can see why I haven't time to worry about the lack of romance in my life."

"There is one thing about Hollywood to which I can't become accustomed, however. That's going to public places, unescorted. Of course, I can understand why it's necessary. With the dearth of men, the girls would have to stay home forever, if they waited for escorts. This lack of men has developed a splendid self-reliance and independence and self-sufficiency in the Hollywood girls, however. There are no clinging vines among the unattached Hollywood women. It's every girl for herself with a free field and no rules. They all are on their toes always, alert, wide-awake, vital."

"I honestly pity the Hollywood men more than the girls. Suppose the conditions were reversed and there were seven free men to every woman. Imagine how we'd feel in the mad scramble for our companionship. The amazing thing is the way in which the men manage to keep their heads and their sense of humor. But I notice that they usually attach themselves as quickly as possible to one girl. That's the greatest protection they can find. Only a few hardy souls, like Nelson Eddy and Jimmy Stewart and Lee Tracy, dare to play the field. It's an exciting game, both to play and to watch from the sidelines."

Suddenly Florence smiled and her eyes crinkled with laughter.

"Maybe I won't advise that Mary to stay in Kansas," she said, "after all, she might be one of the lucky ones to find real romance in Hollywood. While there's life, there's hope, you know."

*Women
on the go*

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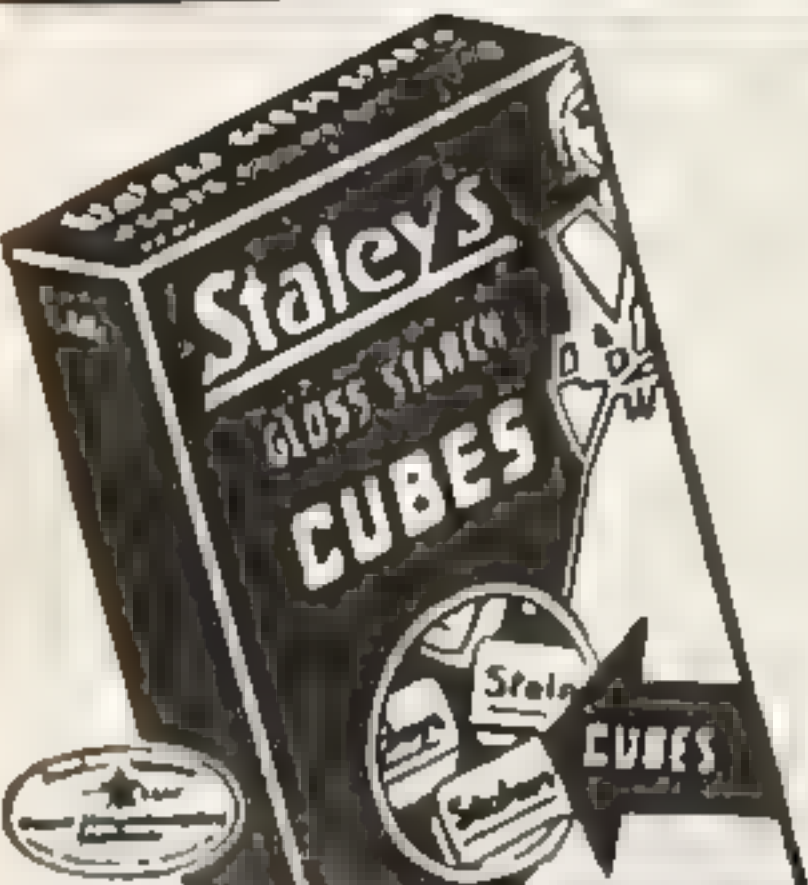
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ASK YOUR GROCER

VANISHING AMERICAN

(Continued from page 54)

but I've never forgotten his opening lines. 'Young man,' he said, 'we're either going to make a man or a damned fool out of you, and it's going to be decided right now.' I've forgotten the rest of the speech, but not how it made me feel—pretty cheap, I can tell you, standing there digging my toe into the carpet.

"But whatever he said or did never made any difference in the way I felt for him. I loved him but, besides that, I never disliked him, if you know what I mean. You know, even people you love sometimes do things you find yourself disliking them for. But when Dad corrected me, I always knew it was for my own good."

Father and son were particularly close. They liked the same things, and liked to do them together. The elder Foster taught the boy to hunt, bought him his first gun, made him his first fishing-rod. Preston still has it. The one thing he wouldn't teach him was to swim. The father had dreamed that his first child would be a son, and that he would die by drowning. When half of the dream came true, he tried to keep the boy from the water. As well try to keep a fish. From then till now docks, boats, the sea, have been his ruling passion. He haunted the piers, and at seven decided that one day he would own a motorboat. Today he owns the best power cruiser on the market, and spends there every moment he can steal from his work.

HIS two remaining ambitions were born in church, where he sang in the choir and listened with awe and admiration to the rumbling notes of a bass singer, over six feet tall. He vowed that some day he would be over six feet tall and a bass singer. The former end he achieved without a struggle. By the time he was seventeen and in his junior year at high school, he was growing impatient to do something about the latter, though he felt he might have to abandon the bass idea and compromise on a baritone.

His father was opposed to his leaving school.

"But this stuff I'm studying won't help me to be a singer," he protested.

"Plenty of time for that, if that's what you're going to be, after you graduate. Anyway, I don't hold with this singing business. Land you in the theatre. What kind of work is that for a man?"

But here his mother came unexpectedly to the rescue. "He's been taught what's wrong and what's right, and what he makes of himself is up to himself. I daresay there's many a good man in the theatre business," she declared mildly.

However, his father remained adamant on the subject of school. So Preston took his own way out. He neglected his work, he became obstreperous, he organized a systematic method of annoying the authorities, till they finally told him, "Behave or get out."

Bearing this ultimatum as if it were a hallowed treasure, he returned to his father. "Better let me quit, Dad, before they throw me out. Think of the blot on the honored name of Foster," he grinned.

"And Dad," he recalls, "said, 'Young man, this' and 'Young man, that', but at last he said yes."

The nearest he could get to a singing job was packing Victrola records. He thought at first it might be a good omen, but he gave the omen the go-by when he decided that the excelsior dust was ruining his vocal chords. There was no dust at the shipbuilding corporation where he next got a job as a clerk. There was a girl, though, named Gertrude Warren. (He calls her True now.) They couldn't marry yet, of course. He had to save his money for singing lessons.

He took them for eight months. Then he told his teacher: "I know enough now. I'm going to New York and try my luck."

The teacher flung up his hands in horror. "You've got to study and study."

"Can't wait," smiled Preston and went to New York, where the only offer he got was to sing with a quartette at \$35 a week. This, he thought, smacked of a chorusman's job and was far beneath him. So he went back home.

What becomes of old tennis balls in Hollywood? Una Merkel feeds them to "Shanty" and "Jock," her two pet Scotties.

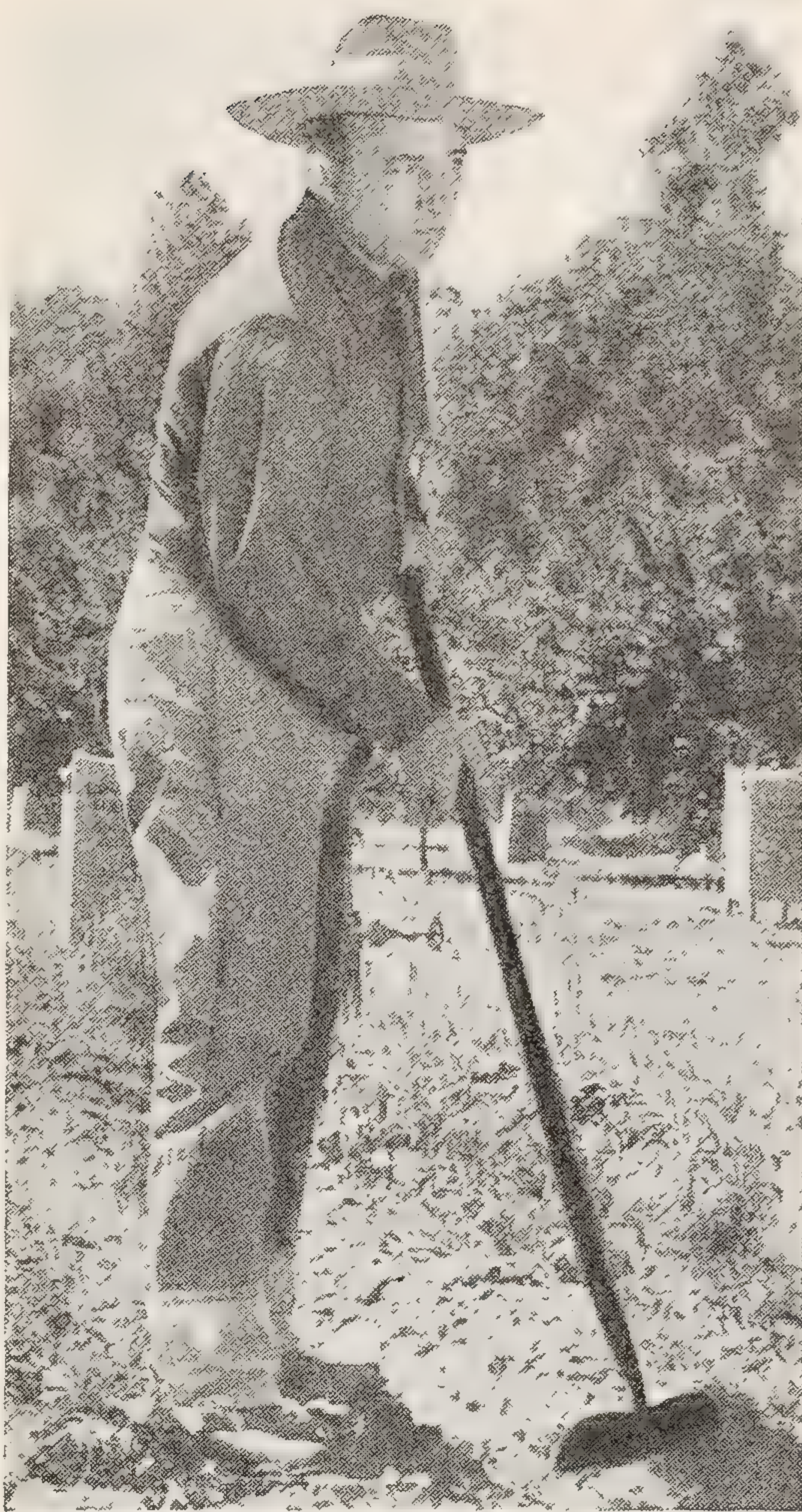


The next few years were a monotonous record of being hired and fired. The town knew him as "that crazy Foster boy who wanted to be a singer and wanted to be an actor and didn't know what he wanted." They didn't understand that there boiled within him a fierce, if inarticulate, need to expand beyond the limits of clerking or truckdriving. To them he was just a ne'er-do-well who couldn't keep a job. Even True's family eyed him askance. "I was nothing a mother wanted for her girl," he says cheerfully. His own family, doubtful of the wisdom of his course, still continued to believe in him, however.

PRESENTLY he himself began doubting the wisdom of his course. Anyway, he wanted to marry True. He was given a second chance on a newspaper he'd already been fired from, "and this time, by golly, I stuck. True and I were married and I told myself I was going to forget show business, quit singing, and buckle down to harness. And I did, for almost two years."

The cloud on the tranquil horizon appeared in the shape of an Italian singer, "who got me all steamed up again. He sent me to the maestro of a little opera company he was interested in, and this guy put me in the chorus. Then someone took sick, and he gave me small parts to sing. My chest went out. I was still on the paper, but began neglecting my work, and first thing I knew, I was out on my ear."

True didn't say much, but she couldn't help seeing which way the wind blew. Then "The Miracle" came to Philadelphia, and Foster got a job in the chorus. Morris Gest singled him out from among the others, and told him he might have a job for him some day. Foster figured that



The Crosby vocal chords get a rest as Bing dons his blue jeans and gives his hands a workout.

really made him an actor. He raced home in a fever. Nothing could stop him now.

With fifty dollars in his pocket, he crossed the river to New York and called on an agent he knew. "There's a piece called 'The New Moon' with a part open. Go down and see them."

The producer took one look at him and said, "That's the guy. Here, read this." He read two lines and they gave him the air.

"I had it cinched," he says, "the thing I'd been dreaming about. I had it in my pocket, and then I didn't have it. I got my chance and I wasn't good enough. When a thing like that happens to you, you either give up or else you get fighting mad. I got fighting mad. I had fifty bucks. When that was gone, I told myself, I'd wash windows. But I wouldn't leave that town till it gave me a job."

As he entered the agent's office a few days later, that gentleman eyed him speculatively. "There's a part I think you can fill. All they want is somebody six feet tall. There won't be any lines to wreck yourself on. It's a deaf and dumb Chinaman."

He got the part. Five minutes later an excited young man was phoning his wife in New Jersey that he had a job at fifty dollars a week. It was a mystery play called "The Silent House," and it ran for six months. He understudied three long speaking parts, and spent his days hoping to heaven someone would get sick. No one did. He decided that acting was a cinch, compared to singing. The show closed and he got another part with Lionel Atwill. He became stage manager at a hundred a week. His wife joined him. Atwill grew interested in him, coached

(Continued on page 100)

What a moment to lose S.A.

*[STOCKING APPEAL]

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ACCENT ON SPRING

B Y A N N W I L L S



ACCENT ON Spring! In this new season of 1938, this means, according to Hollywood's best designers—accent on naturalness, gayety, youth, and femininity! Which ought to be pleasing news to all you gals who like your clothes to be flattering as well as smart. If you're young, feminine, with an eye for color, then this Spring's styles were just made for you.

Hollywood expresses femininity and naturalness through fitted lines and soft draping. Youth and gayety are stressed through the use of brilliant

colors, brief skirts, bolero and jacket frocks, wide-brimmed and chin-strap chapeaux, or the three "B's" that are film-land's favorites—berets, beanies and babushkas.

Very smart, wearable and typical of Spring were the costumes worn by Joan Perry and Gertrude Niesen in their recent college picture, "Start Cheering." Most of these were two or three piece in contrasting or harmonizing colors, with straight, short skirts, gay print blouses and tricky little jackets trimly tailored, but with attention

Marjorie Weaver's black dress features a mottled leather belt which matches her peaked hat of stitched straw. On her high-placed double flap pockets, she wears one of the popular "head hunter" clips.



Joan Perry wears an all purpose three-piece sports suit made of closely woven nubby wool. The hip-length coat, with its slightly full shoulder line and straight, slim sleeves, has deep lapels and four patch-pockets.

to smart detail in their unusual buttons and fastenings, novel treatment of sleeves, neckline and waist, so they might be worn for almost any type of daytime occasion.

Another type of all-around utility costume is the three-piece sports suit which Joan Perry models for you here. If you have no use for a man-tailored suit because you live in the country, or because your activities are such that you're either all dressed up or in sports clothes—then what you need most is an all-purpose suit like Joan's. It looks very much like an expensive imported tweed and gives the same effect of casual elegance. But in reality, it's made of closely woven nubby wool. Four colors are combined in this ensemble, with grey predominant. The hip-length coat is a black, grey and red mixture, with deep lapels and four patch pockets placed so that their stripes run across the stripes on the coat, for contrast. The shoulder line is slightly full, the sleeves straight and slim. Joan's sweater, of a matching grey, boasts a tiny white piqué collar, while her white hankie tucked into the jacket pocket is an extra touch to carry out the color scheme. The closely knit skirt with its deep centre pleat is also of grey. Black accessories, gabardine and kid pumps and kid belt, complete the costume.

The beauty of a suit like this is its versatility, for it can be combined with other blouses, skirts and jackets in your wardrobe. For days in the country and spectator sports events, it is worn as is, with the sweater blouse, black classic felt hat and black pull-on gloves. When it goes to town for the day, the jacket and skirt are worn with a tailored silk blouse, white or red, and a soft felt hat with a red quill feather. With formal accessories, a small fur scarf may be worn. And, incidentally, if you want to be "ultra-ultra,"

be sure to wear the new delicately meshed lisle hose with your tweeds and knit dresses for both town and country.

THOSE of you who are strictly city-dwellers, however, will find more use for the formal man-tailored suit, a perfect example of which is worn by Gail Patrick in "Dangerous to Know." This is the type of suit that will be chosen for street wear by smart metropolitans from Fifth Avenue to Hollywood Boulevard.

With Paris and Hollywood both crying, "Color!" what are we who have to count our pennies going to do about it? We can't go out and choose five or ten different costumes in our favorite colors, with as many pairs of shoes, hats and gloves to match. But we are living in a wonderful age—the age of the Accessory Dress, which allows us, when Fashion clamors for color, to keep up with the best of them. We take a simple dark dress, made on the lines most becoming to our own individual figures, and we use this as a foil for the newest shades on the color chart, sometimes cleverly combining as many as three different colors in our accessory scheme.

Just such a basic dress is the one shown here by Marjorie Weaver, whom you will soon see in "Kentucky Moonshine." Marjorie sets off her short-sleeved black dress with accessories of Sierra beige, a warm golden tone. The belt is of mottled leather, matching her peaked hat of stitched straw; the buttons are bone. On one of the high-placed double flap pockets she wears a black enamel "head hunter" clip with gold tassels hanging from the ears and a gold ring in the nose.

It would take very little effort or expenditure to make this into a completely different ensemble. New buttons, belt and hat create an entirely new effect.

AND little touches of originality like Marjorie's unusual clip go a long way toward enhancing the basic frock. Just wander along the jewelry counter in the five and ten, and you'll see all sorts of fascinating pins and clips—beetles and delightfully ugly spiders, gay flower combinations, clusters of colorful little Tyrolean hats, little tinkling bells, tiny wooden shoes. Make a collection of these and clip them to your dresses and hats. Make yourself a smart brass-studded sports belt by joining together two dog collars in the same or contrasting colors, bought at the five and dime for less than fifty cents!

The problem of having enough changes of hats should hold no fears for those of you who share Hollywood's fondness for the "beanie," or calot. And then, too, there's the babushka, that cute little bonnet which ties under the chin. Not only are they worn for evening as a hood, and with active sports costumes, but you can also wear them with your afternoon and street dresses—and here's the secret. Instead of tying the strings under your chin, bring them around to the back of your head, tie them in a tiny bow, and presto! you've a fetching little bonnet. By tacking on a circular veil, you can be even more dressy.

Briefly, here is all you have to do to present to your public an appearance that is smart and distinctive. Study the general style trends as you see them in the magazines, newspapers and on the screen. Choose those that are most becoming and which will be of the greatest service to you. Then make these styles individually *yours* by little touches of originality such as those I have suggested. Just dust off your imagination, and you will be surprised at the very charming results you can achieve!

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About," says—"I use
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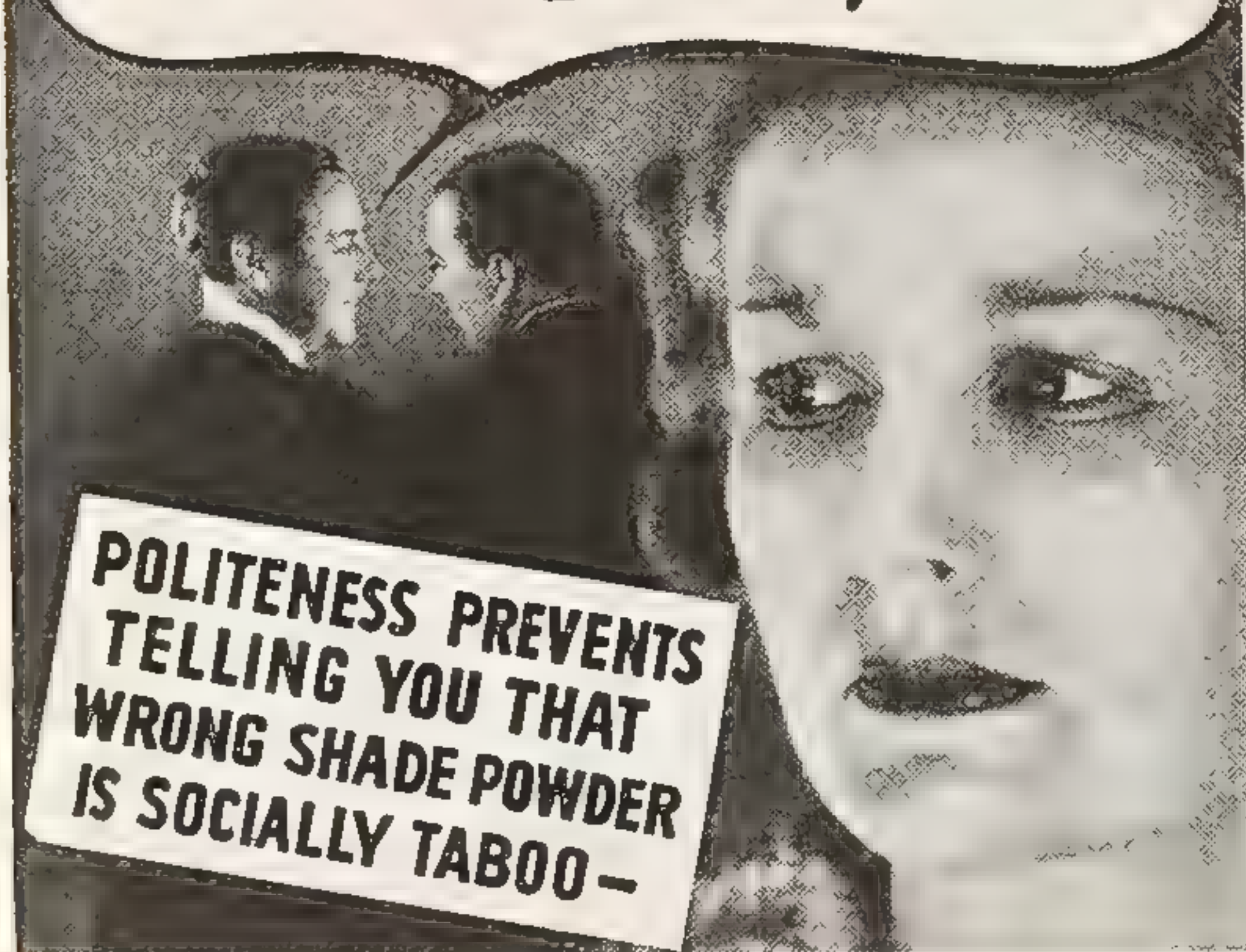
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WHAT A POWDER PANIC SHE IS!



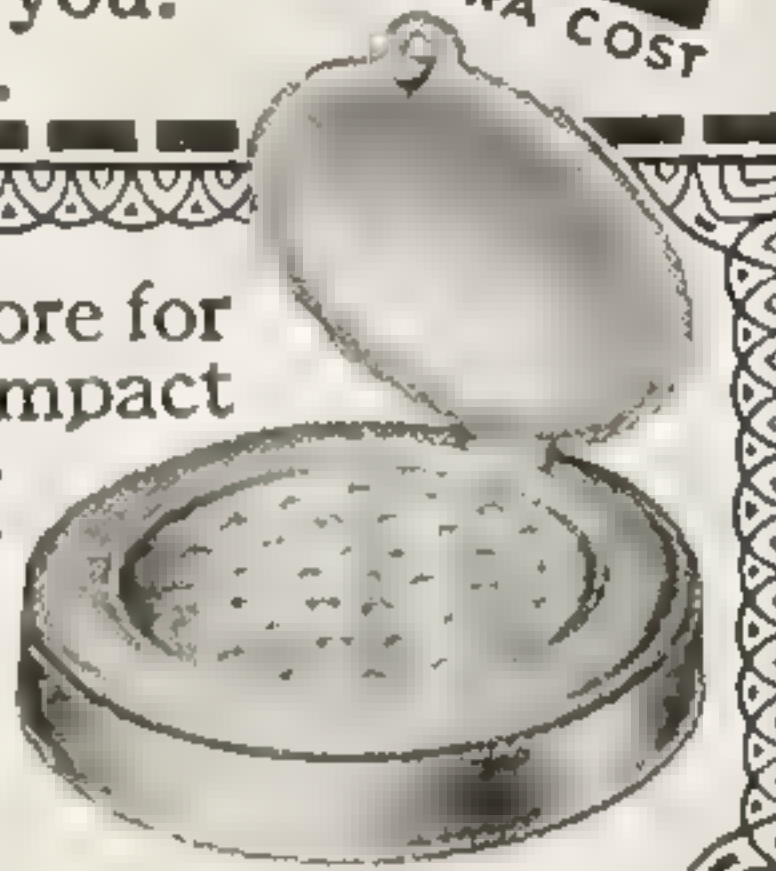
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Lovely Lady Face Powder. If
out, ask for store manager—
he can get yours for you.



VANISHING AMERICAN

(Continued from page 97)

him, worked with him, till "finally I knew
what to do with my big hands and feet."
He got a singing job in vaudeville with
Fritzi Scheff. He got a job that Allen
Jenkins walked out on. Finally he got a
job in a play called "Two Seconds."

The emotional impact of this play was
such that when the final curtain fell on
opening night, the audience stood huzzaing,
while Foster and the leading man took
curtain call after curtain call, the tears
streaming helplessly down their cheeks.

"The day after you open in this part,"
his manager, William Stephens, had told
him, "I'll sell you down the river to pic-
tures." And he kept his promise.

On the screen he played his original
part in "Two Seconds," following it with
a lead in "The Last Mile." Then, because
Paul Muni was in it, he took a bit in "I'm
a Fugitive From a Chain Gang." Purple
adjectives aren't in Foster's line, but the
way his face lights up at mention of Muni's
name is worth more than adjectives.
"There's an actor," he says, his voice al-
most tender. "There's the boy for my
money. I was tickled to death when they
gave him the Academy Award." The
smile in his eyes deepened. "Only one
thing could make me happier—if I got it
myself."

Originally he was not cast for "The In-
former." But he asked to be.

"We're building you up for leads," they
protested. "There's nothing here for you
but a third part."

"I don't care if it's a tenth part. I've
got a notion this picture is going places.
I want to go with it."

And go with it he did, playing the Irish
patriot to such perfection that, even in the
face of McLaglen's superb performance, his
own made its own deep impression.

He's one of those who wanted to go to
Hollywood and, having gone, wants to
stay. He says phooey to any yearning
nostalgia for the stage. "There is a thrill
in the personal contact," he admits. "I got
mine on the opening night of 'Two Sec-
onds.' I might go for fifty years and never
match it. Meantime, the movies offer
plenty to compensate."

The first thing he did on arrival was to
inspect the harbors. When he found one to
suit him at Balboa, he bought a boat. His
boat and his business absorb him. It's not
so much that he avoids the publicized pit-
falls of Hollywood as that for him they
don't exist. His head is too hard to swell.
An occasional cocktail before dinner be-
gins and ends his drinking. He loves his
wife. She couldn't be bribed to return to
New York. Her life, like his, revolves
around essentials. The girl who stood by
him when he was "that crazy Foster boy"
now handles his fan mail, because she likes
to. For the rest, a few close friends and a
children's hospital that she's interested in
suffice to fill her days.

ONE Christmas, Foster had made rail-
road reservations to go East. "We're
a sentimental family about Christmas," he
explains. "It's always been the same pro-
cedure ever since we were kids. We get up
early on Christmas morning. The gifts are
all put together in the middle of the room,
and one of the girls gives them out. Then
we have Christmas breakfast, and spend
the rest of the day together at home. It's
always been a great time with us. Dad
was ailing, and I had a hunch it would be
the last Christmas we'd all have together."

He was offered a part in "Love Before

Breakfast" with Carole Lombard.

"I won't take it," he said. "My father's
sick. It's Christmas and I'm going."

But a contract's a contract. It was
Christmas and he stayed.

They sent for him the following October.
When he entered the sickroom, his father
murmured: "My boy—best boy that ever
lived."

So long as he knew them, they kidded
him gently, and he smiled back. It was
the old, the ingrained habit of keeping up
the morale. Preston brought new strength
to the weary household. He even tried to
force a smile to his mother's lips, make
her forget for a moment what she was
going through. They took turns at the
bedside, wife, son, daughters, in-laws. One
night the nurse said: "I doubt if he'll see
another."

Preston kept vigil till four, then was
sent to sleep for a couple of hours. Re-
turning, he took his father's hand in his to
feel the pulse. He was still holding it
when the pulse stopped.

In going through his father's wallet later,
he found among other things numerous
clippings and pictures of himself. "I'm
afraid he made rather a nuisance of him-
self in local circles, talking about his
'young man,'" said the "young man"
gently.

Maybe he did. I doubt if the local circles
minded. They seem to have done quite a
lot of bragging on their own account. But
if the old man was proud of his son's suc-
cess, he must have been still prouder of
something else. It wasn't the actor he
welcomed with his dying eyes. It was
"my boy—the best boy that ever lived."



After that sojourn in the gutter
that she managed so capably
for "Dead End," Claire Trevor
gets back into the trappings of
a lady. You'll see her in
"Walking Down Broadway."

GLAMOR FOR RENT

(Continued from page 41)

once upon a time Mr. Von Sternberg himself didn't mind paying for? No one knew who the star was, but that was the very secret of the secret's success. That was the kind of campaign that any space-salesman could thrill to. Thus Samuel Goldwyn personally went to the bill-board bat for Anna Sten. Thus Darryl Zanuck for Simone Simon. But now, only about two years later, no more. The public is no longer fascinated just by one name. New imports are now given the opportunity—yea, the edict, to show first what they can do, and not until after the first preview are they introduced to the public at large.

And neither of these girls arrived with the fifteen or twenty trunks of clothes, that an earlier harbinger from Europe, Lilian Harvey, brought with her a few years ago, and all to no avail. In fact if one has clothes today, whole carloads of them, it's the smartest thing to keep them out of the public eye, for the actress who is a clothes horse is also on the wane, along with all those other fancy appurtenances of the Great Glamor decade. Marlene Dietrich still traipses back and forth to Europe with three suites, one for herself and two for her veils, but that hasn't helped the public any too much either when it comes to a show-down of acclaiming her favorite.

But it was chiefly because of Dietrich, back there in the early thirties, and the example which she set, that a few of the others who would have liked to follow in her romantic footsteps came upon the idea that what glamor they couldn't buy, they might rent. There was one youngster, Madge Evans by name, who suddenly realized that she'd never get anywhere as long as producers, directors and such, persisted in thinking of her as an uninteresting but nice-enough child. Something had to be done, and quickly, and there was no time, nor the inclination to go to work building up a real romance, so Madge did the next best thing and hid herself to one of Hollywood's big jewelry shops, where she rented a ring. It was a large ring, a very large diamond, set in a circle of small sapphires, and Madge wore no gloves for that whole week afterward. Heads turned and tongues wagged and there was plenty of conjecture. Little Madge snag-



It's chic to whip up a little needlework between scenes, but Glenda Farrell crochets the bedspread to end all bedspreads.

HELP WANTED...WOMEN!



"Lysol" gives greater assurance of intimate cleanliness

WOMEN... any woman... YOU... are foolish to risk offending by neglect of personal daintiness. Your happiness and even the security of your home may rest on a dependable method of intimate feminine hygiene. Use the "Lysol" method.

Often the very nicest and loveliest women are at fault. No one warns you. The offense is too personal. Yet so many women would benefit by giving this subject honest thought. Ask any experienced family doctor.

The fact often is—your fussiest bathing, your loveliest beauty aids, just cannot make you completely clean, *sweetly* nice. People may notice; your husband *surely* will. And may think you are carelessly neglectful. To be sure of not offending, use the wholesome, efficient method many

doctors and nurses recommend—"Lysol" in the proper dilution with water.

You can buy "Lysol" disinfectant in any drug store—with detailed directions for use on every bottle.

Six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know

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Dept. 5-M. S., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

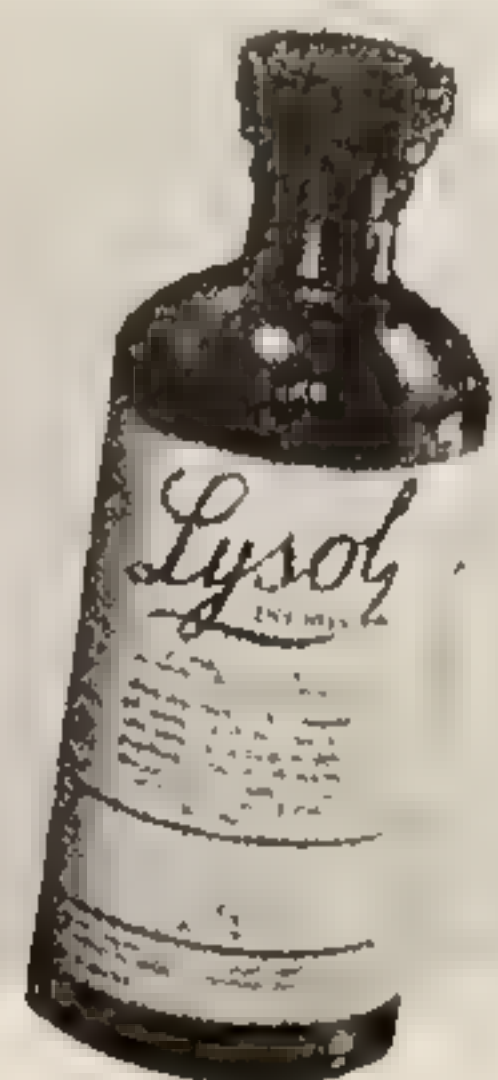
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Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE

Yo **SAVE**
BABY FEET

Don't buy Baby Shoes by Guess!

Stores listed below use this measuring device.



You can be sure of the correct size, provided you buy Wee Walker Shoes. If it is inconvenient to bring baby with you, simply bring along an outline of baby's stockinged foot, taken while standing. The store, with the aid of the measure, will give you the exact size needed. **WARNING:** Measure is accurate only for Wee Walker Shoes.

Wee Walkers have every practical feature of expensive shoes, yet cost very little. For baby's sake change to new ones often, as baby feet grow very rapidly. The price is low because they are the product of America's largest exclusive infant shoe makers and are sold in stores with very low selling cost. Look for them in the Infant's Wear Department of the following:

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co.
H. L. Green Co., Inc. (F & W Grand Stores, Isaac Silver and Bros., Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc.)
G. R. Kinney Co., Inc. Sears, Roebuck Charles Stores
Schulte-United Stores Lincoln Stores, Inc.

ACCEPTED BY PARENTS

venient to bring baby with you, simply bring along an outline of baby's stockinged foot, taken while standing. The store, with the aid of the measure, will give you the exact size needed. **WARNING:** Measure is accurate only for Wee Walker Shoes.

Wee Walkers have every practical feature of expensive shoes, yet cost very little. For baby's sake change to new ones often, as baby feet grow very rapidly. The price is low because they are the product of America's largest exclusive infant shoe makers and are sold in stores with very low selling cost. Look for them in the Infant's Wear Department of the following:

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co.
H. L. Green Co., Inc. (F & W Grand Stores, Isaac Silver and Bros., Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc.)
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WEE WALKER
Shoes

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK
MORAN SHOE CO.
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This Beautiful, Lifelike PHOTO RING

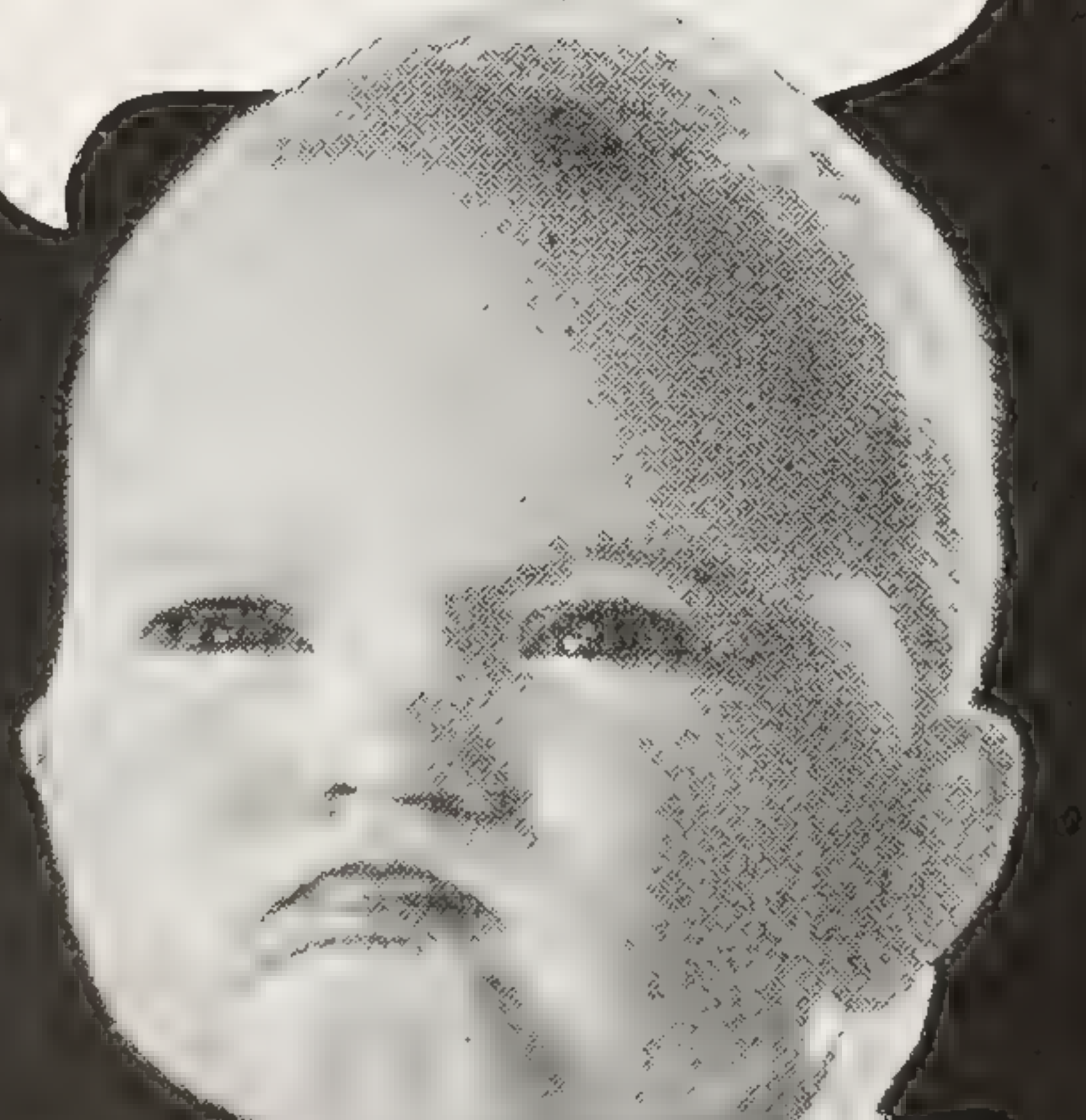
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Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 50c we will pay postage. **REX PHOTO RING CO., Dept. MR-7, Box 947, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

(Canadian Orders Send Cash)

I MEAN IT! I WANT THE BABY POWDER THAT FIGHTS GERMS



MENNEN
BORATED POWDER
Antiseptic

Recommended by more doctors than any other baby powder

ging that! Hmmm.

When questioned, Madge managed to look flustered and embarrassed, and said the wedding would be soon, which only made the "Hmmm" continue a little louder. Before the week was up Madge was assigned a part which up until then had been declared too old and a little beyond her.

But this practice wasn't indulged in only by Madge. There were others before, and since, who added quite a glitter to their personality by the simple expedient of rented gems, but the rental business in this particular line has fallen off, too. Just recently a jeweler approached Wendy Barrie and asked her to wear a certain necklace which he had just originated, rubies and pearls in a beautiful design. Miss Barrie would not even have to pay for the privilege, he assured her. He only wanted her word that she would wear it to all the best places, and when it was admired, she was to say where she had purchased it.

This proposal, surprisingly enough, was turned down cold. "That's all very well and good," Miss Barrie said, "but suppose somebody begins to wonder how I can afford such a necklace. Not only my immediate family, it would upset them enough, I know, but I also have another relative whose good will, even above the others, I'd like to keep. Maybe you've heard of him. We call him Uncle Sam," she added with a smile, "and as it happens he has a very accurate accounting of what I make and what I own. I'm sorry, and thanks just the same."

THERE are many furriers in Hollywood who still do rent fur coats, but their business, surprisingly enough, is mostly among the extras, and even this is not so much for personal show as for business, as these are evening wraps mostly. With such a trick up her sleeve, an extra girl can answer the call for dress extras, and make fifteen dollars a day, instead of the usual seven-fifty. The coat costs her three or four dollars, depending on what it is, and she's still several dollars to the good, above the usual figure. However, some of these girls do manage sometimes to buy clothes which once belonged to the big stars, and there is one place out in Beverly Hills, the Patsy Rogan Shop, where Joan Bennett and Myrna Loy and others take their old things, which in turn are sold at a fraction of their original cost to anyone who has a few dollars and the figure to get into them. There have also been several instances where dress shop owners have outfitted newcomers for nothing, with the promise that if they succeed, they'll pay up for past deliveries, and continue to do business with them.

This kind of an agreement was made, not so long ago, between Harry Cooper and Dorothy Lamour. Dorothy arrived in town, with scarcely more than two or three complete outfits to her name, and one day she went into the Cooper shop to see if she could open a charge account. She told him frankly that she had no money, but begged him to trust her with "just a few things."

After talking with her a while, Mr. Cooper said he would do better than that. "What you need is a lot of things, and good things, and as for the money, you let me worry about that." Now his faith in her has been justified. Dorothy is one customer he's sure he'll never lose.

But even Dorothy didn't burst out in "glamor clothes" as we used to know them. Neat little sport suits, tailored dresses, plain but smart hats. Here she is, one of the newest and most luscious of the new glamor stars, but only on the screen and in her publicity pictures. Off the screen she dresses simply, rides simply and lives simply, and she is so typical of the many

new youngsters in pictures that you can see where and why the business part of the glamor industry is slipping. "You should rent a beautiful big house out in Bel Air, have a maid or two, and do a little entertaining," the renting agents from all the real estate offices tell her. "That's how to get along in this town."

But Dorothy smiles a smile which seems to say that she's doing all right as she is, and then she tells them about that four-year lease which she has on her present small apartment. "That's my insurance against falling for that old-fashioned argument," she tells them plainly, and it's no wonder they go away grumbling.

Dorothy isn't the only one. There's Olivia de Havilland, who still lives with her mother and her sister in a small Hollywood apartment. Martha Raye packs her loud voice, her screaming vitality and all her fifty pairs of shoes in just four rooms.

It used to be the first thing one did, on arriving in Hollywood. One rented a big house first, then went to town afterward. But it is rapidly becoming an old Hollywood custom. When Sonja Henie arrived and rented a big white house on a hill, and bought herself an extravagant-looking white car to run around in, the glamor agents, for one brief moment of happiness, thought that perhaps the custom was being revived. But, then, Sonja explained that this display had nothing to do with what she hoped to make out of her career as an actress. This was merely living up to her reputation as a world champion ice skater. This, then, was not glamor rented on hope, as in the old days, but "position" bought and paid for on skates.

No, they are not making the splashes as they once did. What has happened to the Carole Lombard who, several years ago, achieved a new reputation and a second wind spurt in her career, by being known as Hollywood's biggest party giver. There was that time she rented the entire amusement pier at Venice; turned it into an hilarious party place, so that Dietrich might slide down slides and Claudette Colbert take a turn through tumbling barrels, not only to their personal delight, but for the delight of the world. After that, there were quite a few wholesale rentals — skating rinks, bowling alleys, dance halls and what not.

Where are those parties, those extravagant shebangs now? Miss Lombard has all but gone into solitude, spending her free



John Barrymore tussles with his daily crossword puzzle. It's all part of the domesticating process achieved by the resolute Mrs. Barrymore.

time on her ranch, and even Kay Francis, who used to rent a place such as the Vendome once each year for the whole stellar list of Hollywood, now rents no more, but occasionally has a few guests to dine in her own home.

Are they getting stingy? Not a bit of it. But they are getting wise. They see that the public, living moderately itself, has come to prefer the stars who live that way, too. Instead of that old awe, a new palsy-walsy feeling has taken its place. "They're just human after all!" say the fans when they read that Clark Gable or Jimmy Stewart tinkers with his own car; that Loretta Young does her own marketing.

GONE even are the glamorous gestures that the great screen idols used to make toward their lady-loves. Gone so far into the past that some of them are hard to recall, but there are a few which stand out. Notably there was the time when Rudolph Valentino hired the staff of a large flower house, to properly decorate his home and the entrance up to it, to welcome Pola Negri, who was merely coming to dinner. There was a pathway of roses over which she walked, a table cloth of gardenias over which she ate. To-day Bob Taylor takes Barbara Stanwyck to Ocean Park and together they ride on the roller coaster. It goes to show how things have changed.

And there was that one other occasion, the occasion of probably the greatest glamor rental in history. A very famous young man, some say it was John Gilbert, and his equally famous lady friend once stopped at a well-known California resort. They were driving and they only intended to stop for tea, but the lady looked at the deep green pool about which the hotel was built, and she breathed, "How beautiful it would be to swim there, in the nude, in all that sunshine. It's something I've always wanted to do ever since I was a child."

A few minutes later it was arranged. But it wasn't so easy as it may seem. The pool part was easy enough, but the hotel was a popular one, and every room which looked out over the pool was taken at the time. But, within the hour, guests were moved, the blinds pulled, and to the tune of a four-figure sum, the lady had her swim—alone, we might add, without a soul looking on.

But such things don't happen any more. It's sad in a way, and it's tough on the publicists who now have to make much of such things as how Maureen O'Sullivan makes good old-fashioned potato bread, but it's all in the name of progress toward a greater sanity and a more simple life.



W. C. Fields, restored to health, is soon to co-star with John Barrymore in "Things Began to Happen."

FIRED: REHIRED—when she found out how to correct her Misfit Makeup

"Just fired the best stenographer I ever had. Nice girl but I couldn't stand her painted face."

"It's not your work, dear—it's that misfit makeup. Why don't you do something about it?"

"Miss Roberts, I guess I spoke too soon. Let's forget it—the job's yours as long as you want it."

MISSING OUT on jobs, on dates, on fun? There might be a reason... *misfit makeup*... those unrelated cosmetics that clash, that can't possibly look well together... or on you. Easy to correct—with Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. For here's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES... face powder, rouge, and lipstick... eye makeup, too... in color-harmonized sets. And here's makeup that matches *you*... for it's keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes*.

NOW YOU CAN BE SURE your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's color plan *for you*! Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion ex-

perts endorse Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. Thousands of women who have tried it agree it's the way to *immediate* new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW.... Start now to build *your* matched set. Buy that lipstick... rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara... in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). *Your* drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are { BLUE... wear DRESDEN type
GRAY... wear PATRICIAN type
BROWN... wear PARISIAN type
HAZEL... wear CONTINENTAL type

YOU'RE EAGER for success... in work, in life, in love! Invite it... wear makeup that *matches*... makeup that matches *you*!

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Try it! Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to *your* eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that *matches*... and matches *you*.
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I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send my Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup... harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

✓ My eyes are Name _____
☐ Blue ☐ Brown Address _____
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HAS SHE ANYTHING LEFT TO WANT?

(Continued from page 39)



Calling all CHEEKS!

Attention! Go at once to your favorite toiletry counter. Get a box of Po-Go Rouge, Brique shade. Touch it to your cheeks and see how well you look!

Po-Go's a remarkable rouge. Costs only 55c, yet it's hand-made in Paris. It's soft, fine, feathery—goes on and blends as easily as powder, then lasts and lasts!

And that Brique shade is unusually flattering! Blonde or brunette, you'll call your cheeks perfect when you use Po-Go, Brique. Try it! If your store can't serve you, send 55c (stamps will do) direct to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

The perfect shade, BRIQUE—only in

PO-GO ROUGE



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Just demonstrate Paris-Styled Dresses direct from factory. Earn up to \$23 weekly and in addition get all your own dresses FREE! **NO INVESTMENT** • **NO CANVASSING** • **NO REGULAR NEED TO START AT ONCE SENT FREE.** Write fully, giving age and dress size, for this amazing Free offer.

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If you have one single GRAY HAIR mail this Free Test

Now—before others think of you as "older"—is the time to touch up those first gray streaks. Millions—both men and women—have discovered this way to color fading strands. Just combing clear liquid through hair brings color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE... Hair stays soft and lustrous. Get a bottle from your druggist on money-back guarantee.



Test it FREE

We'll send Complete Test Package Free. Snip lock from hair. Try first on this. No risk this way. State color of hair. Write Mary T. Goldman Company, Dept. 108 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

haven't worked for.

"And I want to remember this phase of my life for all of my life. It's a salutary thought. And I'd like others to remember it, too, if they are interested. For I believe that anyone can get from life exactly what they want if they have the physical "wam," the intestinal fortitude, to go out and get it. There are hundreds of girls with voices every bit as good as mine, girls born with more looks than I was born with, and they do nothing about it. The trouble with them is it's all mental. They sit around and think about what they would like to do, what they should be doing, instead of doing something active about it."

"But, after all, Jeanette, you had great beauty and the voice. Do you honestly believe you would have got where you are now if you had been plain, unprepossessing?"

"Who says I had beauty?" demanded Jeanette. "I did not! And I can prove it." And Jeanette took herself into the library, returned with a portfolio of pictures, produced photographs of herself at the ages of eleven, fourteen, sixteen, said triumphantly. "See, I was too thin, much too thin. When I first went to New York I was all eyes and teeth. I didn't have beauty nor self-confidence nor glamor nor training nor pull. I did have ambition, I did have the physical energy to move the body from place to place. I did not sit and mope and pine and say, 'Oh, well, of course it was different for Jenny Lind!'"

"I had patience. I took advice. I gained ten pounds, deliberately, and a commensurate amount of looks. I firmly believe that any girl can even make herself pretty according to the way she thinks. I also believe that laziness, alibis, what is known as 'passing the buck' are the only real deterrents to success.

"Yes, that's something I *do* want to remember—how hard I worked, how steep that upgrade was. I want to remember it well because it's a spine-stiffening thought if ever I have to make an upgrade again.

RIGHT now, I am thankful, of course. I count my blessings. Whenever I am petty—and we are all petty, I'm afraid, at times—I have the grace to be good and ashamed of myself.

"I am thankful but I am also aware that the truest axiom ever written is, 'This, too, shall pass away.'

"Ultimately I must give up my ambition, of course. We all lay down the cudgels sooner or later for younger hands to pick up. I shall doubtless have more ups and more downs in my work, in my life. What I want is to be able to take the downs as gallantly as, for instance, the late great Madame Schumann-Heink did. Think of how many times she was down and would have been completely out if it had not been for her invincible spirit.

"I want," said Jeanette, "an invincible spirit. That, above all, is what I do want. When the bad times come, or if they come, I want to be big enough to take them without whining.

"You know," Jeanette went on, speaking with that gravity which can only come from some deep-felt source, "one never knows. Life is fluid and keeps moving and motion means change. I know that everything I have now can pass away. I know that the money I have worked for and put away against the future may, with conditions in the world what they are today,

be swept away, next year, five years from now, who can tell? There may be wars and I may lose my husband. Youth passes and the lustre of fame dims. These are inevitabilities. You say that I have my voice, too. Yes, but that also can go. It has happened to others. It could happen to me.

"I want to learn well the lesson that we are, all of us, essentially alone. We have, in the last analysis, only ourselves to depend on. Only that stuff of which we are made, or make ourselves, can stand us in stead, good or bad. The very words I am saying to you may enter your mind and there be transmuted into meanings I never intended them to have. I sing on the air and my voice goes from me and is mine no longer. It is everyone's who listens.

"To hold the memory of my happiness," she said, then, "I want that so much."

She told some of the memories she hopes will never dim for her. The little thoughtfulnesses of Gene, the gifts he sends her when she begins each new picture, the charm bracelet he sent her when she started "Maytime," with tiny golden clefs and notes of music as the charms, and miniature golden letters spelling out the word "Sweetheart," the jade brooch he gave her when she started "Firefly"; the charm bracelet he sent her when she started work in "The Girl of The Golden West," the charms two tiny gold guns, a tiny upright gold piano, a gold lariat, a couple of miniature gold horses. "And I am superstitious about these gifts, too," Jeanette laughed. "I wear each one throughout the picture. I wouldn't shoot a single foot of film without wearing it, even if I have to put it in my shoe. I've always been superstitious about anything like that."

AND Jeanette does her share, too. For while Gene was making "Stolen Heaven" recently, he had a dance number to do and Jeanette sent him a bronze dance trophy, one of those things with "To The Winner" engraved on the base. And the director, acting in cooperation with Jeanette, presented it to Gene on the set. "Gene," Jeanette said, "all but died of embarrassment and I nearly died of laugh-



Jeanette MacDonald, "Girl of the Golden West," goes in for puddings between scenes, to keep her voice smooth or something.



Guess what famous phrase Dancer Buddy Ebsen is illustrating—with the help of Kidder Leo Carrillo.

ter when he came home that night and told me about it!"

And there are the games they play. "We've always been slightly mad about games," laughed Jeanette. "Our Christmas tree resembled a six-year-old's idea of what Santa would do in a generous mood. Every game in the toy departments was there. Our current favorite is, of course, *Indications*, a kind of new version of the old Charades, Gene had to do Minnie the Moocher the other night and he couldn't do it—because, he said, he didn't know how to mooch.

"I've always heard," said Jeanette, amused, "that the first year of married life is the hardest. Well, then, I have yet another blessing to count, for in the eighth month of married life, I can only say that I'll want to remember every day of it. I'll want to remember our mutual love of music, the songs we sing together, the friends we share together, our love of horses and the rides we take.

"I want to keep the material things I have, too, our home and all of our beautiful things. For to have is one thing, to keep is another. I want to keep them beautiful. I am still in the stage where I go about just touching things to be sure they are here, and ours, and won't vanish. I like to take care of my things, too, and do. I'm not careless. I'm not extravagant. I don't think I waste my blessings, either material or immaterial. I never squander money on furs, jewels, imported gowns, other feminine frivolities. I am, on the other hand, full of pet economies.

EVERY Thursday I go into the kitchen and inspect the ice box. And nothing makes me more furious than to find two or three surplus quarts of milk there. I can't help thinking of all the underfed children in the world to whom this milk, spoiling in my ice-box, would mean life. I will not allow waste. If we have a roast for dinner Tuesday night, we have hash or stew the next night. I wouldn't dream of wearing a dress, a hat, a couple of times and then tossing them aside. No ma'am, I have my clothes made over, sometimes



***Oiliness results in unflattering shine. Dermatologists identify excessive oiliness as Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Woodbury's Powder retards germ-growth, helps subdue nose shine.**

EVER since Eve, women have complained about Shiny Nose . . . until Woodbury skin scientists perfected a *germ-free* face powder, which helps subdue this age-old enemy of beauty!

Germs May Aggravate Shiny Nose

All very simple how noses come to shine like Cellophane! Dermatologists say the excessive oiliness that makes the nose shine is often due to a condition called *Seborrhea*. Germs tend to aggravate this unwholesome skin condition.



Vital, then, to use face powder that is free from harmful germ-life! That's how Woodbury's Facial Powder helps inhibit ugly germ-induced shine. In tests, Woodbury's was the only one among 20 leading brands that was germ-free *before* use and still germ-free *after* contact with a germ-laden powder puff!

You'll love the shades of this exquisite beauty powder, too. Seven in all, covering the whole range of skin types. See the new Windsor Rose, styled in Paris, gloriously flattering to almost every woman.

Woodbury's Facial Powder comes in the new blue box at \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. And to complete your make-up, try Woodbury's *Germ-proof* Rouge and Lipstick.

Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades

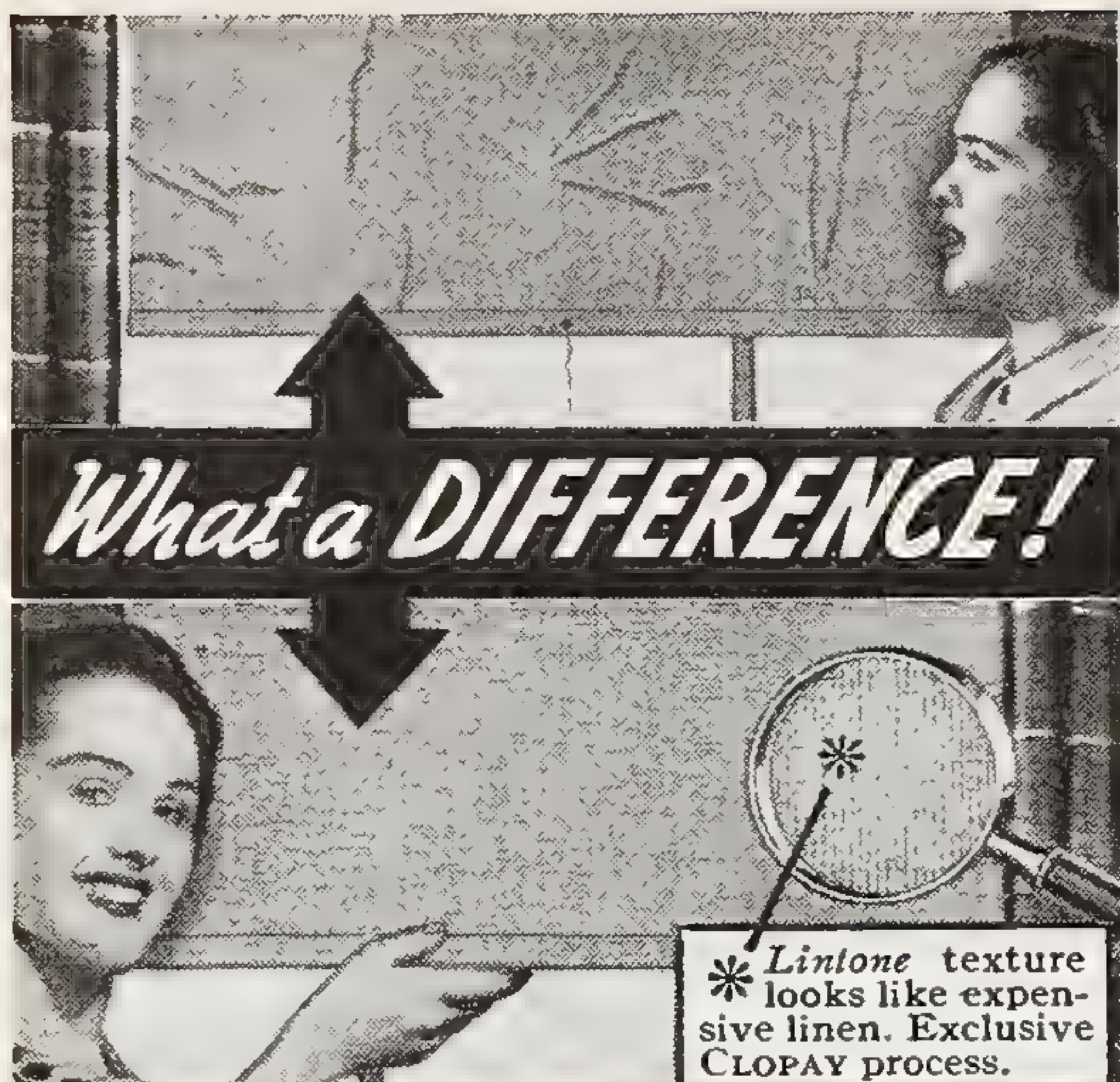
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9189 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; trial tubes of two Woodbury's Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name _____

Street _____

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What a DIFFERENCE!



** Lintone texture looks like expensive linen. Exclusive CLOPAY process.*

With Lovely CLOPAY Lintone WINDOW SHADES at 15¢ EACH

YEARS of use in millions of homes show that CLOPAY 15c window shades don't crack, don't pinhole, wear amazingly. And the new Lintone finish gives them a lovely linen-like texture that looks like \$1.50 instead of 15c. No wonder millions of women now replace shabby shades with 15c CLOPAYS... and have beautiful, durable new window shades for less than the cost of cleaning old ones. See CLOPAYS in 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere.

NEW! WASHABLE Shades, Only 35¢
A way has been found to apply a special oil-finish to both sides of amazing CLOPAY Lintone material. Makes possible new CLOPAY WASHABLE Shades. Can actually



100% Washable

be scrubbed with soap and water. Don't streak, curl or watermark. Yet cost only 35c each complete on rollers, for 36" x 6' size. Many attractive colors, enriched by the lovely Lintone texture. Send 3c stamp for color samples of both types of shade. Write CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1360 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEUBENER'S No. 20 Basketlyke Carrier—10c

Makes it, Oh—so easy to shop for that Easter outfit. And these attractive, snappy Carriers in the distinctive basket weave design not only look right but save you money. So useful for sewing or knitting too. Join the growing throngs of smart women who carry them.

DEUBENER'S No. 1 Leatherlyke Shopping Bag - 5c

"America's Standard" Shopping Bag. The ropes around the bottom give extra wear and carrying capacity. Look for the Deubener name on bottom and get extra value at YOUR Favorite Store.



DEUBENER'S SHOPPING BAGS
GARFIELD PARK, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



The event of the year at Universal will be the debut of Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris." Danielle and her writer-husband, Henri Decoin, puzzle over the English language.

more than once. I save things. I even save little odds and ends of ribbon, from florists' boxes, gift boxes. I give them to my maid to cover plain wooden hangers with. She pads the hangers with cotton first, then twines the fragments of ribbons around them and there they are, gay and attractive and costing nothing!

"I do have one extravagance, though," laughed Jeanette, "and it's a complex for making long distance telephone calls! It's a positive phobia with me. When I was in New York the autumn before Gene and I were married, well, I had a phone bill and it was a honey! When I was in Tahoe on location, ditto. I never think of waiting for the lowered-rate hours. I talk and talk and talk, for *hours*. But in every other respect" said Jeanette, with emphasis, "I'd call myself economical."

"I don't like the idea of doing a house over every year or so. I like the feeling of things I've lived with. I like the chintzes to grow a little faded, comfy dents in the chairs where my friends have rested, the kind of a house where you can sit on the divans and chairs with your feet tucked under you without feeling that your hostess may be, mentally, raising pained eyebrows. To take care of what I have," Jeanette said, "the things I can see and touch, that is what I want."

"And oh, there are lots of little things, too, for me to want. I'd like to be able to sleep nights, for one not-so-little instance. For it's not such a little thing, being an insomniac. I've tried everything, from turning on the radio softly to counting sheep. I try reading myself to sleep but that makes it worse. Once I start a book I'm awake until the book is finished. I want to get over my perfect genius for saying the wrong thing. I've given myself some of the most embarrassing moments thanks to this 'gift.' I remember a time, some years ago, when my young nephew was caught playing hooky from school. I decided to read him the riot act, and did. I said to him, 'Here I am, working myself to skin and bone, going to the theatre every night and what do you do? You take advantage of me, you don't appreciate

GEE WHIZ—
YOU LOOK BETTER WITH A SHINE!



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The new GRIFFIN A. B. C. Liquid Wax, in black, tan, brown and blue... No dauber, no brush, no polishing cloth—just spread it on with swab in bottle. It dries to a shine—recolors faded leathers.

—or, GRIFFIN A. B. C. Wax Polish in the jumbo tin, all popular colors, for the nearest thing to a professional shine at home.

Bottle or Tin 10c

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BOTH MADE BY
GRIFFIN
THE GREATEST NAME IN SHOE POLISH

ONE SICK HEADACHE AFTER ANOTHER

BUT THAT IS ALL OVER NOW

I FEEL grand since I began taking the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me... so mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating.

Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for a week. If not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright.

Nature's Remedy
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SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

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Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results also FREE.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. PRINT NAME PLAINLY. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Walgreen Drug Stores.

Lake Laboratories, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. 605, Detroit, Mich.



Sonja Henie got herself decked out in ermine tails to go stepping with a new beau—Cesar Romero.

what I am trying to do and—and I don't mean a word of it! And then I clapped my hand over my mouth and gave myself the laugh and he, of course, did the same thing. What I'd meant to say was, 'And I mean every word of it!' I get so excited with what I am saying that it doesn't seem to matter to me what words I use.

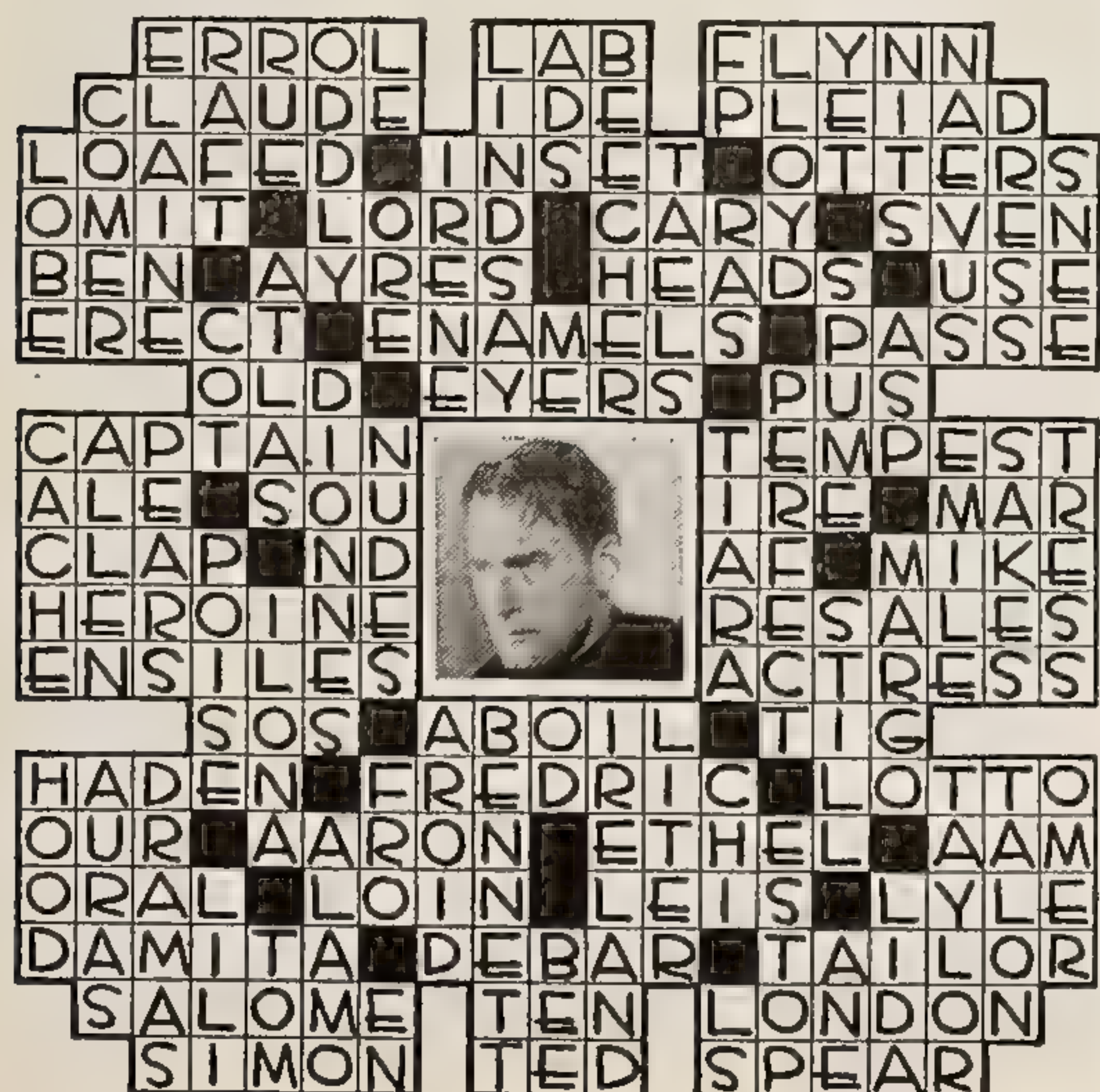
"I should like to write. And if ever I do any writing it will not be poetry! I detest poetry. I never read it, it bores me. If ever I do any writing it will be, I think, very simple, very down-to-earth writing.

"I have one obsessing yen, to take a trip in a trailer with Gene. It would be more fun than to take any kind of a trip on the most de luxe ship, train or plane. I want to keep house in a trailer. I want to cook in a trailer."

Gene phoned. A week-end trip was planned, then and there. Jeanette's maid was summoned, packing instructions given.

Jeanette walked to the door with me, she walked down the flower-bordered path, sweet-scented in the dusk. She looked back at the house which contains her happiness and I looked at her, who gives happiness to so many. I went away with a newly increased respect for this girl who, endowed with and surrounded by all the treasures of the earth says, "I want to keep what I have—I want an invincible spirit."

Solution to Puzzle on Page 12



A BEAUTY SECRET FROM NOBILITY AND SCREEN *To Double Your Attractiveness!*

"Marchand's Golden Hair Wash lightened my hair simply and effectively . . . and I recommend it to any woman to restore her natural loveliness." . . . SAYS

Countess Eleanora Colloredo-Mannsfeld

Born to nobility, the Countess is descended from the house of Prince Peter Ernst Mansfeld, 17th Century Ruler of The Netherlands.



"If your hair has become dark and dull, take a tip from me! Use Marchand's, as I do, to keep your hair naturally light and radiant."

. . . SAYS *Barbara Pepper*

One of Hollywood's loveliest blondes . . . admired for the golden radiance of her hair . . . appearing currently in

"Hollywood's Stadium Mystery"
A REPUBLIC PICTURE



60% OF ALL WOMEN WERE BORN BLONDE! ... But time dulls the radiance of any shade of hair

If your hair is darker now than it was when you were a child, there is new loveliness in store for you. Let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash restore the natural sunny highlights of your hair. It is as though a miracle takes place... your whole personality is spot-lighted. Try a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash today... follow simple directions... and double your attractiveness, overnight.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES



BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

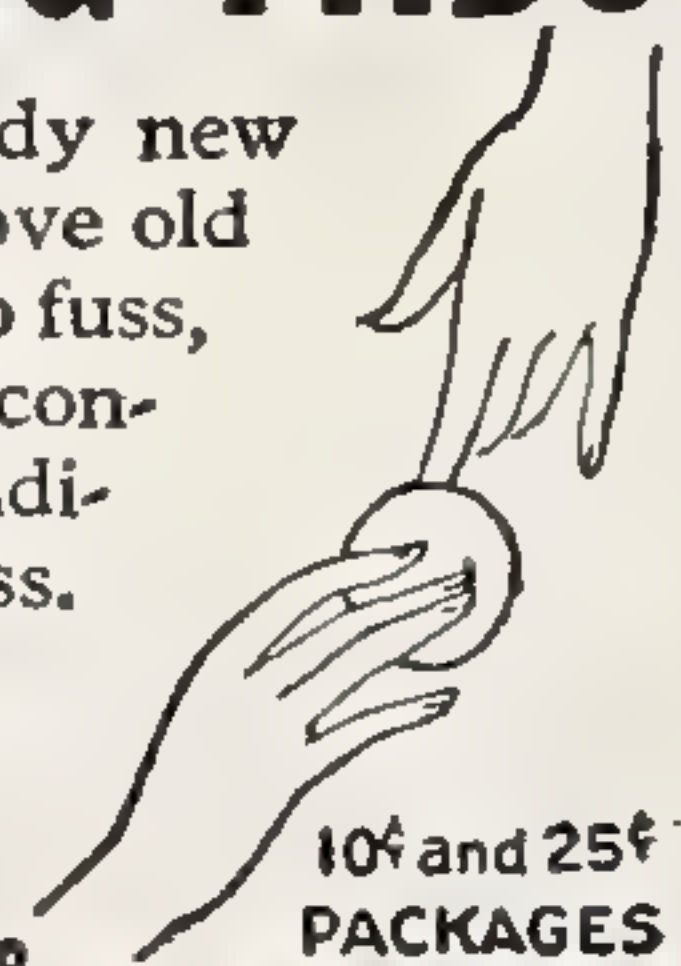
(Continued from page 87)



Ginnie-Lou VITAMIZED FINGER NAIL CLEANSING PADS

You'll enthuse about these handy new ready-prepared pads which remove old nail polish in a jiffy—no liquid, no fuss, no muss. These unique pads also contain Vitamin "F" and oils to condition your nails against brittleness.

Get a handsome jar of pads today and start manicuring the easy way that saves your time.



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GET A Lovely WAVE THIS QUICK, EASY WAY

It's easy . . . It's inexpensive . . . to give yourself a soft, beautiful wave with Dr. Ellis' Wave-Set. This superior waving fluid holds your wave longer. It dries quickly, and will not flake. Sold everywhere—get a bottle today!



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DR. ELLIS' WAVE-SET

ONLY 10¢

their mates, their children and their homes, rather than an elaborate description of Dawn Darling spending every day gambling at the race track, and spending long hours each night at the Swanky Swank Club. This latter type of publicity isn't exactly wholesome, and we theatre-goers aren't so degenerate that we can't appreciate the splendid father Bing Crosby is, or grin when we see a picture of lovable Wally Beery with his adorable Carol Ann. Even Gary Cooper has been roped and branded as a home lover—and he is prouder of his new daughter than of any picture he ever made. The same goes for feminine stars. Let's hear more of their homes and babies, and less about night clubs and prospective divorces.—Gladys Bennett, Houston, Texas.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

As She Sees Them

Shirley Temple—bonny.

Sunshine dancing on yellow poppies . . .

Irene Dunne—genial.

Fragrant apple pies on the kitchen table.

Claudette Colbert—vivacious.

High heels . . . wind-tossed laughter . . .

Ginger Rogers—animated.

Hurdy-gurdy music on a spring day. . . .

Greta Garbo—idealist.

Wind-swept cliff overlooking a pounding sea.

Mae West—suggestive.

Cigarette glowing in the dark. . . .

Myrna Loy—sophisticated.

Orchids . . . soft candle-light on a lace cloth. . . .

Katharine Hepburn—spirited.

Cornered kitten, snarling to hide its fear. . . .

—Mrs. Edna Geries, Fresno, Cal.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Is Nothing Sacred?

"Nothing Sacred" might have been extraordinarily funny had it boasted a different theme. Somehow, I couldn't get into the fun as wholeheartedly as I might. The actors gave smooth performances, the dialogue was consistently amusing, and yet

Perhaps I am unique, but to me death just isn't a comic subject. Some one supposedly dying by inches, even "just pretending," somehow went against the grain, and made the laughs stick in my throat.

I would enjoy seeing the same cast in a comedy with a less macabre theme.—D. H. Chapman, Los Angeles, Cal.

\$1.00 Prize Poem

He'd Rather See Than Be

Profoundly I worship the matchless maneuvers

Of Sonja, our dainty, diminutive star; Convinced as I am that her rythmical motion

Surpasses the skill of her sisters by far.

Personification of effortless ease,

Exemplar of all that is skating finesse,

In tossing my personal orchid to you

I've blundered unwittingly into a mess.

Unhappy the day that I followed your skate-steps

Endeavoring vainly to echo your grace, For each of my feeble, decrepitous capers Unfailingly landed me flat on my face!

Henceforth my applause shall be utterly passive;

The cheers of a fan who's contented as such,

For since I attempted to say it with skating

I've worshipped your skill from the top of a crutch!

—Gene Gleason, East Cleveland, Ohio.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

1st Degree Murder

A couple of years ago, I saw "Times Square Lady" and also a gentleman by the name of Robert Taylor. Since then Mr. Taylor has reached the very pinnacle of fame, but, unfortunately, recently has lost most of his popularity.

It is a famous saying—"the fans are fickle." I disagree. It is not the fault of the public that a star falls into oblivion. Silly publicity is mainly at fault. What could be more ridiculous than this "Do you consider yourself beautiful?" business? Why, it has finally got to the point where a person can't confess that he is a Taylor fan, without being ridiculed.

I admit that Mr. Taylor is not the best actor in Hollywood, but he certainly can point with pride to his best performance in "Magnificent Obsession." Since then, how many worthwhile pictures has MGM cast him in? In "Broadway Melody of 1938" he didn't have one decent line. In all of his pictures, his features have a tendency to look feminine because of excess makeup. Therefore, MGM, I accuse you of murder in the 1st degree—the murder of Robert Taylor's popularity.

However, MGM is not the only studio at fault. Take heed, Studios! We fans do not destroy stars. If some who deserve to shine brightly are flickering and even fading, the blame rests upon you. The jury finds you guilty of the murder of worthwhile careers and recommends capital punishment.—Florence Toomey, Verona, N. J.



Edward G. Robinson and Rosemary Lane, of the innumerable Lane sisters, see the same joke at a Warner Brothers banquet.

THAT THING CALLED TEMPERAMENT

(Continued from page 43)

hold," he said, "and so what was there for them to do but fire me?"

His father then obtained a job for him with a friend as assistant manager for a theatrical company, and it was while working at this job that he decided to become an actor, "because they made more money than I was getting," he explained.

He traveled with the company, working as business manager and jumping into unimportant roles when he was needed. His ability to act and his popularity with audiences increased simultaneously and at the end of two years he found himself a success on the London stage in the role of Tommy in "Brewster's Millions."

Then along came the war, interrupting his career just as it was nicely started. He won't talk of the war; of his own injuries, which put him in a hospital for thirteen long months; but those years made a definite impression on his character and left their imprint on his face.

Thirteen months is a long time to lie in a hospital; a long time when all he could do was think and think and think. It isn't strange that things as unimportant as temperament seem silly to him. One of the most important lessons he learned during that period was self-control.

With self-control he learned tolerance, with the result that he considers the other fellow's point of view as well as his own. I happened to be at the studio one day when he had an appointment for an interview. It was a day when he was having one of his very occasional holidays from

work and he had broken a personal engagement to keep this appointment. He waited until two o'clock but the reporter neither appeared nor telephoned. Finally he ate a solitary lunch.

"I'm sure something must have happened to her," he said, and waited another hour. Later the reporter appeared. She had met with an accident on a country road miles from a telephone. Marshall agreed to an appointment for a later date. Not a word was said about his ruined holiday.

HOWEVER, don't think, from that incident, that he can be pushed around or made to do anything he doesn't want to do.

He has learned how to live gracefully and how to get the most out of life. When he says "kicking up a row takes too much energy" he means just that. It is much easier, he has learned, to gain your ends by less spectacular methods. I had an opportunity to see how this worked out in one instance.

When he signed his new contract, he was assigned one of the star dressing-room suites. When I went to the studio to see him he had just moved in, the place hadn't been cleaned up after the last occupant, and things were in a bit of a mess, as he would say. Unlike many another star, he made no demands. He moved in and waited.

We had barely sat down when there was a rap on the door. A studio decorator had come to ask if Mr. Marshall would like his suite done over.

"Oh, if I might have some covers put on this furniture," he said eagerly. "Some loose covers of some gay material."

He said it with the manner that the decorator was doing him the greatest personal favor in the world and just as though he couldn't pick up the telephone, call the front office, demand satin upholstered walls and other luxurious furnishings and get them.

"And there are two of these dressing tables with mirrors," he continued. "I don't need two, but both mirrors are cracked and it's most depressing to look at yourself in a cracked mirror. And something at the windows?" he suggested questioningly.

"Would you like Venetian blinds, Mr. Marshall?" the young man asked.

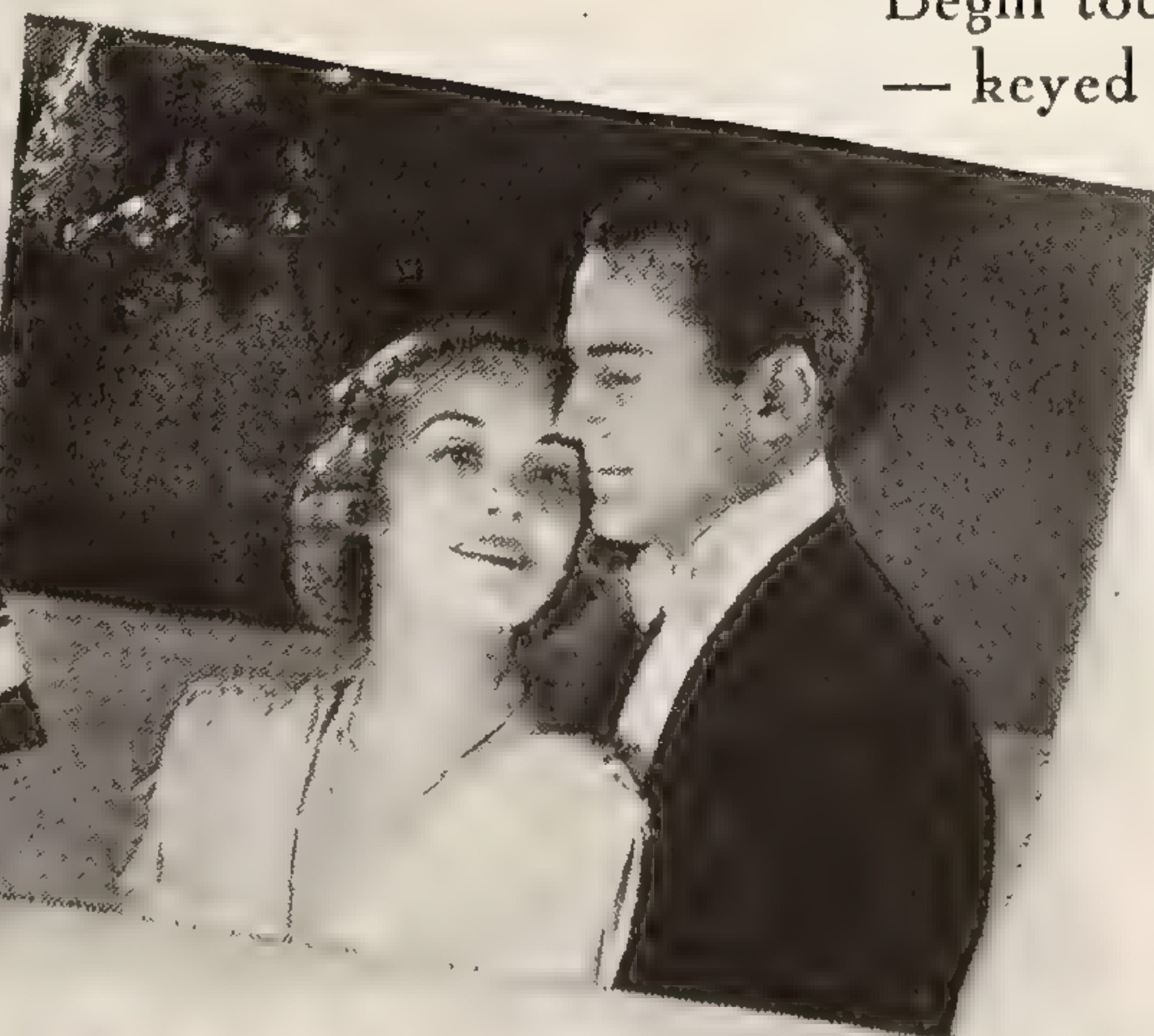
"Oh, say!" the actor replied enthusiastically. "That would be terrific!"

It would be my private guess that by now he has the smartest dressing-room at the studio.

Before he left he told me of his hopes to visit England after another picture or two.

"I'm going to England to get a look at it," he said. "You know how Americans are. They live here all their lives and never see the Grand Canyon. Well, I'm that way about England. I've never really seen my own land. I've always been too busy."

Judging by the way producers rush him from one picture to another, it doesn't look as though he will see it soon.



Romance Everywhere

with Adventure

PARK & TILFORD'S New Perfume Sensation

Every moment sparkles with gay romance when you wear Adventure perfume. Spicy, provocative, lingering — its caressing fragrance whispers of love, the supreme adventure!

Begin today to live with a new, intoxicating glamour — keyed to the thrill of Park & Tilford's Adventure.

Smart tuckaway size at all ten-cent stores . . .

10c



PARK & TILFORD

Perfumes

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

FAOEN

MUTUAL BENEFIT ASS'N.

(Continued from page 35)



JOAN PERRY
Columbia Pictures

We asked women everywhere...in homes, in beauty shops, in stores and offices...and they said "Give us a curler that will make large, soft, natural-looking curls." So we designed the HOLLYWOOD GIANT, pictured here in actual size. Curls made on this big cylinder look softer, more natural. They comb without becoming frizzy. And they give the large, full curls so favored in the new hair styles. The HOLLYWOOD GIANT is easy to use...rolls smoothly, dries quickly, withdraws without spoiling curl. They're 2 for 10¢ at dime stores and notion counters.

ACTUAL SIZE
3 inches by 1/2 inch
U. S. PATENTS
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Giant
HOLLYWOOD
Rapid Dry **CURLERS**

AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES & NOTION COUNTERS

**New!...A 7 DAY
SHAMPOO
FOR BLONDES**

**You Keep the
Brilliance, Lus-
tre and Love-
liness this
Shampoo Gives
Blonde Hair
For a WHOLE
WEEK!**



Ends Dull, Between-Shampoo Look!

A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dingy oil and dust-laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse-colored and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOOED" look, all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies, New Blondex gives your hair that glorious, lustrous, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. All shades of blondes find New Blondex leaves their hair lighter—lovelier. Start BLONDEX today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—at all stores.

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Pain In Few
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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO**, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.

and who told her daily how lucky she was to have him, she found herself being forced into a back seat, both as an actress and as a woman. It was, to put it bluntly, seven years of stooging.

They never went out, court was held at home, and there were only the husband's old vaudeville friends to pay him homage. When Barbara made a picture, as she did occasionally, it was with the enforced attitude that it was only a side-line, only for pin money. Naturally her career suffered, but deeper than that went the destruction. Every woman needs a certain amount of attention, a certain amount of mental cuddling and patting, a certain amount of "position" both in the home and out of it to keep her ego at a proper level. These were all things which were lacking.

WHEN Barbara finally emerged from that dark existence, it was, as she once put it, "like the first day when she'd been released from the orphanage." That was when she was about twelve. It was some holiday's outing: out from cold dank walls into the limitless sunshine. When Barbara stepped out into the sunshine of Hollywood freedom and airiness it was like that. Like a little girl who had escaped pigtails and black and white checkered gingham, and was going for a great glorious walk into the open.

But can't you imagine that a little girl who has been in an orphanage all her life finds the world rather startling, is a little amazed and benumbed about it, and doesn't quite know how to act? That was what happened to Barbara in 1936; an older, but still a little-girl Barbara.

Which brings us to the second important line on her picture. Barbara in those days was not only drab-hearted, but she was also ungracious; one of the most ungracious girls who ever ungraced a Hollywood gathering. That first gathering which she attended is well-remembered by a friend who says that "Barbara was in that peculiar kind of state known as corner-sitting. She just sat there and nobody could get her out of it. Even civil conversation she ignored. For example, you'd say, 'It's been a nice day to-day, hasn't it?' and she'd say, 'I don't know. I wasn't out in it.' It wasn't that she meant to be like that, it was just that she was strained and self-conscious and she didn't know what to do about it."

Yet it was on that same evening that she met Robert Taylor. It is still a mystery to the world, and to Barbara too, considering the unpleasantness of her mood, how he ever happened to be attracted to her. But perhaps that was it. Besieged and torn apart by flagrant flappers at every turn, perhaps it was exactly this unresponsiveness which looked good to him, although those of us who know Bob a little better are rather inclined to hand him more of a bouquet on the matter. Bob is not the fly-by-night, light-and-laughter young man he is sometimes made out to be. There is a stalwartness in him some people don't know about. Looking through and beyond the flippant "so-what" mask Barbara was wearing, he saw a harmonizing stalwartness there behind that mask, and it was something he had been looking for.

The result was the first date Barbara had ever had with a man since the end of her marriage. The result of that result is that up until this moment Barbara has never had another date with anyone else.

Bob's frankness and directness made

him, in the beginning, a welcome figure in Barbara's life. Back there at the time of her new stepping-out into the world she had been beaten down, and then along came this young man, the idol of millions, to build her up. That phrase, "idol of millions," is used, incidentally, only as an explanatory phrase in connection with Robert; it is not in the least explanatory of what happened to her. While aside from the fact that Bob's attentions were flattering in the eyes of other people, because he was and still is the romance man of the hour, it wasn't this which meant so much to her. It was because he was a fine, clean young man who adored her, who not only didn't mind letting her know about it, in a thousand little gestures, little words, little ways, but didn't mind letting the world know about it either.

For the first time in seven years, she knew what it was to hear a man say, "Gee, I like your hair that way. That's swell. It looks awfully pretty." Or, "Good girl, you wore my favorite dress again." Or, "Barbara, where would you like to go to dinner?" Little things, but with big meanings. Barbara found herself being important again.

Because she was important now to someone else, she was becoming important to herself, and that was what she needed. Slowly, and by degrees, that chip lost its balance on her shoulder, then it slipped and fell altogether. Barbara left it somewhere along the road, behind her, because the new Barbara was making fast strides along that road, away from the dark abode where once she had been hiding.

There are concrete things, too, to show how she has blossomed—such a trite word, but in this case the only one that adequately describes the process. There is her attitude toward clothes, for example, and jewelry and perfumes and furs, and all those outer things which nevertheless indicate the degree of femininity and senti-



James Stewart tries to do an Astaire in Ginger Rogers' picture, "Vivacious Lady." Ginger looks doubtful, but Jimmy will convince her, we know.



Joan Blondell plays a lady detective in "There's Always A Woman," and she just can't get that suspicious look out of her eyes.



La Hawkshaw isn't afraid to hold the magnifying glass up to nature. If all sleuths looked like Joan, crime would certainly pay.



Joan twirls her moustache, sticks out her little finger, and prepares to show up Philo Vance, Charlie Chan, and Mr. Moto.

mental care in the inner woman. Barbara used to be a perennial headache to all of the fashion experts in town who were sometimes required to outfit her for publicity and fashion pictures. We say "sometimes" because requests for Barbara displaying the smartest and latest of this and that weren't very many or very frequent. Her reputation as a lazy, slipshod model was already too well known. She had this reputation because that was her viewpoint toward this type of work.

"Oh, so you want me to give it *this!*" she would say belittlingly to the overwrought photographer who was merely trying to get her to tip her hat at a more sophisticated angle, to swing her hips a

little to the left, or maybe it was an even smaller matter of just wetting her lips. "Oh, so you want me to be a Glamor Girl—well, how's this?"

"No, not like that, Barbara, *please*. Don't kid it, please. Oh, Barbara!"

It was always hopeless, not only the poses, but the type of clothes she insisted on wearing. "Don't make me out a movie queen," she would say, ordering a whole bunch of hot-from-the-designer creations back to the wardrobe department. "What's the matter with this little number I'm wearing? It's not very new, I'll admit, but I've never worn it before. Save those other things for somebody who's got

the style. I just haven't and I know it."

But this situation is no more, as the fashion editors of many a publication will testify. They want more and more photographs of Barbara. And she hasn't spruced up on clothes just to please a new-found public. Barbara has had public before. It's something she has done because of Bob. Not directly perhaps. It was not anything ever mentioned between them, but when she saw that he noticed things about clothes, she naturally strived to please him on this subject.

For example, she discovered that he admired tailored suits on women. An exclusive Hollywood tailor had a new customer shortly afterward. Another thing, Barbara

I WAS SO **PROUD** OF
YOU TONIGHT, DARLING!

HOW WISE! THE WIFE WHO GUARDS
AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR COMPLEXION, LATELY? IT'S SO MUCH LOVELIER, SO SOFT AND SMOOTH! I REMEMBER, A FEW WEEKS AGO, HOW UPSET YOU WERE BECAUSE YOUR SKIN WAS SO DRY...

NOT ONLY DRY, BUT LIFELESS AND COARSE-LOOKING! I REALLY WAS GETTING "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! THEN HELEN SAID MAYBE I WAS USING THE WRONG SOAP. SHE SUGGESTED CHANGING TO PALMOLIVE, AND...

PALMOLIVE? HOW COULD IT MAKE SUCH AN IMPROVEMENT?

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH **OLIVE OIL**... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

WELL, MY ADVICE IS, STICK TO PALMOLIVE!

MY HUSBAND'S RIGHT! IT PAYS TO USE ONLY **PALMOLIVE**, THE SOAP MADE WITH **OLIVE OIL** TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

PALMOLIVE



... BUT
ISN'T ALL
MASCARA
JUST ALIKE?

**NO!...
WINX IS
DIFFERENT!**

FINER TEXTURE
...LOOKS MORE
NATURAL..KEEPS
YOUR LASHES
SOFT AND SILKY!

For more beautiful eyes, be sure to
get WINX — mascara, eye shadow
and eyebrow pencil. Look for the
GREEN PACKAGES.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.
At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

WINX
the Finer Quality
M A S C A R A

**FIX
THINGS!**

Books
Furniture
Toys
Leather
Glassware
China

10¢ At Hardware,
Drug & 10c. Stores

**MCCORMICK'S
IRON
GLUE**

BOUGHT BY MILLIONS EVERYWHERE

Sensational FREE Offer

SEND COUPON
FOR **3** LIPSTICKS
AND REJUVIA
MASCARA CREAM

It's our treat! Let us send
you 3 full trial sizes of the
famous FLAME-GLO
Triple Indelible Lipsticks
FREE... each in a different fascinating shade,
so you can discover the color most becoming
to you. To introduce our newest achievement,
we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA
Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed
Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harm-
less! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing
costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

Flame-Glo
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS.
DEPT. BN, 116 WEST 14TH ST., N. Y. C.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and
REJUVIA Mascara Cream; enclosed find 10c
(Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost. (15c in Canada)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED
☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE

**10¢ AND 20¢
AT LEADING
5 & 10¢ STORES**

had never worn jewelry in her life. Bob gave her some, a bracelet, a watch, several rings. On the occasion of the first gift, Barbara said in a frank outburst, because she never does or says anything any other way, "Oh, Bob, I'm not the type!"

"What do you mean you're not the type?" he returned in the same manner. "To me, you're beautiful and lovely and you decorate my life. I don't know why you shouldn't be decked out a little."

All right, and she wore it. Now the dangling bangles on her arm are a symbol of the new, lighter and happier tinkle in her personality.

Part of this tinkle may also be ascribed to the influence that Bob's own special graciousness has also had in her life. During those seven years she had been embarrassed on so many occasions that friends and a social life were absolutely denied her. Not only because of her husband's peculiar behavior, but he had made a ruling that she should never have any friends of her own. Now you may also understand what it meant to her to be suddenly escorted by a man who, because of his gentlemanliness, his sociability and his own personality-grace, was welcomed and wanted everywhere. In the presence of such pleasantness, Barbara couldn't help relaxing, and bringing forth some of her own. The association brought her a marvelous new gaiety. In her heart, as well as in her actions, she became at ease.

Naturally, in the beginning, there were those in town who said that Barbara was going around with Bob only for the publicity that it gave her and that once she had gotten hold of him she'd never let him go. Knowing Barbara and knowing how completely naive she is, how unsuspecting of maliciousness in others, it is quite certain that the existence of this attitude never even occurred to her. But Bob, being perhaps a little more open-eyed and open-eared

about such things, may have heard about it, and it is he who has finally succeeded in putting a stop to it. If you had ever seen them together at some small party you would know what we mean.

It isn't that Bob is gushy and demonstrative with her. But suppose they are starting to leave, and a last minute discussion comes up, and they come back into the room. Barbara sinks into a chair; Bob sits down on that chair's arm, his arm lightly on the back of it. Or maybe they are just idling in the doorway over those last few goodnights. He stands behind her, with his arms boyishly and affectionately encircling her. It's not that usual type of Hollywood familiarity at which anyone might take offense. It's only a touching and enlightening tenderness-indication between them. Still on some occasions there have been more wide-spread and far-flung expressions of this feeling. Barbara laughs a little in confusion when she tells of those across-the-ocean phone calls that Bob made to her from London when he was there on his "A Yank At Oxford" picture a few months ago.

What happened was this. The first time he called, he shouted at the top of his lungs as though he worried for fear she couldn't hear him. "I love you! I love you!" the vibrant, enthusiastic voice sang across the world. Later, after the excitement of those few moments had passed, Barbara realized that trans-Atlantic calls are not very private, that anyone on any boat or anyone with a particular kind of short wave receiver could pick up every word they were saying. She cabled him a warning saying that probably the whole world was listening in and to be more careful in the future. But the very next night he called again, and there it was, the very same message, the very same words, only if anything, shouted even more

(Continued on page 114)

Either the Best
Dressed Wo-
man is setting
a new style in
overdraperies,
or else Kay
Francis is pro-
tecting her
dress with an
apron as she
reads the script
of "Women Are
Like That."



IS YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEM HERE?

(Continued from page 57)

something just out of touching distance.

THIS is a good exercise, too, for adding shape to a waistline which is pretty much straight up-and-down: stand erect with hands on hips. Bend your upper body to the left, and at the same time do a side left kick, keeping your leg straight and your knee stiff—if you can. Do this to music whenever possible. Having been practicing what I preach, I find that "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön" is simply swell for this—kick and bend on "mir" and again on "schön"—in that tempo.

The above are figure faults which are fairly typical, I think. The rest of this article will be devoted to case histories—notes I've made on average folks I've observed. And if you recognize one of your faults or mistakes here, maybe my suggestions will help.

Girl with thin face, long nose—you get a rough idea of what I mean in Sketch IV. She had dark hair and it was pulled back from her forehead and tucked behind her ears. Her dress had a V-neckline. Nothing—but nothing—could be "wronger." A short bang, or at least soft waves pressed down to conceal the hairline (which wasn't good, ennyhoo) would have taken attention away from the long nose. The bang would widen the face. Her rather thin mouth might have been improved by widening the curve of the upper lip just a trifle. Her brown eyes were really beautiful, but obscured by lack of eyebrow grooming. Eyebrows do obscure

or set off the "windows of your soul."

She had a Latin look—probably Italian or Spanish descent. I've observed that most Latin-American gals are apt to do their hair in too severe a style, probably because their mamas and grandmamas kept to their nationality's slick hair-do. It shouldn't be so. Only true beauty or great chic can get away with ultra-severe coiffures. One needn't go to the other extreme, and blossom out in tight waves and ringlets. But there are such things as short center parts, soft, flattish curls emphasizing the width of the face, and an upward trend to the back hair, to get away from that pulled-down effect. Okay to show the tip of the ear, but not the entire ear. And a boat-shaped or base-of-throat neckline is much better than a V for a thin face.

The girl whose salient face faults are illustrated in Sketch V was potentially kinda cute, but she did nothing whatever to enhance her charms. She did everything to detract from them. Features—not much. Nose a bit bulbous at the tip, but not an ugly nose. Simply a run-of-the-mill nose. Mouth very small—not much could be done about it in the way of enlarging it with lipstick, but this girl need *not* have made it up in the old Cupid's bow style, which is as out of date as the corset cover.

Her eyes were rather small and deepset, but well spaced. However, nothing was accomplished in the way of improving these windows of the soul by the over-plucked eyebrows, placed entirely too high above the eyes, and painted, so help me, black

as ink when the gal's coloring was medium blonde. The brows should have been trained down closer to the eyes, by brushing and oiling, and should not have been plucked at all, except perhaps for straggly hairs near the nose. They should have been pencilled brown, and lengthened a little bit at the outer edge, to give the eyes the illusion of greater size. And eye-shadow should certainly have entered the picture—to shadow the whole lid, increasing in depth a little toward the outer side, and all blended in very cleverly, of course.

'Twas the hair-do, though, that really got me down. It was high, and wide, and not very handsome. With a small face, and small, rather insignificant features (though the face as a whole was pleasing), this kid had shwooshed her hair out in almost an old fashioned pompadour style. An old fashioned, wooden marcel, with the ends finished in combed-out, rather messy curls—oh dear! Before you ask where did I see this wench—in the Ark?—let me tell you I see many similar hair-dos. Perhaps not quite so bad, but at least, far too bushy, or over-curved and over-permanented, and quite lacking in the closer, smarter, more ladylike style which is rapidly becoming popular. Another thing: this girl had a low forehead, and like many similarly featured, she had thought to give height to her forehead by taking all the hair off'n it. The opposite trick gives the desired effect: cover part of your forehead, and keep the public guessing how low or high this feature of yours may be.



MELTS ROUGHNESS



HOLDS POWDER

Now—with the active "Skin-Vitamin" it NOURISHES Skin, too

A CREAM that is powder base and nourishing cream in one! The new Pond's Vanishing Cream is a revelation to many women.

It is positively not a grease cream... It positively does not come out again in a "goo"... It holds your powder faithfully... And—it contains that blessed "skin-vitamin" which nourishes the skin and improves its texture!

The new Pond's Vanishing Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it is grand as ever for melting away little roughnesses and smoothing your skin for powder. And is *never drying*! Use it for overnight after cleansing and in the daytime under your powder. Now

Pond's Vanishing Cream with "skin-vitamin" is nourishing your skin while it is holding your powder! Its use helps to make skin finer and lovelier, fresher.

Same jars, same labels,
same price...

Now every jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.



Miss Margaret Biddle

"I always did love Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. But now as nourishing cream, it is too perfect for words. Such a light, greaseless cream to use on your face at night!"

SEND FOR
THE NEW
CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-VS, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____

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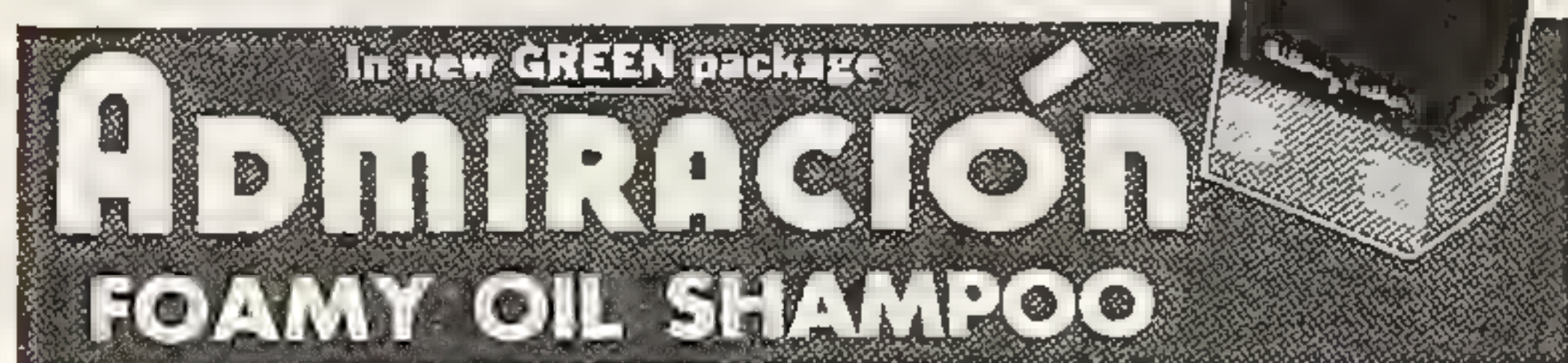
Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.



*because her soft, young
hair enchants him*

● In courtship or marriage—a girl is irresistible when she has alluring hair—lustrous, youthful hair, as only **Admiracion** gives you. New, and entirely different, **Admiracion** is the *only* Oil shampoo that lathers. Its rich, creamy foam floats away all dirt, dandruff and dulling film... rinses away in clear water—and leaves your hair delightfully clean, soft, more manageable and more radiantly beautiful than ever before! Get **Admiracion** today at drug, department and 10¢ stores.

Should you prefer an oil shampoo that makes no lather, ask for **Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo** in the RED package.



ECZEMA Itching and Burning quickly subdued and healing of the angry skin aided with **Resinol**. Sample free Resinol-A, Balto., Md.
Resinol



Makes Ironing Easy

No "married look" to collars and cuffs starched this easy way. Just cream this ready mixed powder in a little cold water... then add hot. That's all. A wonderful invention. Your iron fairly glides. Send now for free sample packet.

THANK YOU.

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 518, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of **QUICK ELASTIC**, please, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Name

Address

MUTUAL BENEFIT ASS'N.

(Continued from page 112)

loudly and more enthusiastically. Barbara's "sh's!" were unheeded.

Thus, from this small anecdote you may judge that it is only her "yes" which is lacking to make this twosome a marriage. Her delay may seem quite incomprehensible to the millions of Taylor's female worshippers, but it's to be remembered that Barbara is no ordinary girl, and she has a knack of being able to see both sides of a question. She doesn't believe that a marriage for Bob is what his fans would want right now. She has said honestly. Which evidences her acceptance of that old Hollywood rule that while there's no wife, there's still hope for the legion of a movie man's admirers.

IN respect to her naivete, there is a further example in that same recent court hearing over the little boy. When Barbara went to court to fight for the right to be the sole custodian of her child she was totally unprepared for the introduction of Bob's name into it. She felt that Bob's name had no place in the case, that he had nothing to do with her life as Mrs. Fay, and since she always fights by fair rules herself, she had no thought that the fight might be conducted otherwise. Then, on the second or third day of the hearing, Bob's name hit the headlines too.

It was brought in by the opposition. They put her on the stand to have her admit that he was a frequent visitor at her house, but Barbara insisted that this had nothing to do with it. It was a blow to her, and she was heartsick that they should thus side-track the issue. Bob took it all graciously and kept quietly and calmly at a distance. He begged her to believe that it didn't upset him a bit, and in the end the calmness and quietness of his attitude did more than anything to ease the hurt. If it hadn't been for him the reopening of an old wound would certainly have put her back in the same bitter state from which he had once rescued her. In every big crisis then, as well as in the small daily ones he has been just as surely a blessing to her, in pulling her out of an old life, as she has been helpful to him in advising him on how to get established in a new one.

So you can see that there has been a "give" and a benefit on both sides, and that is what makes their love story such a full, rich one, and one which is more surely to be continued, installment after installment, a story without end. Everywhere you turn now in this town, you hear people commenting on the Stanwyck-Taylor association which has withstood even a separation of four months while Bob made his trip to England, and always you hear the phrase, "Well, he's certainly lucky to have her!" We mean that she's a true-blue girl who has been a help to him rather than a hindrance. In a town of gold-digging and hot-house forced-plant marriages, she is a remarkable exception. It's time now that we also begin to exclaim that she's lucky to have him, and not just because he's handsome, and wealthy and successful, either. That, as we hope we've made clear, is only the smallest part of the story. The big part of the story may be found in the new steady glow in her eyes, in the accentuated verve in her acting, and in the new feeling of importance and superiority she nurtures in her heart. A woman has to have that to be happy, and it is through Bob, his fineness and his tenderness, that she has won this new capacity.

**THE AWFUL PRICE
YOU PAY
FOR BEING**

NERVOUS



QUIVERING nerves can make you old and haggard looking, cranky and hard to live with—can keep you awake nights and rob you of good health, good times and jobs.

Don't let yourself "go" like that. Start taking a good, reliable tonic, made *especially* for women. And could you ask for any whose benefits have been better proved than the famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

Let the wholesome herbs and roots of Pinkham's Compound help Nature tone up your system, and thus calm shrieking nerves, help lessen distress from female functional disorders and give you more strength.

For over 3 generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Pinkham's Compound. Why not let it **HELP YOU?**

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

YOUR choice included with every ring ordered and paid for on this Amazing new plan — Wear 10 days AT OUR RISK!

FREE of extra charge

SHOCK PROOF!

\$1,000,000 FACTORY guarantees their ACCURACY. Simulated gold front watches—stainless back. Jewelled. A Your choice included FREE to introduce fiery, flashing simulated diamond ring set in LIFETIME Sterling—925/1000 pure—Looks like \$300.00. **WEAR 10 days FREE TRIAL.**

Make 2 monthly \$2 payments (total \$4 in all). We gladly trust you. —Send 10 cents for packing, etc.—Your order shipped **SAME DAY BY RETURN MAIL.**

Gold Standard Watch Co., Dept. C-325, Newton, Mass.

**SHUNNED AT SCHOOL
BECAUSE OF PIMPLES?**

**Take steps to free your blood
of skin-defiling poisons**

Stop being the victim of ugly hickies. Don't be shunned and laughed at. Get right to the root of the trouble. It may be poisons in your blood.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands are developing. These gland changes often upset your system. At the same time, waste poisons from the intestinal tract may collect in the blood stream... bubble out on your skin in disfiguring pimples.

You want to rid your blood of these skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have succeeded—just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, 3 cakes a day. The millions of tiny, living plants in each cake help you keep these poisons out of your blood, give you clearer, smoother skin.

Many get splendid results in 30 days or less. Don't waste time and run the risk of permanently damaged skin. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

PRESTO CHANGE-O

(Continued from page 51)

As her waist line tapered down, she appeared to take on height. This slender, chestnut-haired, quietly poised young lady bore little resemblance to the rollicking, wide-eyed blonde who had married Lew Ayres.

"I realized that for the first time in my life I was thoroughly enjoying life," explained Lola. "It had taken quiet and study and normal living to bring out the real Lola Lane. The other Lola, in her eagerness to appear a sophisticate, had put on a gay front that did not belong to her inner self."

Lola now commenced gathering together a wardrobe to suit her new personality. Plain, expertly tailored suits became a passion with her. A beautiful mink coat did away with numerous evening wraps. A pair of silver fox furs was replaced by a smart skunk cape. Woolen and silk tailored slacks replaced other informal attire. Lola became clothes conscious and style conscious, until today one of the head designers in the movie capital has listed Lola as one of the ten best dressed women in Hollywood.

At the end of seven months a new Lola Lane walked into the office of her former agent announcing that she was ready to go out after the kind of parts she had always wanted to do.

Once more Lola commenced making the rounds of the studios. She was complimented on her smart appearance, but continued to receive offers to do ingenue parts. It seemed impossible to break away from the roles in which she had been typed.

"I turned down several fat parts," said Lola. "I was determined never again to do an ingenue. I didn't care how small the part, if it had a bit of real acting in it. There were days of heartbreaking experiences. Finally I was offered a small part in 'Marked Woman.' Here was something I could get my teeth into. I signed up."

LOLA'S next picture was opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Sheik Steps Out." This was her first experience in playing comedy. The swell job she did in portraying the spoiled daughter of rich, doting parents, resulted in her being signed for "Hollywood Hotel."

And now with a series of "Torchy Blane" pictures ahead of her, it looks as though Lola has carved out a new career for herself.

"I was never more contented and happy," said Lola. "With mother, Rosemary and Priscilla living out here my life is very full."

When Lola's two sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla, came out here last summer, under contract to make pictures, they took a house high on a hill, overlooking San Fernando Valley, about a mile from Lola. For the first time since she was a little girl, Lola has a part of her family near her. There are two other sisters. Leota is in New York studying for Grand Opera. Martha, who is married, is out here now with her little girl on a visit.

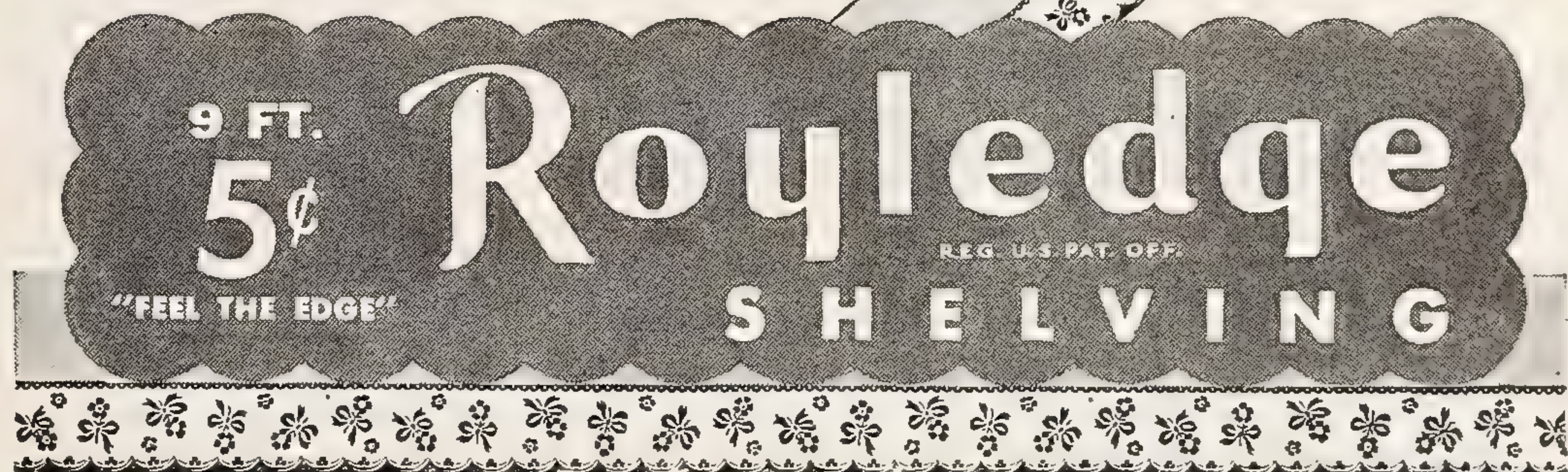
Lola, Rosemary, Pat, and Cora, their mother, call themselves a closed corporation. Their work, business and daily doings are freely discussed among themselves, but never beyond their own immediate circle. All are called to sit in on important decisions. There is no jealousy, selfishness or dissension among them. All are for one. One is for all.

Lola is determined that "the kids," as she calls Rosemary and Pat, will make no mistakes. Her knowledge of the "whys" (Continued on page 121)

Stunning Shelving STILL 5¢

ALMOST EVERYTHING you buy costs more these days...but you can still trim and protect shelves with beautiful Royledge for a nickel! And this strong, double-edge shelving lasts a whole season, doesn't frazzle, curl up, catch dust or get limp. No laundry costs either; once up, stays up.

Your nearest 5-and-10¢, neighborhood or department store has slews of smart new Royledge patterns and colors, decorator approved, at 5¢ for the 9-ft. package. (10¢ sizes, too.) Millions of thrifty women use it...many who could afford extravagant, fussy shelving. Try Royledge once; you'll never change. Roylece, 99 Gold St., B'klyn, N. Y.



Jessie Mathews, with her twinkling toes and peppy personality, is in GB's "Sailing Along."



● At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20¢. All 5¢ and 10¢ stores. **NU-NAILS** ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS. NU-NAIL CO. 5249 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

EYES FOLLOW YOUR FINGER-TIPS



"KEEP NAILS SHAPELY THE *Wigder* WAY".....

MEN love to see a girl's fingertips well-groomed. Keep them always lovely-to-look-at with the daily use of a Wigder Nail File. The triple-cut teeth file faster, more smoothly; the special Improved Cleaner Point safeguards the tender skin under the nail. Ask for the WIGDER Nail File!

On sale at all drug and 10-cent stores 10c



Wigder
NEWARK NEW JERSEY
quality costs no more

NAIL FILES • TWEEZERS • NAIL CLIPS • SCISSORS

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

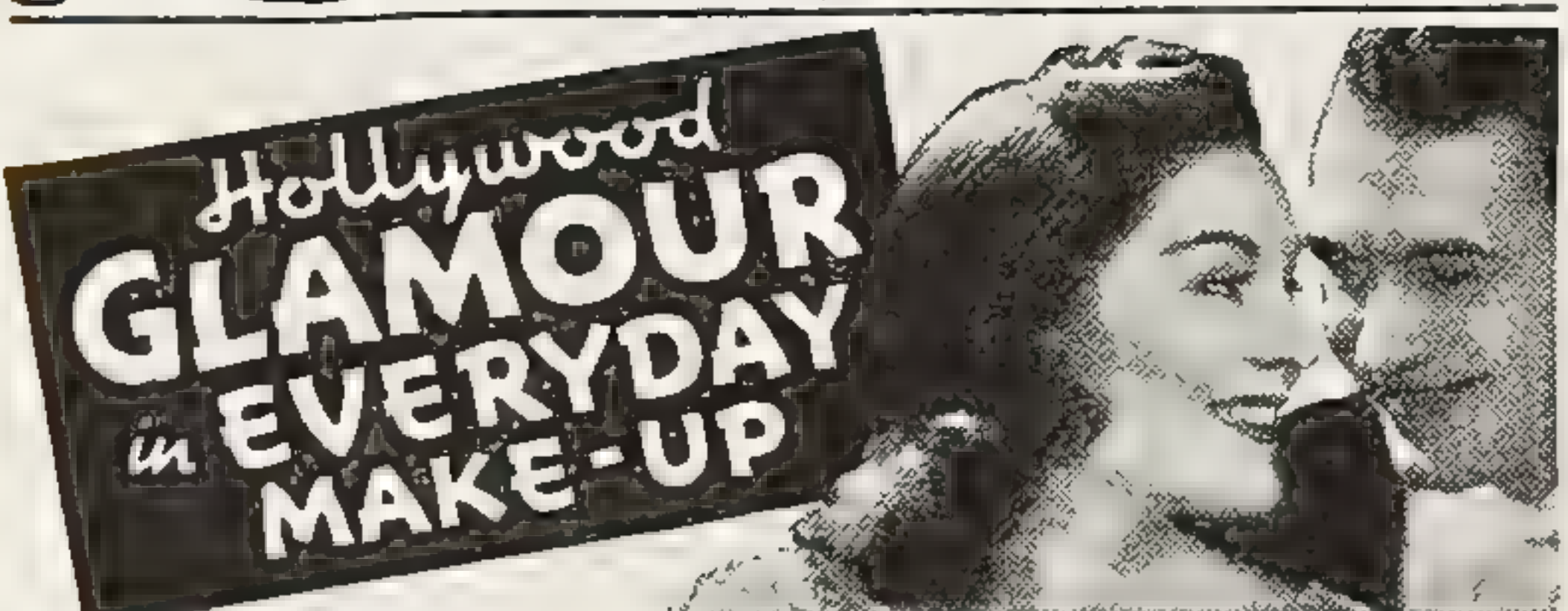
Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and dangerous razors. A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain fast and dries up the pestiest corns, callus and warts. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, and the substance from which aspirin is made. Absolutely safe. Easy directions in package. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if it fails to remove corn.

NOXACORN

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions with proper care. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated Booklet "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 36E, Providence, R. I.



That 'come hither' complexion, irresistible to men... envied by all girls... heretofore exclusive with screen stars, can be yours with the NEW

MINER'S
Theatrical MAKE-UP
FOR STREET WEAR

HANDY STICK
(3 shades)
at all
10¢ stores
...or
mail coupon

A startling new make-up that imparts natural satin-smoothness to your skin...velvety...luminous...lasts hours. Use it and have a "star's" complexion of your own.



MINER'S, 40 E. 20th St., Dept. MD5, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find 10¢ for Miner's Theatrical Make-up for street wear.

Name _____

Address _____

Check shade desired: PEACH ☐ RACHEL ☐ BRUNETTE ☐

I COULD eat twenty million miles of spaghetti, but I'll eat some spinach, on account of my mother's so good to me."

This statement is pretty indicative of Spanky McFarland's outlook on life. He's darned philosophical about everything. Anybody who's simply nuts about spaghetti, but will deign to toy with a filthy weed like spinach must fundamentally have a sense of balance.

This is further evidenced in his attitude towards his new-found stardom. When asked if he'd like a star's dressing room, he emphatically replied, "Heck, no. They've always given us kids clubhouses and I like 'em." (The dressing-rooms of the "gang" have always been called clubhouses.) His use of the word "us" is indicative. Never I, always us. But he feels his leadership in quite another way, however. He's head of his gang, and don't think he isn't! After all, he's belonged to this gang for years now, and why shouldn't he be its rightful leader?

And, as with all chiefs, it's not all honor and glory, sweetness and light, or what have you. He feels it incumbent upon him, to settle all internal strife, sometimes resorting to fisticuffs to enforce his mandates. He has a typical boy's room which he shares with his brother. It has a berth-like arrangement of beds. Blackboards and school desks, with a fine collection of guns. He likes all the things most kids like—dogs, ice cream, games and of course, he has a girl.

Yes, it's the blonde in the gang. But also, like all regular guys, his yen in this direction is strictly on the q. t., and he won't talk about his heart in-

terest. Time enough for that later on.

He's a natural as a comedian. Even his entrance into the Hal Roach Studios smacked of the ludicrous. He had made his artistic debut as an ornament on a bread wrapper, and some astute salesman figured, that if his pan had so much sales appeal, it would be further heightened if the lisping voice could be heard in a frantic appeal for more of this particular bread. And that's where Fate stepped in. For an aunt of Georgie McFarland's, who had been reading of Hal Roach, glorifier of American kids, brought this advertising reel to his attention, which resulted in a trip to Hollywood for Baby Georgie.

During the first interview, as so often happens, Baby refused to do any of his cute tricks for Massa Roach. Small wonder he couldn't be interested in this grown-up conversation, for he had discovered a most intriguing gadget on Mr. R.'s desk—which had fine shiny jiggers, which, when pressed down by Mr. Roach, brought forth voices from nowhere, just like that.

So while Auntie and Mr. Roach carried on, Georgie Porgie seized his opportunity and all the shiny black jiggers all at once, and with one magnificent click, was amply rewarded with several hellos in all sorts of voices. Although this delighted Georgie and amused Mr. Roach, not so Auntie. She rushed over and, slapping the infant's hands, scolded, "Spanky! spanky!" So

S P U N K Y

S P A N K Y

BY MERLIN

P I E R C E

Meet Spanky McFarland, the leader of the "Gang," who could pass up spinach, but doesn't!



another nom de movie was born. And private Spanky McFarland is now General Spanky. Not bad for five years in any man's army.

AFTER HE became an old-timer of two-and-a-half or thereabouts, he toddled off the set one day and went visiting a couple of other comedians, Laurel and Hardy. As befitting a good trouper, he stood by silently watching. As a climax to a sequence, Hardy did his famous "double take." You know, that wide-eyed stare directly into the camera. This fascinated our young hero and he clapped his hands gleefully and chortled: "Ba-bee, ba-bee." It takes a baby to recognize a baby stare, and so to this day big, lumbering Oliver Hardy is much better known as "Babe."

But the incident was not closed for Spanky. The next day they were shooting Spanky in a sequence where he had some business with a trick pack of cigarettes representing a toy gun. The director was satisfied and was going on to something else, but not so Spanky. He indicated he'd like to do it over, so out of curiosity, they complied. He repeated his previous performance up to a certain point, then, with perfect timing, he calmly faced the camera and did a perfect Hardy double-take! Ba-bee! So he's a showman as well as a comedian.

A visitor to his set is most impressed with the complete lack of professionalism. On location at a golf-course nearby, the Gang seems more like any bunch of kids getting together in a corner of the meadow for a nice quiet blood-curdling game. This atmosphere is carefully maintained without any obvious effort on the part of

director or crew. Mothers of the young performers, sitting around under the trees with their knitting, do nothing to dispel



Darla Hood and Spanky go to school every day and drink their milk as all good little girls and boys should. The girl-friend pours while Spanky gets ready for the first sip.

the homely, bucolic charm of the picture.

Between shots, Spanky runs over to a nearby tree where a huge turtle is sunning himself. He has done some of his most amusing scenes off the set with this lazy pet. In fact, many of his best performances have been caught by the camera with Spanky all unawares. One day when he was four, he was regaling his pals with a highly imaginative story, with gestures, about a rat who swallowed a monkey. Someone caught him as he was at the point of showing how the monkey's tail persisted in hanging out of the rat's mouth, which obstacle was surmounted by the rat simply going F-f-f-t (the intake noise his favorite spaghetti makes). This has always remained one of his best performances.

While recently performing, Spanky blew up in his lines. Truly a phenomenon for this seasoned trouper. His poise in this emergency was indeed interesting. He just stopped short, looked into the camera a long moment, then went over and sat on the grass nearby. There was the slightest look of disgust on his face, then Director Newmeyer said:

"Got it, Spanky?" and he nodded and went through it perfectly. Some of our adult stars could well take a lesson from Spanky.

Just now our Spanky is really upset. He has two purportedly thoroughbred Scottie puppies, Sandy and Inky. But it seems their legs just grow and grow and Spanky is beginning to feel there's something wrong somewhere. So, if he seems a bit worried when next you see him on the screen, you'll know that leg-growing trouble is still afoot. Even a big movie star like Spanky has his troubles!

Here's a Queer Way for Many Skinny Girls to Become Glamour Girls

THOUSANDS HAVE DISCOVERED THAT BY ADDING TWO SIMPLE ELEMENTS TO THEIR DAILY FOOD THEY EASILY GAINED WEIGHT AND Naturally Alluring Curves

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How it is done

You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown only because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. But when in such cases these two simple food elements are properly supplied, the quick gains in weight, strength, and pep are often astonishing.

Today you can get these exact missing food elements in the new Ironized Yeast tablets. They're made by a new

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normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So start today.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 35, Atlanta, Ga.



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your hair... with

this new

4 Purpose
Rinse



Lovalon, the 4 Purpose Rinse does all these four things for your hair in one quick, easy operation:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Keeps hair neatly in place.

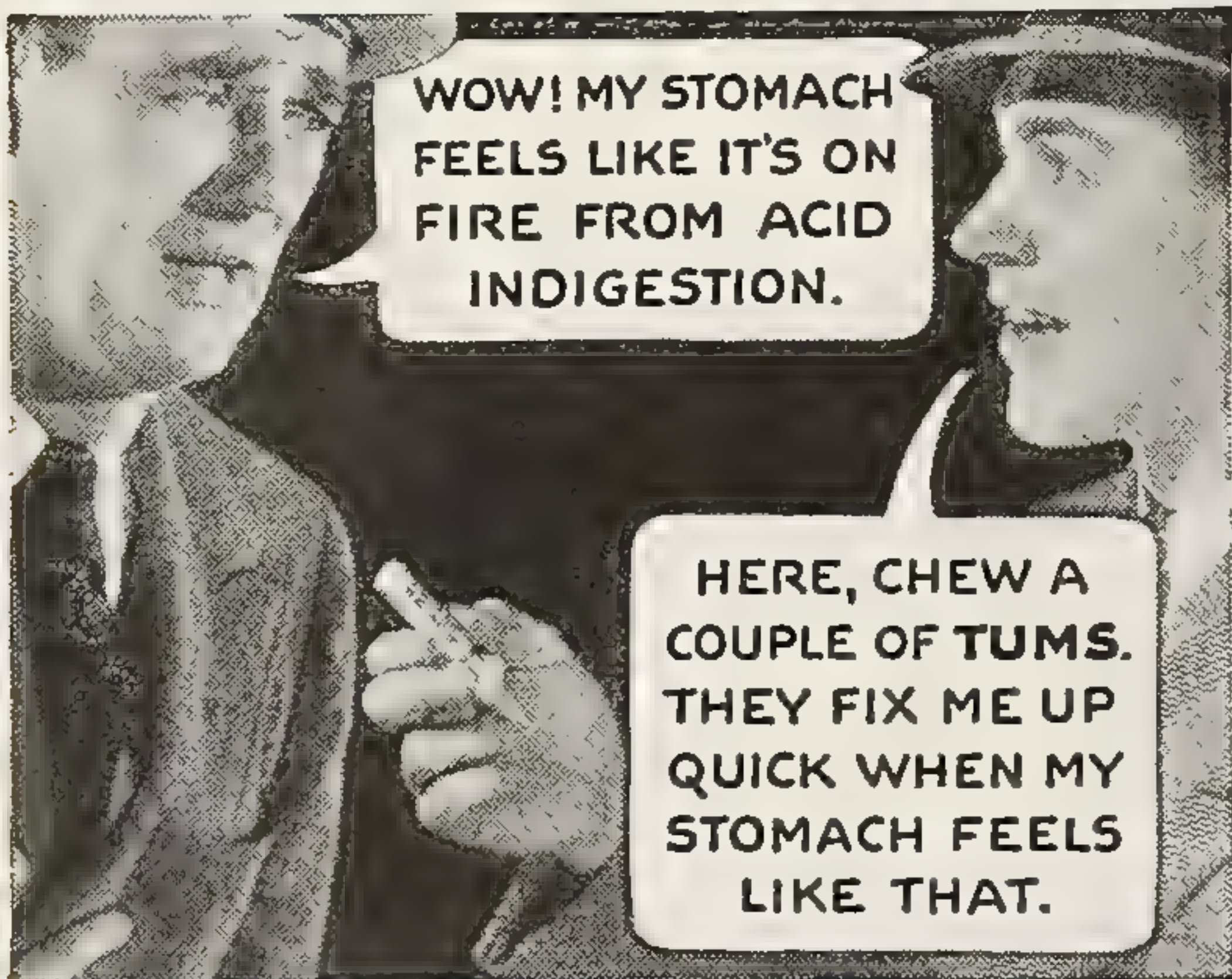
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Lovalon comes in 12 different shades. You can match and enrich the natural color of your hair or make it brighter or deeper. Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It's a pure, vegetable, odorless hair rinse—one of the very few hair toiletries approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Package of 5 for 25¢ at drug and dept. stores. Trial size at 10¢ stores. (Or, any good beauty shop will Lovalon your hair.)



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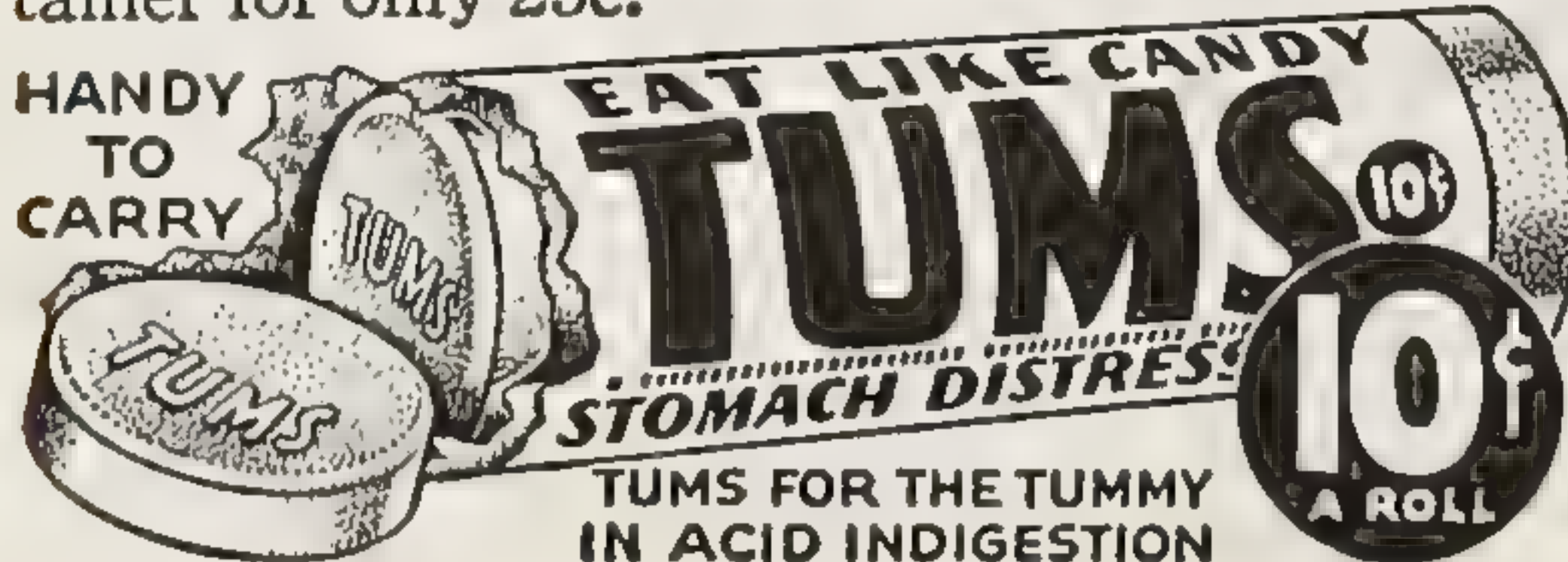


WOW! MY STOMACH
FEELS LIKE IT'S ON
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HERE, CHEW A
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THEY FIX ME UP
QUICK WHEN MY
STOMACH FEELS
LIKE THAT.

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THE BEWILDERING BRADY

(Continued from page 58)

like doing. Liking fizzy beverages she was asked whether she didn't think they were bad for her and she said, "I am the healthiest person in the world and I haven't had a glass of water in six years!"

She has always done what she wanted to do. Her father, famed theatrical producer, William A. Brady, didn't want her to go on the stage in spite of his own tremendous theatrical interests. In spite of the fact that the famous Grace George became her step-mother, he kept her, as a child and a very young girl, away from all talk of and contact with the theatre as well as theatrical people. But Miss Brady wanted to go on the stage. Her first public appearance was at a ship's concert when, at the age of thirteen, she was on her way to Europe with her father. Having made secret arrangements with the ship's entertainment committee to "appear" she rendered one of Caruso's favorite records with the fine operatic style, the famed, florid gestures of the great tenor himself. She had learned the *Saluto* by playing the Caruso record over and over. Her unsuspecting father, in the audience, was first stricken with surprise, then stormed by the applause and the expressed opinions that "the girl is a genius."

And so to the stage, musical comedies, Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, and then, her father capitulating, the producer in him conquering the father's protest; as Meg in *Little Women*, as a star in *Forever After*, and a long line of successful plays. And Broadway paid its tribute and legal tender to a great dramatic talent. Which talent, now lost to Broadway, both Broadway and Mr. Brady mourn; but must continue to mourn because Miss Brady will not go back to Broadway.

Miss Brady lives, to be flagrantly facetious, a dog's life. But literally. There is Checker, a Cocker spaniel; Lavinia Manon (named after her role in "Mourning Becomes Electra"), a Scottie; Desire, a wire-haired terrier; Drunky, another wire-haired and Snooky, a poodle dog. Now I'm sure I don't know what a poodle dog means and Miss Brady is sure that she does know what it means. But she didn't seem able to explain other than to say that she had rescued the poodle from the pound and that poodle seems to fit a dog rescued from the pound!

MISS BRADY is, at heart, more tragic than gay. She told me so. She is inclined to be morbid, or rather to find a strange pleasure which is also pain, in dwelling on morbid things. There was once a ghastly murder in New York. Two women, bitter enemies, met in the elevator of their apartment house. One stabbed the other through the heart. And the dying woman said, "Why, it's gone right through me!" Years ago and yet, Miss Brady says, she has never been able to forget, to cease to dwell on the stark simplicity, the incredible incredulity of those last words!

But she has, also, a philosophy of life, the philosophy commonly called Fatalism. She believes that what is to be is to be, and what to do about it? Nothing. Therefore, you can do what you choose about it, laugh or cry. She chooses to laugh.

For there have been shadows over the life of Alice Brady. Her own mother, Marie Rene, a French dancer, died when Alice was three. Her young brother died when she was very young. Her marriage to James Crane lasted only two and a half ill-fated years and could have left a scar,

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and probably did. Her half-brother was burned to death a little more than two years ago. Yes, one has the feeling that there are secrets buried in Alice Brady's heart and memory, bruises on her spirit, but buried deep because the will that buried them is stronger than the secrets and the pain.

"All comedians," said Miss Brady, "are sad of heart. They have to be or they couldn't give to comedy the macabre touch it needs."

Her childhood, however, was happy and normal, though carefully chaperoned. For which she is, now, very grateful. "At least I wasn't satiated before I was out of my 'teens," she said. A cousin, a kindly woman of middle years came into the household upon the death of Alice's mother. Later, of course, Mr. Brady married Grace George to whom Miss Brady refers, affectionately, as "Mom." There was a town house and a country place and the small Alice attended a convent school in Madison, New Jersey. She had her own pony and cart and plenty of books and affection. But she was, even then, always wondering what it was all about.

She is, now, very pleased to be "doing my own work again." She is grateful to Mr. Zanuck for giving her the opportunity to do the kind of thing she does do, most naturally, most instinctively. She said, "I have pleaded with producers for six years to give me dramatic roles. But, no, they couldn't see it."

"When I did my first comedy role in 'Mademoiselle,' I hadn't the foggiest notion of how to be funny. I didn't know what on earth to do. I just thought I'd flap my hands about even more than normally and 'talk silly.' I did—and I've lived off of it for six years. But I never have any idea of what I'm doing, or why."

She has erratic bouts of mad extravagance. She told me, "I spent thirty-seven thousand dollars in the first six months I was in Hollywood. What on? I haven't the least idea! Scents and furs and things, you know. I'd just go down to shop every single morning and stand there in the middle of the place and think, 'Now, let me see, what can I buy today?' And then I'd just shop and shop. After all, I don't play tennis, and I had to do something!"

Now Miss Brady has a manager and is not allowed to so much as make out a check. She does, however, she told me happily, manage a little leeway for herself now and then by telling him that she has to have money to send to her little son back East in school. "You know how children are," she tells him. "Always needing something." Now and again, she manages to ring in a diamond ring for herself.

SHE loves to "do" houses, her surroundings being important to her. She spent four months planning and decorating the dining-room in her home, peacock blue walls, lovely reflecting mirrors. She sent to Venice for the crystal chandeliers and—has used the dining-room twice in the six months she has been in the house. She does think it a pity that the Venetian treasures came so far to be so seldom appreciated.

She never takes exercise. "Exercise," she laughed, "is decadent." She never goes anywhere. She has lived in Hollywood for six years and has never been to Palm Springs.

She doesn't gossip. She lives and lets live and keeps to the letter as well as to the spirit of this law. On the sets, you never find her sitting on the side lines gossiping between scenes. She is either on the floor shooting crap with some of the stage hands or she is in her dressing-room, taking the only sound sleep she ever gets.

She admits to a very bad temper.

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On sale at 5 and 10c stores, 10c.



Duchess of PARIS

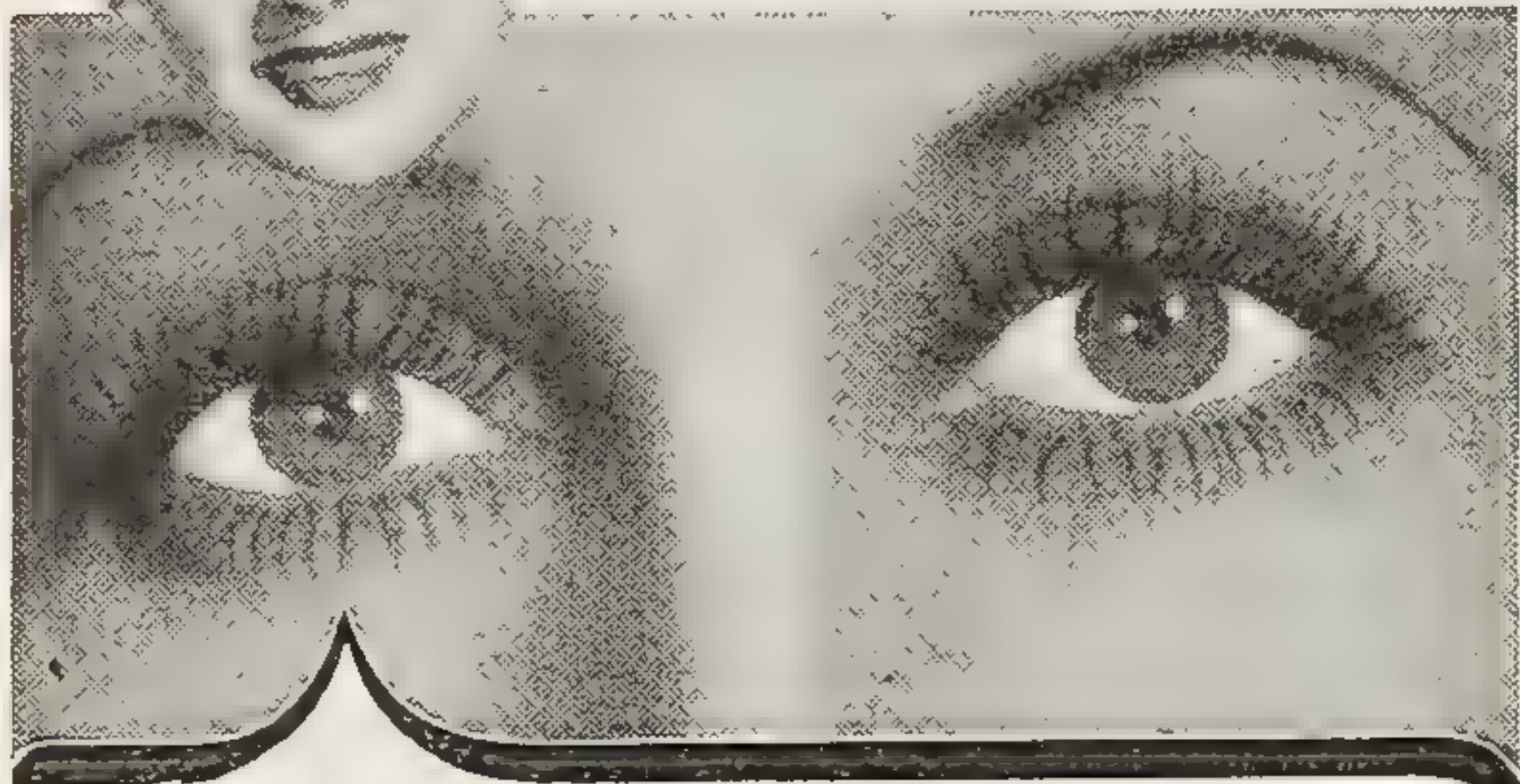
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Sold in drug, department, and the better 5 and 10 cent stores.

Her motto in life is: Never stand up when you can sit down; never sit down when you can lie down; never just lie down if you can lie down and sleep.

It is because Hollywood allows her to be "a mushroom," to live pretty much according to her motto that she is in Hollywood. She will never, she stated with fire and emphasis, go back to Broadway.

We argued with her. We reminded her of her "art," of those rare souls who starve in attics, enduring all things, that their art may be preserved, intact, free from commercialism. "Such people are cursed," laughed Miss Brady. "I am thankful that I am not so cursed. I am the laziest woman in the world. People think of me as fiercely energetic, furiously ambitious. I am not. I have a pleasant house here, my dogs, books, friends, work to do. What more is there? Tell me that!"

"I enjoy making pictures. I take them seriously when I am working because I take any work I am doing seriously. But I like to be comfortable. I like to sit with my feet up on a chair, like this. I like to be able to go out without wearing chinchillas up around my eyes. You can't wear chinchillas up around your eyes in Hollywood. You have to have big buildings for that. I'm not happy. Of course not. No one but an idiot is really happy, do you think? But I am content with leading," she laughed, "my dog's life."

A great personality, Miss Brady, doing a dizzy sleight of hand with the masks of Comedy and Tragedy, blending one into the other as they have been blended into her own life. An example, becoming almost extinct, of the cultured aristocrat of the theatre, a woman who, regardless of her work, her "art," makes the world richer, more exciting merely by what she is.



A bride can't sit down, so some great mind at the studio invented this wrinkle-proof gadget for Rochelle Hudson to relax in.



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Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

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THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

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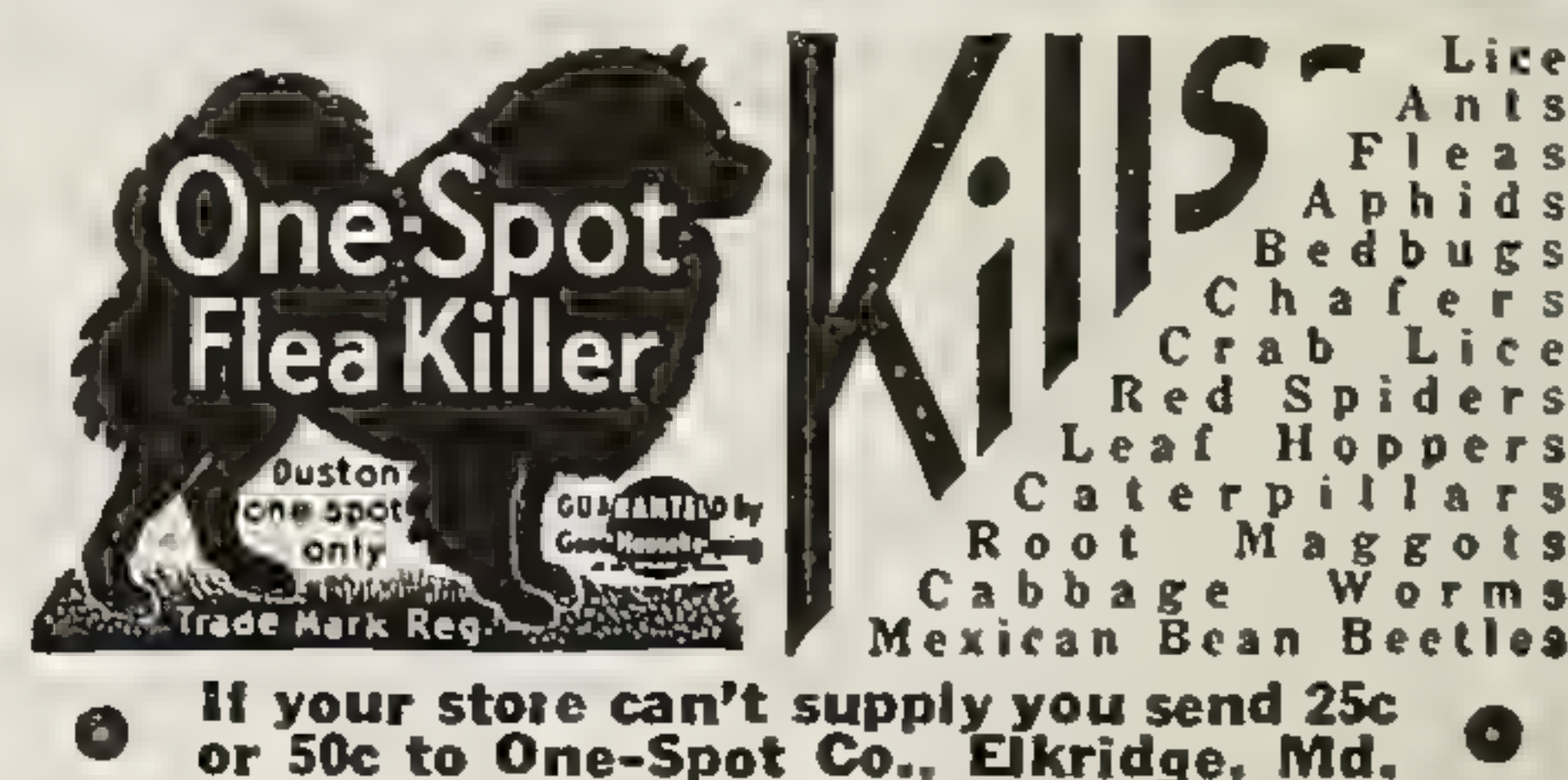


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So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

PRESTO CHANGE-O

(Continued from page 115)

and "wherefores" of this fantastic business has smoothed over many a rough spot for her sisters.

While all three girls have good singing voices, dance well and have what it takes to play leads, each personality is decidedly different. Each has an outstanding talent. With Rosemary it is her singing. Pat is the finished dancer, while Lola is the dramatic actress.

The one thing that all have in common is a swell sense of humor and love of fun. Birthdays call for big celebrations. It is then that each tries to outdo the other in gag gifts, tricks and surprises. All packages are approached warily. Elaborately wrapped boxes often prove to be gags. The plainest package usually holds the important present—the gift of the three of them to the fourth.

No matter how tired she is after a hard day at the studio, Lola drops in to see Cora on her way home. Sunday is reserved for the Lane family to get together. At dinner, at Lola's or Cora's, the four of them sit down to a specialty of Cora's. Their favorite is fricassee chicken, just as Cora always prepared it when they were youngsters at home.

Today Lola has a new understanding and appreciation of life. Rarely is she seen out in public. Occasionally she goes into the Brown Derby for lunch. On rare occasions she spends an evening at the Trocadero.

I WANT to go on working in pictures as long as I am able to work," said Lola. "Happiness to me means independence, work and, of course, success.

"Work in pictures satisfies all of my longing for romance, glamor and change. Outside of an occasional trip to the nearby mountains, the desert and New York, I am content to settle down in the valley.

"At present I am considering plans for my own farmstead to be built on my own acreage not far from where I now live. As much attention will be given to the grounds as to the house. There will be extensive vegetable gardens, fruit trees, berries and a profusion of flowers.

"I will never give up my career. The glamor and excitement surrounding my work will be nicely balanced by the quiet and rest in my peaceful valley home."



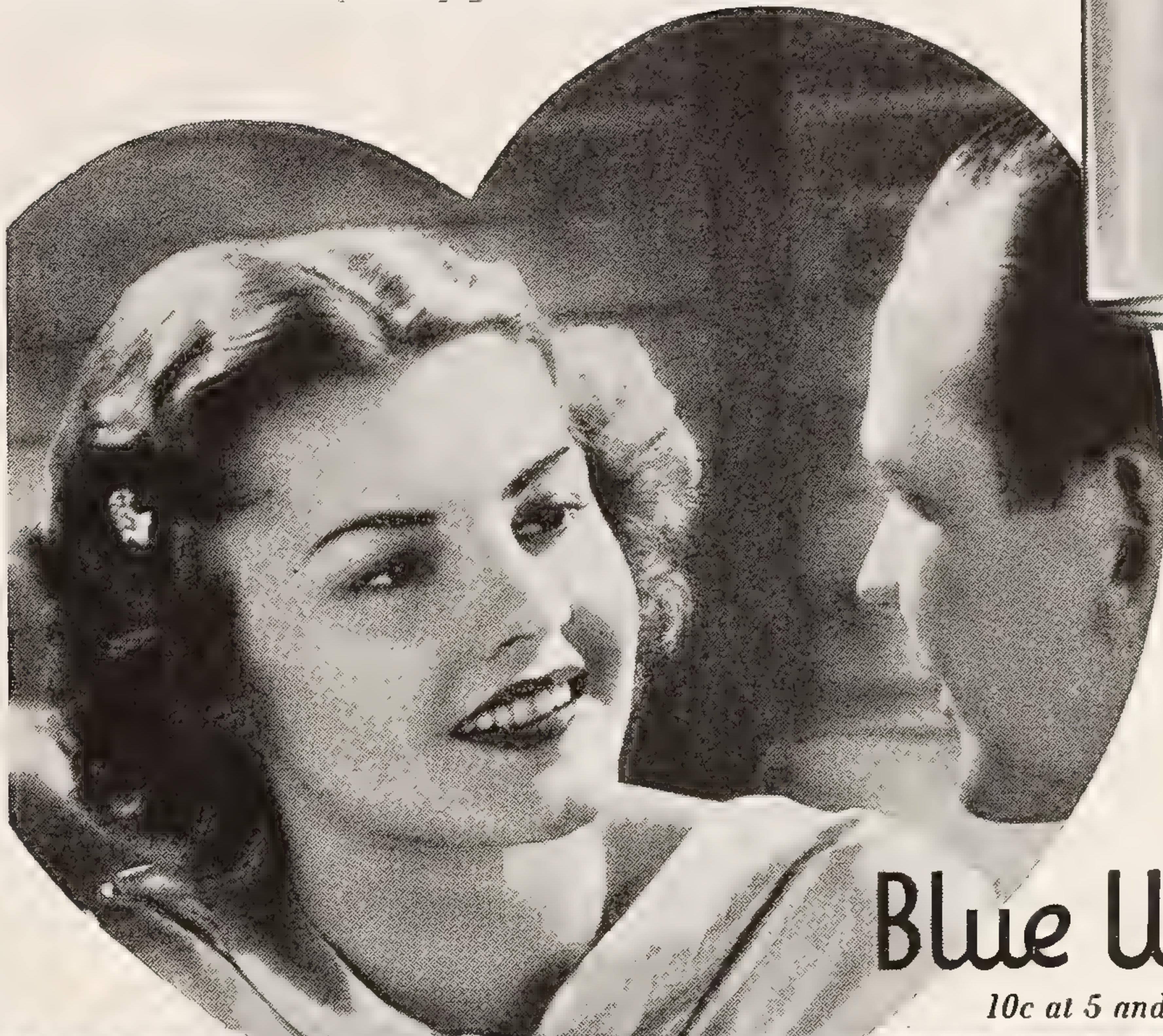
Jane Wyman is mighty pretty in that hunting outfit—but she looks like fair game to us. Jane gets the lead opposite Johnny Davis in "The Chump."



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When it's swingtime and dancetime, she'll never be lonely again. What a difference since she discovered Blue Waltz Perfume! There's something actually tantalizing about its lovely, floral bouquet. Perhaps you'd find greater happiness, too, if you'd remember to say "Blue Waltz" when you buy perfume and cosmetics.



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ROOT* AND ALL**



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*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

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they're
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STARS of stage and screen, and fastidious girls everywhere, prefer Sitroux Tissues, because they're soft as a flower petal, yet so much stronger they won't "come apart" in the hand. Give your skin better care with these delightful, fine-quality tissues. Look for the attractive gold-and-blue box!

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Fine Cutlery for 50 Years



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WHILE YOU SLEEP

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From face or body without harm to skin, by following easy directions. Our electrolysis device is used by physicians and is guaranteed to kill hair forever or money refunded. Your electric current not used. Only \$1.95 complete. Prepaid or C.O.D. plus postage. CANFIELD ELECTROLYSIS CO., 3-H, 2675 Broadway, N.Y. City

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Sirs: Rush without charge (1) 32-page
book with list of U. S. Government Jobs.
(2) Tell me how to qualify for one.
Name.....
Address.....



These are the legs that are supposed to shame Dietrich. Martha Raye is the owner, Ben Blue the critic.

REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)

★★The Girl Was Young

Gaumont British presents Nova Pilbeam in "The Girl Was Young," which, in itself, is in the nature of an understatement. For, Nova Pilbeam is far too young to be entirely convincing as a clever sleuth. However, her charm and sincerity tend to offset the fact that she plays an adolescent too tragically precocious.

Here, again, we have that much over-worked situation of an innocent youth suspected of cold blooded murder. Needless to say, when Erica Burgoyne, the chief constable's daughter, administers first aid to revive the apparent assassin, her limpid eyes at once overflow with true love and in the end brings the real culprit to justice. As the heroine, Nova Pilbeam brings a serious quality to the role which almost overshadows her unsuitability to it.

Derrick DeMarney, as Robert Tisdall who is caught in a web of circumstantial evidence, gives an impressive performance.

Even though "youth will be served," top honors in this production go to the character actors. If you are among the many who have wondered what's become of Percy Marmont, you will be pleased to find him here in the role of the Constable. Playing the role of the girl's father with his customary ease and conviction, he does much to insure interest.

Edward Rigby as Old Will, the china mender who puts the finger on the real murderer, gives a very creditable performance proving that even a friendless bum may have a heart of gold.

While there is something to be desired in this picture, it will no doubt prove popular through its theme and characterizations. For, a movie mystery is apt to be a good entertainment bet, and, a movie mystery with real acting thrown in, worth your cash at the box office. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.—Gaumont British.

WON'T slip out
STRONGER SPRING
TIGHTER GRIP

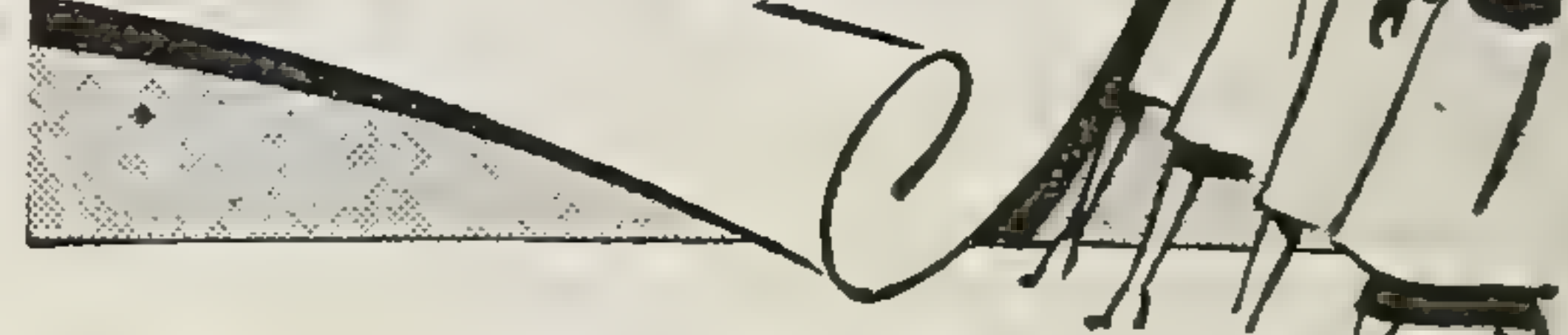


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There's nothing like RUN-R-STOP to give more wear per pair! As soon as a run or snag appears apply RUN-R-STOP to save your stockings—save you money. Permanent—will not wash out. HANDSOME RED & BLACK VANITY protects tube in purse.—10c Ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores.

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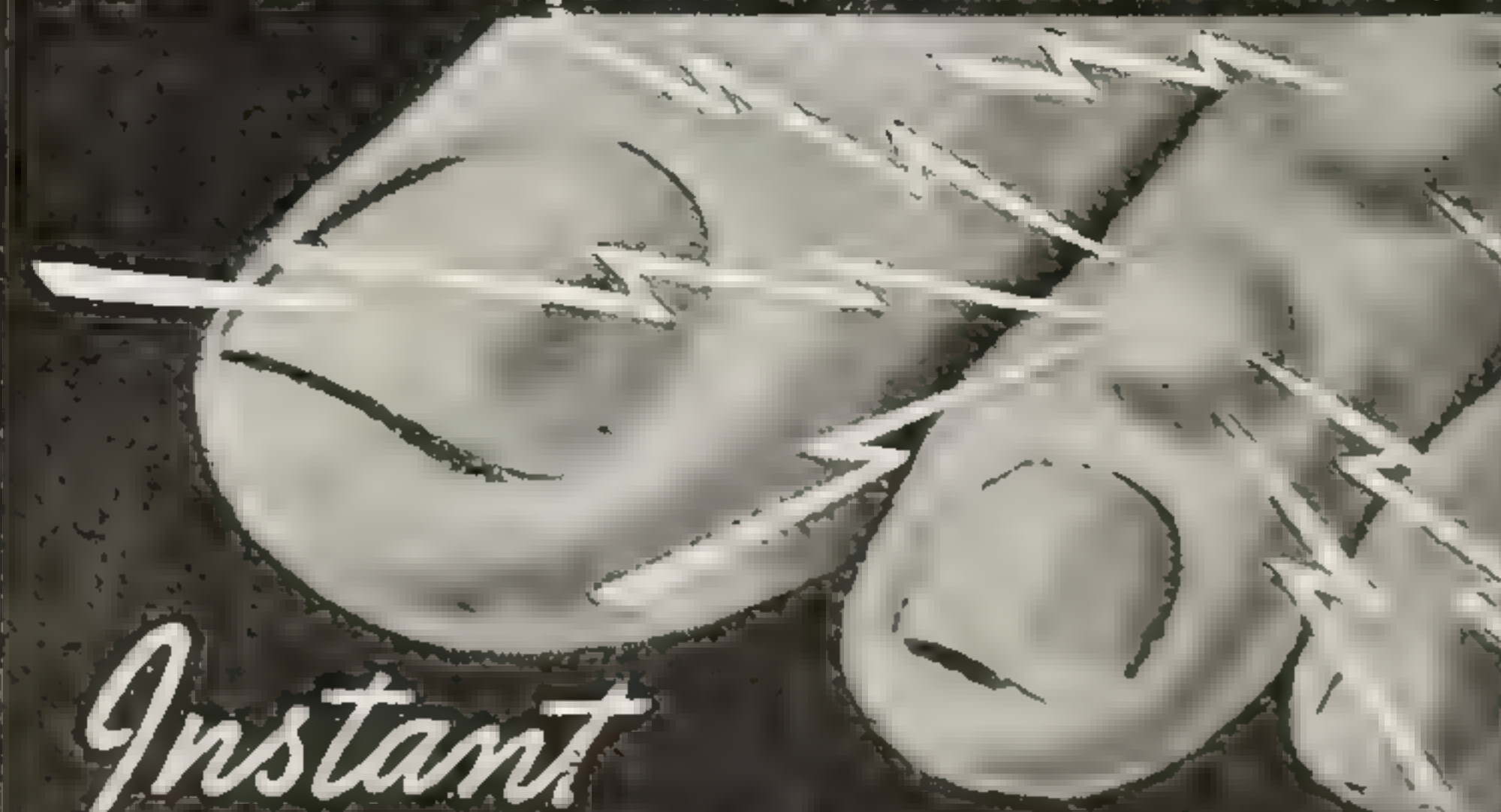
10c

RUN-R-STOP

FREE—we will send you a handy purse-size case of Nail White in a new convenient form. Simply mail the instruction sheet from a package of Run-R-Stop to Dept. M.

CAMILLE INC.—49 East 21st Street, N.Y.C.

CRO-PAX FOOT AID
For Every Foot Ailment



Instant
RELIEF for 10c

Go to your nearest ten cent store and insist on CRO-PAX Corn Pads, waterproof, with medicated discs for safe, sure, quick relief.

Accept No Substitute

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CRO-PAX PRODUCTS, CLEVELAND, O.
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The BEST GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE at Home!



WHY let prematurely gray hair make you look far older than your years? Now, with a better remedy, mixed and applied in the privacy of your own home, costing only a few cents, any man or woman can get rid of this social and business handicap.

Simply get from your druggist one-fourth ounce of glycerin, one ounce of bay rum, and a box of Barbo Compound. Mix these in one-half pint of water, or your druggist will mix it for you. This colorless liquid will impart a natural-like color to faded, gray hair. This color will not wash out, does not affect permanents or waves, will not color the scalp, and adds to the beauty, luster, softness and youth of your hair.

If you want to look ten years younger in ten days start with Barbo today.

Do This For BLACKHEADS



They Fall Right Out!

BLACKHEADS persist because they are literally trapped in your skin! Locked there by a film of sluggish, surface skin! You can't wash them away! But you can release them! Golden Peacock Bleach Creme will lift away the film of coarsened surface skin—dissolving it in tiny invisible particles. Blackheads are released. They flake away, fall out! Surface pimples, too—in fact, all blemishes in the surface skin! You discover your own finer skin—smooth, utterly clear, alluringly white! All in just 5 days! Discover Golden Peacock Bleach Creme! At drug and department stores—or send 50c to Golden Peacock Inc., Dept. E-206, Paris, Tenn.

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For quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes, pimples, athlete's foot, and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Greaseless, stainless, dries fast. Stops the most intense itching in a hurry. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 90)

Meanies

At the moment, Gene Autry and Republic Studios are still shooting it out. When he couldn't get an adjustment on his contract, Gene walked out and went on a personal appearance tour which was netting him \$3,500 a week when a studio injunction halted it. Now he's on a sit-down strike, and refuses to work until he gets more money. Facts are that Autry, whose pictures draw top money for westerns, makes eight pictures a year and gets only \$5000 for each of them. The profits on his pictures warrant a larger salary, but the studio contends that a contract's a contract.



We still think the tops in lovers' quarrels was the Nelson Eddy—Eleanor Powell squabble in "Rosalie." To keep a date with her in far-off Ruritania, Nelson makes a solo flight across the Atlantic. Angered when he learns she's engaged to another guy, he turns right around and flies back, making Lindbergh—and everybody connected with "Rosalie"—look silly.

Chivalry, Farewell

Romance, in the movies, still goes hand in hand with assault and battery. In other words, if the hero says he loves the girl, and she tells him the same thing, audiences immediately know they don't mean it. But let him sock her on the jaw, or let her break some china on his profile and everyone knows that theirs is a true and lasting love. Latest example is in "Love, Honor and Behave." Wayne Morris is about to lose his wife (Priscilla Lane), but he comes home one night, blacks her eye and knocks her down. Love surges in her breast, and she crowns him with a chair. And we remember the good old days, when the guy who socked the heroine was the villain.



Those who see the stars in their least glamorous moments are the gals in the studio wardrobe departments. If a star has temperament, the wardrobe department is usually the place she turns it on. All of which leads up to an unofficial vote taken in the wardrobe department at 20th Century-Fox. Most popular star: Sonja Henie. Least popular: Simone Simon.



Wayne Morris gets a shiner from Priscilla Lane—it's "Love, Honor and Behave."

DON'T BE A

"MARKED" GIRL!

*DISFIGURING BLEMISHES
NOW SO EASILY
CONCEALED!

SKIN BLEMISHES need no longer be embarrassing. Untold numbers of smart girls have learned this simple secret of always having clear-looking, lovely skin despite unexpected or permanent blemishes. HIDE-IT conceals pimples, birthmarks, freckles, scars and all discolorations. Waterproof—won't easily rub off—lasts all day until removed. Four flesh shades. Cream or Stick \$1 at Department and Leading Drug Stores. 10c size at Ten Cent Stores.



MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

Apply HIDE-IT on the blemish. Let dry. Dust with powder, apply usual make-up.



Now! See how completely blemish has been concealed. See how marvelously clear and flawless your skin looks. You'll never be without HIDE-IT!



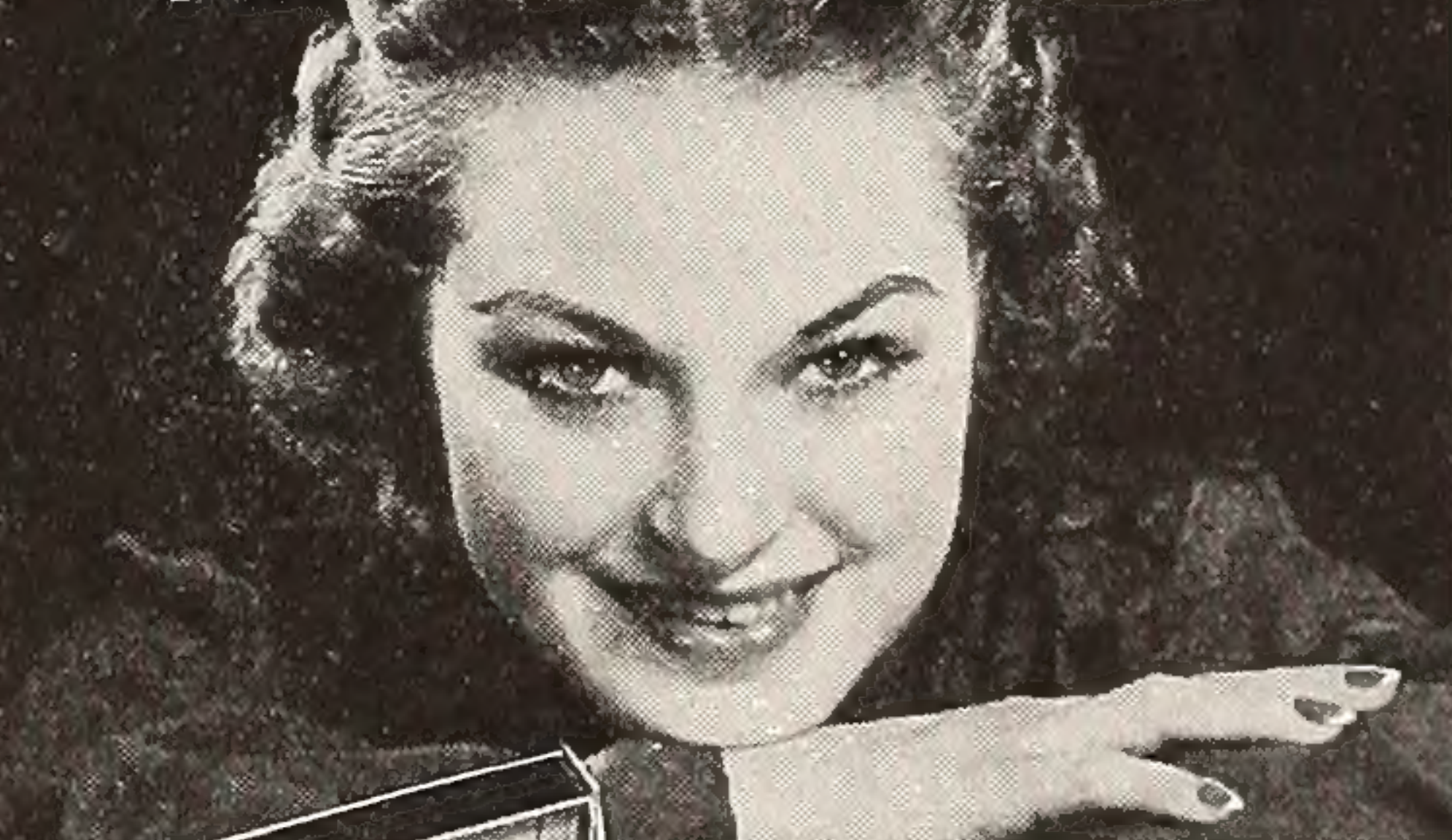
Hide-it

HIDES SKIN BLEMISHES

Clark-Millner Co., Dept. 15-E, 666 St. Clair St., Chicago
Please send me free Story Booklet "Marked Girl." I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for sample "Hide-it" ☐ Cream ☐ Stick. Check shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan.

Name.....Town.....
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"ARE YOU SURE?"



Alluring
Hands with
the NEW
LADY
LILLIAN

CREME NAIL POLISH

Are you sure your nails are as lovely as they can be? Try the new stay-on-a-week Lady Lillian Creme Nail Polish and revel in its fashion-right shades. Ask for Lady Lillian Rust, Robin Red, Old Rose, Thistle, Cloverine, Tulip Red, or Windsor Rose. The trial kit shown contains Nail Polish, Remover, Nail White, Manicure Stick and Cotton... all for 10 cents and is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores.

Approved by Good Housekeeping

SPECIAL 3c TRIAL OFFER

For single generous trial bottle send this ad and 3c stamp to LADY LILLIAN, Dept. M-12, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.



Lovely Loretta Young has her night with young Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, who craves constant change.



At the "Goldwyn Follies," Kay Francis, smiling in spite of legal troubles, welcomes the Dick Barthelmesses.

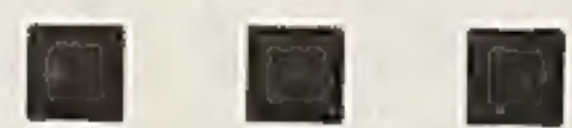
The Adolphe Menjous, once wan and ailing, look positively abloom as they escort Josephine Hutchinson to the preview.



Making her American screen debut, Annabella won the approval of a preview audience with her performance, but her appeal was not at all heightened by the fact that her French accent made some of her lines impossible to understand. And for the same reason, the meaning of some of her lines was distorted. For example, in one scene she turns to Bill Powell and bewilders him and the audience by saying, "Don't bite the hand that fits you."

Fashion Note

When the Cedric Gibbons' left on their trip to Africa, eleven of their trunks were filled with brand new gowns for Dolores Del Rio. Mr. G. also took along a trunkload of camera equipment, with which he hopes to photograph African wild life. Can't you picture the lovely Dolores, in Schiaparelli's latest, perched fetchingly on the carcass of a hippo?



Out on the 20th Century-Fox lot is a trailer which is the last word in that sort of thing. It's Darryl Zanuck's reconciliation gift to the Ritz Brothers. The Ritzes, of course, have added a touch of their own. Over the door a sign says: "Through these portals pass the most beautiful boys in the world." What will they do next?

Stop Worrying

Speaking of the desirability of raising children in Hollywood, Stuart Erwin's press agent quotes Mr. E. as follows: "People in the East who fear that film colony children will come under an evil influence are wasting their worry. In the 10 years I've been in Hollywood I've seen hundreds of babies grow into healthy and mannerly children." Note to those people in the East: Stop your worrying.



Myrna Loy has just finished redecorating her dressing room at Metro. It's all "blonde," because Myrna has always wanted to be one herself. The other day she invited the cast of "Test Pilot" to a "pre-meer" of the new room, but most of the attention was focused on a gift from Arthur Hornblow. It was a Capehart which matches the decorations.

Tom Sawyer

Interesting to watch the reaction of the audience at the preview of "Tom Sawyer." It was hardly a "Hollywood" type of picture, yet it brought cheers from such effete gents as Fred Astaire and Sam Goldwyn. Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitch (daughter of Mark Twain) wept silently, and Deanna Durbin

was wreathed in smiles. But no one knew whether it was because of the picture or because she had attended the preview with her first date. The lucky swain was Jackie Moran, the film's Huckleberry Finn.



After the incident in Arizona, when he hurled shoes at a crowd assembled to greet him, Warner Oland and his studio are more at odds than ever. The great Chinese detective drew a suspension when he walked out on his last picture, and the studio promptly substituted the Japanese sleuth, Mr. Motto. So now there's a wild rumor around that Oland's next will be "Charlie Chan at Loggerheads."

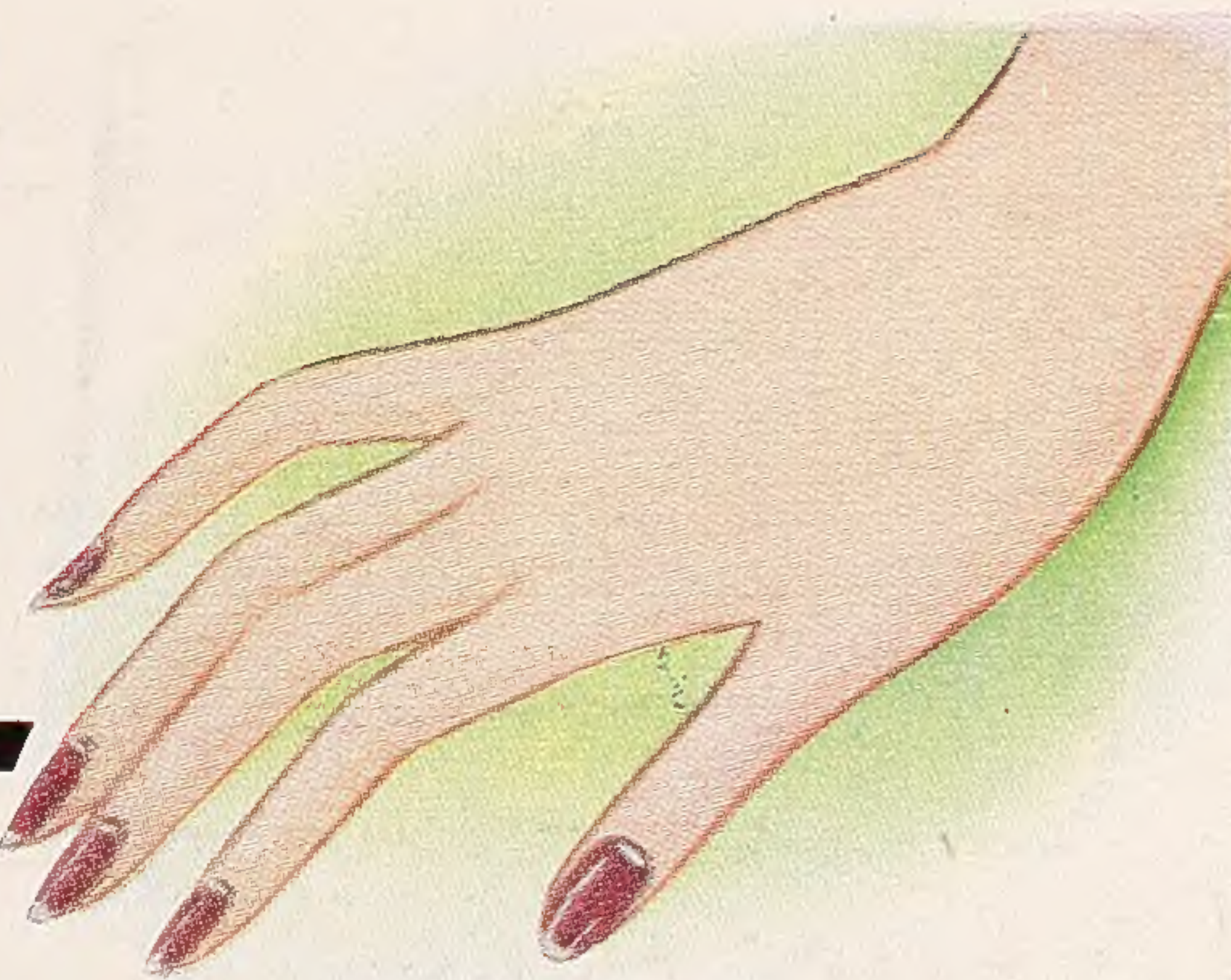
All for Art

Richard Greene, the young English actor billed as a cross between Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor (that's nice double billing, if you ask us) is still a bit baffled about Hollywood. Rushed here for the lead opposite Loretta Young in "Four Men and a Prayer," he was first fitted to a brand new wardrobe, his English clothes having been declared n. g. for picture purposes. Next he was taken over by a make-up expert, who said, "Let's see your teeth." In Hollywood, perfect molars come before Art, even if you're a second Clark Gable.

TROPIC

NEW COAST-TO-COAST

NAIL POLISH COLOR SENSATION



Joan Bennett, Charming Star of "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger Production.



TROPIC playground of Hollywood stars—Hawaii's golden sands and flaming flowers inspired Glazo's new color success—TROPIC.

"I love it," **SAYS JOAN BENNETT**

I'VE adopted this gorgeous new Glazo shade for my very own," exclaims Miss Bennett, known for her flawless taste as well as her beauty. "Tropic is the most exciting nail polish creation in years!"

TROPIC brings flattering warmth to every skin-tone—a subtle accent to smart spring costume colors. And, because it is Glazo's new Perfected Polish, TROPIC wears perfectly for days!

TROPIC is sweeping the country! Warm, provocative, glowing—it is the essence of spring—a prophecy of exciting new clothes, new places.

As Joan Bennett says: "Find out for yourself what fun it is to wear!"

Your approval of Glazo's shades will include not only Tropic, but also the new Congo, Spice and Cabaña. Vary them with fashion-approved Thistle, Suntan, Old Rose, Russet, Dahlia, Flame, Shell and Natural.

Lead Fashion—Wear **TROPIC** Now

Your favorite toilet goods counter—in every city and town from coast-to-coast—is featuring Glazo's latest color sensation. See how TROPIC adds new beauty to your hands and a new zest to your life!

For a perfect manicure, apply TROPIC after using Glazo Polish Remover and Cuticle Remover. Extra-large sizes at all drug counters, 25¢.

GLAZO'S *New* Perfected Polish

New Glazo gives you these three conclusive points of superiority:

- 1** LONG WEAR—the New Glazo wears for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Slightly heavier for extra "coverage," it meets the demand for a polish that really *clings* to the nails!
- 2** EASE OF APPLICATION—every drop in the bottle goes on easily, evenly. It will not streak or run; dries quickly.
- 3** BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade in sun or water.

Glazo's Perfected Polish gives all 3 points of excellence to these new shades:

TROPIC—lovely with all spring costume colors.

CONGO—perfect for bright shades and prints.

SPICE—wear it with grey, pastels and all blues.

CABAÑA—gay with beige, yellow, green, black.



GLAZO

The Smart Manicure



*— and my new cigarette
is Chesterfield*

*Chesterfields are made of
mild ripe tobaccos... rolled in
pure cigarette paper... the best
ingredients a cigarette can have*

*For You...there's MORE PLEASURE
in Chesterfield's milder better taste*

They Satisfy